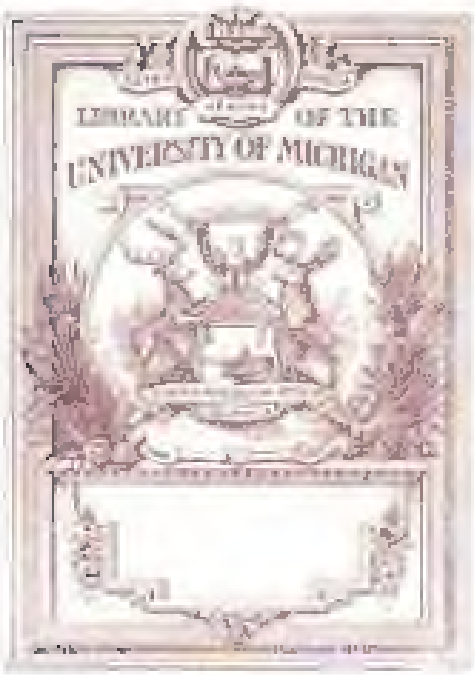

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XXII.

JANUARY—MARCH 1906

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INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
ANGLO-INDIAN	Lord Curzon in India	Mar.	73
ANONYMOUS	The Story of a Devonshire House	Jan.	122
BULLOCK, SHAN F.	An Irish Experiment	Jan.	77
COOK, T. A.	A Servant of the Crown	Mar.	90
"E."	A Note on the Political Situation	Jan.	1
ELKIND, DR. LOUIS	Socialism and Democracy in Germany	Mar.	34
EVANS, BERIAH	The Coming Education Bill	Mar.	19
GLEIG, MRS. A.	Some Account of a Slum	Mar.	111
HEDIN, SVEN	The Black Sea	Jan.	89
HUGHES, REGINALD	A Pilgrimage to Canossa	Feb.	107
"INVESTOR"	Latin America and the United States	Jan.	58
KEETON, A. E.	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart	Mar.	61
"LEMON GREY"	By an Irish Stream	Feb.	119
LORD, WALTER FREWEN	Débâcle	Mar.	1
LUCAS, REGINALD	A Forgotten Princess	Feb.	92
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL	The Fascination of Parliament	Feb.	1
MAGDALEN, THE PRESIDENT OF	Ancient and Modern Classics	Feb.	47
MALCOLM, W. R.	Socialism and the Man in the Street	Feb.	62
MAUD, CONSTANCE ELIZABETH	Among the Félibres in Provence	Jan.	40
MCNEILL, RONALD	Froude and Freeman	Feb.	79
MITFORD, EVELINE B.	Relics	Jan.	30
MURRAY, JOHN	Lord Byron and Lord Lovelace	Feb.	19
PETRE, F. LORAINE	Indian Feudatory States and the Paramount Power	Jan.	109
POLLOCK, LT.-COL. ALSAGER	The Officer Question	Mar.	48
PROTHERO, R. E.	Lord Lovelace on the Separation of Lord and Lady Byron	Mar.	11
THOMPSON, LADY	Bulgaria To-day	Jan.	12

137401

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			PAGE
TOZER, BASIL	Brains and Bridge	Jan.	5
VACHELL, HORACE A.	A Face of Clay (Chaps. IV.–VI.)	Jan.	133
" "	" " (Chaps. VII.–X.)	Feb.	138
" "	" " (Chaps. XI.–XIII.)	Mar.	140
VILLARI, L.	Anti-Semitism in Russia	Mar.	121
WARREN, THOMAS HERBERT	Ancient and Modern Classics	Feb.	47
"X"	Lord Randolph Churchill	Feb.	41

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INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
America, Latin, and the United States	"Investor"	Jan.	58
Among the Félibres in Provence	Constance Elizabeth Maud	Jan.	40
Ancient and Modern Classics	The President of Magdalen	Feb.	47
Anti-Semitism in Russia	L. Villari	Mar.	121
Black Sea, The	Sven Hedin	Jan.	89
Brains and Bridge	Basil Tozer	Jan.	5
Bulgaria of To-day	Lady Thompson	Jan.	12
By an Irish Stream	"Lemon Grey"	Feb.	19
Byron, Lord, and Lord Lovelace	John Murray	Feb.	107
Canossa, A Pilgrimage to	Reginald Hughes.	Feb.	119
Churchill, Lord Randolph	"X"	Feb.	41
Coming Education Bill, The	Berian Evans	Mar.	19
Crown, A Servant of	Theodore A. Cook	Mar.	90
Curson, Lord in India	Anglo-Indian	Mar.	73
Débâcle	Walter Frewen Lord	Mar.	1
Devonshire House, The Story of a	Anonymous	Jan.	122
Education Bill, The Coming	Berian Evans	Mar.	19
Face of Clay, A	Horace Annesley Vachell	Jan. 133, Feb. 138 Mar.	140
Fascination of Parliament, The	Michael MacDonagh	Feb.	1
Félibres in Provence, Among the	Constance Elizabeth Maud	Jan.	40
Forgotten Princess, A.	Reginald Lucas	Feb.	92
Froude and Freeman	Ronald McNeill	Feb.	79
Germany, Socialism and Democracy in	Louis Elkind	Mar.	84
India, Lord Curson in	Anglo-Indian	Mar.	73
Indian Feudatory States and the Paramount Power	F. Lorraine Petre	Jan.	109
Irish Experiment, An	Shan F. Bullock	Jan.	77
Irish Stream, By an	"Lemon Grey"	Feb.	119

tized by Google

			PAGE
Latin America and the United States	"Investor"	Jan.	58
Lord Byron and Lord Lovelace	John Murray	Feb.	19
Lord Curzon in India	Anglo-Indian	Mar.	73
Lord Lovelace on the Separation of Lord and Lady Byron	R. E. Prothero	Mar.	11
Lord Randolph Churchill	"X"	Feb.	41
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus	A. E. Keeton	Mar.	61
Note on the Political Situation, A	"E"	Jan.	1
Officer Question, The	Lt.-Col. Alsager Pollock	Mar.	48
On the Line		Feb. 130, Mar.	137
Parliament, The Fascination of	Michael MacDonagh	Feb.	1
Pilgrimage to Canossa, A	Reginald Hughes	Feb.	107
Princess, A Forgotten	Reginald Lucas	Feb.	92
Randolph Churchill, Lord	"X"	Feb.	41
Relics	Evelina B. Mitford	Jan.	30
Servant of the Crown, A	Theodore A. Cook	Mar.	90
Socialism and the Man in the Street	W. R. Malcolm	Feb.	62
Socialism and Democracy in Germany	Louis Elkind	Mar.	84
Some Account of a Slum	Mrs. A. Gleig	Mar.	111
Story of a Devonshire House, The	Anon	Jan.	123
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart	A. E. Keeton	Mar.	61

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

JANUARY 1906

	Page
A NOTE ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION——E.	1
BRAINS AND BRIDGE——BASIL TOZER	5
BULGARIA TO-DAY——LADY THOMPSON	12
RELICS——EVELINE B. MITFORD	30
AMONG THE FÉLIBRES IN PROVENCE——CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD	40
LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES ——"INVESTOR"	58
AN IRISH EXPERIMENT——SHAN F. BULLOCK	77
THE BLACK SEA——SVEN HEDIN	89
INDIAN FEUDATORY STATES AND THE PARAMOUNT POWER——F. LORAINE PETRE	109
THE STORY OF A DEVONSHIRE HOUSE	122
A FACE OF CLAY—CHAPS. IV.–VI.——HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL	133

No. 64. XXII. 1.—Jan. 1906

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (DECEMBER).

The Anglo-French Agreement and what it may Lead to—Sir Harry H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

The British Frontier towards Russia—The Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M.P.

Underground Jacobitism—R. E. Francillon

Public School Education—Arthur Christopher Benson

To the Lamp-Bearers—Eden Phillpotts

Italian Painting in the Prado Gallery—Edward Hutton

The Unemployed and the Unemployed Workmen Act—Sir Arthur T. F. Clay, Bart.

Individualism in the Ranks—"Ex-Non-Com."

Forbidden Marriages and International Law: Some Anomalies—Alfred Fellowes

The Khunapur Murder—T. Hart-Davies

The Lark—Sir Frank T. Marzials, C.B.

On the Line

A Face of Clay—Chaps. I.–III.—Horace Annesley Vachell

The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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A NOTE ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THERE are many curious and interesting conflicts going on in England beneath the surface of party politics; in foreign affairs, for example, cosmopolitanism fights with nationalism, and at home communism with individualism. Few, however, of those who take part in these struggles are aware of their true significance. They are as it were the silent battles of monsters raging at deep-sea levels, while far above on the surface foams the loud unmeaning quarrel of winds and waves. To change the metaphor, the petty squabbles which seem so important across the floor of the House of Commons are writings in cipher, which when translated into words mean the larger philosophical struggles of which I speak.

Now the Liberals never cease to remind us that they are the English "Intelligentzia" and their opponents "the stupid party," that they stand for education, temperance, and progress, in fact, that Liberalism is a concentrated quintessence of all the virtues and the Almighty a party politician. One might well imagine from all this press and pulpit talk that the inner meaning of to-day's politics was just the eternal struggle of what different ages have called Ormuzd and Ahriman, God and Satan, light and darkness, good and evil. That would be a shallow philosophy, though it seems to be the philosophy of some. The tragedy of this life is not that good strives with evil, but that evil strives with evil and good with good. There

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is no doubt that Conservatism has the defects of its qualities, and as its most conspicuous quality is prudence, it suffers from the usual defect of prudence, a selfish and material view of life. This is, I think, inevitable to an association a large part of whose practical work lies in the protection of the rights of property; and the desire of the "haves" to retain what they have is not perhaps more selfish than the desire of the "have-nots" to despoil others of what they have. But it is easily intelligible that a Conservative, feeling his chief care, the protection of property and social stability, to be prosaic and uninspiring, has a tendency to fall back on prudence and common sense and to leave unchallenged to his opponents those high aspirations which they undoubtedly possess.

Now I myself am by no means a good Conservative; in certain things indeed I am an extreme Radical; but I confess that those things rarely come into the field of practical politics, and I have enough sympathy with Conservatives to wish to restore their shaken confidence in themselves and their motives. They have so often been told that they have no ideals, that they really seem to believe it at last. I should be glad if I could persuade some of them that there is in practical sober Conservatism a single unifying and vivifying principle. I find it in a quality which may be expressed in one word. In all the uncharitable assumption of the virtues which more than anything else has driven me away from official Liberalism, there is one virtue conspicuously—and, I will try to show, wisely—omitted from the catalogue of righteousness. It is justice, the idea of fair play to which we make such a strongly national claim, which seems to me to add soul to the body of prudence and to complete the claim of Conservatism to our respect.

Let us quickly run over as examples a few recent party controversies, without any attempt at a more elaborate analysis of the motives which took part in them. In the struggle over national education the Liberals, with their ready idealism, saw ahead of them a golden age of nationally controlled schools for all; and, careless of wrongs done by the way, in the true spirit

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of doing evil that good may come, made straight for the Promised Land. What did it matter though school buildings and endowments had been left for teaching in the tenets of particular Churches? Adherents of these Churches will do well to remember which political party interfered with that projected spoliation. Again, take the liability of trade unions for the actions of their officers. I will not urge that the Liberal leaders tried to catch the trade union vote. That is true, but it is not all the truth, any more than it is all the truth that Tories tried to catch the votes of mine-owners. The soul of the quarrel was that the Liberals, eager to advance the position of the working classes, took no thought for the means they used. It is to Conservative common sense and fair-play we owe it that trade unions are not endowed with the privilege of irresponsibility, a privilege unknown to any social system, and foreign to the most elementary ideas of justice. Again, what was the attitude of the Opposition towards the Licensing question? Consumed with their laudable zeal to promote temperance—as what thinking man would not if he could?—they thought it no shame to evict from their livelihood without a farthing's compensation a multitude of men, who at the least are not shown not to be honest and well-conducted. From this monstrosity we were saved in part, perhaps, by Parliamentary expediencies, but more largely and truly by the hatred of injustice and oppression.

Lastly there is a peculiarly topical case, that of the unemployed. They, or rather their friends of the moment, claim not charity—which is offered them on all hands—but work. Now work not ventured by private enterprise is not likely to be remunerative; and unremunerative work is a pure charity. Men are not divided sharply into two classes of rich and poor, and such a State-charity would not have the savour of true charity, which is voluntary giving and the quality of mercy; but would be wrung from the pockets of those amongst others who, with energy and character, can only just keep themselves independent. For this struggling and over-burdened class Liberalism has no pity. The vision of a happy and prosperous

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working class blinds them to actualities. So parks, trams, drivers of municipal dust-carts at two pounds seventeen a week, empty steamboats, on which the season's loss is not to be more than £9200 (this when there need be no loss at all, is of course inconsiderable), all these things, with free education in the present, and probably free boots and breakfasts in the future for the children of the poor, are ground not only from the rich man but from the poor clerk or parson. Where shall these find justice? As things are now, from Conservatism only.

This summary is of course superficial; but what I wish to show is, that a large part of the Conservative position in all these controversies was the love of fairness. I entreat Conservatives to remember this ideal of justice, and to go with heads high into the coming fight. They will then perhaps succeed in postponing *sine die* the time when money is to be unfairly exacted and wildly squandered in pursuit of ideals which cannot so be attained, and when all rights will be ignored that conflict with some distant good. They must not leave high aspiration to the dreamers of dreams. To get a wide view we always have to climb a hill. Conservatives, to find a broad and wise policy, must rise above the low point of view, from which wealth is mistaken for worth, and the true patriotism, which would rather have England right than victorious, for treachery. That materialism is the defect of their great quality of common sense is no excuse. If they remember this, and at the coming General Election lay confident claim to the two political master-ideals of prudence and justice, I feel convinced that the country will place its fate once more in their hands.

English Liberals have a favourite text, which they boast of as a summary of their political creed. It is, "*A liberal man deviseth liberal things*," and I should be the last to deny their claim to it. But there is another saying, one of Pascal's, which seems to me to be almost equally representative of their method, though they lay no claim to it at all. It is, "*Certainement l'homme ignore la justice.*"

E.

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BRAINS AND BRIDGE

DOES aptitude for card-playing denote general intelligence? The question was asked in the course of general conversation among the guests at a country house-party where several men and women of distinction, and admittedly intellectually brilliant, were present. In less than ten minutes a controversy almost as fierce as if some vital point to do with politics or religion had been broached was in full force. Nor did it abate. But for the fact that the hour was past midnight and that many hundreds of pheasants awaited their doom next day, the discussion would in all probability have grown more and more heated and have been prolonged into the small hours of the morning. This incident it was that first opened my eyes to the deep interest taken in the question, and that led ultimately to my writing personally to a number of men I deemed to be in a position to express an impartial opinion upon the subject and likely not to be averse from doing so.

Among the first to reply was Mr. F. G. Aflalo, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., editor of the well-known "Encyclopædia of Sport"—a man of the world, whose opinion may be deemed to carry weight.

Your question [he writes] is not easy to answer, and to myself, who have not touched a card for ten years, and who finally gave up a habit that had never been very strong before the modern cult of bridge fell heavily on the land, it presents peculiar difficulties, since, as might not unreasonably be averred, nothing is more gratifying than to condemn a weakness which one is free of.

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Still, with this personal confession by way of preface, I shall not hesitate to reply emphatically in the negative. And, as there is some danger of confusing the issue, let me clearly state that my opinion is not intended to cover the incompatibility of general intelligence, even of brilliant intellectual attainments, and a passion for cards; for the history of the period covered by the Greville Memoirs, not to mention the personalities of several players among my own acquaintance, would unequivocally repudiate such a postulate. All that I can take your question to mean is, whether cleverness at, let us say, bridge (for the terms bridge and cards are become, in an age that lacks both humour and sense of proportion, almost synonymous) is in itself a symptom of intelligence in other matters. To this let me say, so far as a merely personal opinion is worth anything, that it most certainly is not.

Let my card-playing friends forgive me if, waiving personal points of view, I suggest that any one who thinks otherwise should, if he happen to be a judge of physiognomy, correct his illusion by spending half an hour in contemplation of the faces gathered round the table in the card-room of his club. If this experience bring no cure, then let him take a bridge-girl into dinner and hang on her conversation. Her simpering grandmother, who worked in coloured silks and hid her maidenly blushes behind a shower of ringlets, was a Minerva to her! The bridge-girl wears, as a rule, neither ringlets nor blushes, but is a hard-featured, calculating, nervous, nail-biting product of ultra-emancipation, and her "general intelligence" is in all probability on a level with that of the kohl-eyed playthings that eat sweetmeats in Eastern harems and peer out on the world of freedom through barred windows. She has no longer any taste for music, or the play, or the picture-gallery. The mid-day sun, like the mid-night lamp, finds her staring at the cards or thinking of them. Dinner, which, in a more cultured and less hurried age, was a period of pleasant nutrition and brilliant conversation, is to her an interlude of boredom, through which she sustains herself only with dreams of the winning hand that will presently be hers.

In striking contrast to this equitable expression of opinion are the views of five bridge-enthusiasts—"violent" is the only adjective that would seem to fit the case—to whom my letter of inquiry appears to have acted as an irritant. "Your question (and clearly you are a non-player)," writes one, "is too preposterous to answer." He then goes on to answer it: "In my opinion a man who cannot play bridge or poker must be next door to a fool." It is gratifying to know that he is not a neighbour. "Yes," replies my next correspondent, "I do most emphatically think that want of aptitude

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(*sic*)"—what does this "*sic*" mean here?—"for card-playing denotes lack of 'general intelligence,' whatever that may be." My third correspondent of this set is a retired infantry officer, who has spent many years in India. "I don't know who you are," he writes, "and I have no wish to correspond with strangers, but all I can say is that I have played cards as far back as I can remember, and the fact of my now holding the position I am in should prove that I have ordinary intelligence at any rate." I don't think it necessarily proves anything of the kind, but having no desire to storm the position he now holds I give him the benefit of the doubt, stipulating only that his claim to "ordinary intelligence" be not taken to include ordinary courtesy. The two remaining letters of the five are written in much the same strain. Why these five inflammable gentlemen should have taken it for granted that I am under the impression that aptitude for card-playing does not denote general intelligence I can't think.

A very gracious letter comes from Dr. Macnamara, M.P., whose familiarity with educational matters, and intimate association for so many years with learned men of many sorts and conditions, eminently qualify him to express a just opinion:

". . . I should answer your question in the negative," he writes. "Aptitude for card-playing denotes, as I think, in the first place a specially retentive memory; and in the second place a brain so constituted as to permit of the exclusion for the time being of anything which would be a distraction to the matter in hand. These two qualities may be developed in a very high degree, and yet the individual may not justify the description 'generally intelligent.'"

The names of two other Members of Parliament who express their views I am regretfully compelled to omit. I say "regretfully" because they also are men so placed as to be in a position to speak with authority, and I can only conclude that their reason for desiring anonymity is that they have among their constituents hyper-sensitive bridge-players whose

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plumes they deem it unwise to ruffle. For these two gentlemen agree in the main with Dr. Macnamara. They are of opinion that though an aptitude for card-playing, and more especially for bridge-playing, betokens intelligence in the player, yet, as the one puts it,

> Intelligence for playing at cards is a branch of intelligence peculiarly its own, and my experience is that cleverness at cards, at chess, and at figures, go generally hand in hand. I personally am acquainted with quite a number of men who, though good at those three things, are of very ordinary intelligence at all else, and singularly deficient in any sort of aptitude for music, literature, or painting.

His friend also appears to have noticed a lack of talent for music among men and women who are exceptionally brilliant card-players:

> It has always struck me [he says] that the brain of the very skilful card-player is what can only be described as a "mechanical" brain. . . . Also, I have never, to the best of my recollection, met a very talented musician—by which I mean more especially an instrumentalist, whose brain is above all else volatile, whose temperament is mercurial and almost always emotional, and whose sense of humour is generally very acute—who was able to concentrate his attention upon a game of cards for any length of time. . . . This is only my own experience, and I give it for what it is worth. It is quite possible there are men whose experience has been different from mine.

A gentleman whose experience has been very different from his, a man who ought to know what he is talking about, and to whom nobody could attribute lack of general intelligence, is Mr. Robert Sievier:

> I am certainly of opinion [Mr. Sievier writes] that a good card-player is, as a rule, possessed of more than general intelligence and quickness. Card-players, by whom I mean expert card-players, are usually men whom one would certainly describe as clever and bright all round. It is true that one occasionally meets a very good card-player who is not particularly brilliant at other things, just in the same way that you sometimes meet a man with a wonderful aptitude for learning languages, or with a singular gift for figures, who can hardly write an ordinary letter, but I maintain that, taking card-players collectively, their general intelligence is quite above the average.

Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M.P., who observes rather closely the

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men and women with whom he comes in contact, is inclined to think there is "a special faculty for games to be found possessed by certain persons, just as there is the business faculty, the literary, and the artistic."

This special faculty [he goes on to remark] shows itself more in games which consist largely of physical adroitness, such as billiards, cricket, football, and golf; and in card games the more usual quality of memory, and the powers of observation and deduction, come mainly into play.

At the same time I do not suppose there was ever a really excellent card-player who had not specially developed to a high degree a certain form of the faculty of imagination, putting himself into the mind of his antagonist or partner for the time being as much as possible, and preparing accordingly to aid or thwart, just as a general in the field ought to be able to do.

Upon the whole, therefore, I should say that the aptitude for card-games indicates the possession of general intelligence—in varying degrees, of course—and more developed along certain lines than others; but nevertheless an amount of intellectuality above the average.

A student—I should call him a professor—of assimilative memory, a very fine card- and chess-player indeed, who has for years strengthened his memory on the assimilative principle for all purposes, but especially for card-playing, believes that "any man or woman with the normal complement of brains" can school himself or herself into becoming "at any rate a very fair average bridge-player." He does not, however, for a moment believe that exceptional aptitude for card-playing denotes "a good 'all-round' brain, any more than an exceptional facility for mathematics shows in the least that a man is generally clever—he may be the veriest dullard at everything except arithmetic." He admits that when first he began to play bridge he had already trained his memory "to the extent of remembering almost every card played," and his facility for whist-playing helped him materially at bridge, he discovered.

The reason so many men and women of intelligence play cards so badly [he declares] is that card-playing doesn't interest them in the least, with the result that they can't bring themselves to concentrate their attention upon a game of cards for any length of time, if for any time at all. The fact that

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many execrable card-players begin to improve enormously in their play directly they begin to take a true interest in the game, goes far, I think, to prove this. On the other hand, I have met many people, some of them quite undeniably clever in many respects, who appeared to suffer from what can only be called "card-blindness." They really didn't seem able to distinguish one card from another when it belonged to a suit of the same colour!

Miss Eleanor A. Tennant, the only lady, I believe, who has ever written a book on the game, and whose "A B C of Bridge" is closely studied by almost every novice, would seem to share to a great extent the views held by Mr. Sievier and those held by Mr. Yoxall. She considers that

to be a really fine bridge-player certainly requires a high degree of intelligence, quite apart from that mysterious possession, "a card mind." It is these two qualities combined which produce the few first-rate bridge-players who stand head and shoulders above the crowd of would-be good players. What is called "a card mind" has really nothing to do with the mind, but is entirely a physical quality. The connection between the eye and the brain is much quicker in some people than in others, and it is the rapidity with which the eye communicates its impression to the brain which gives facility in card-playing, and makes people quick at any rate, even if they have not the intelligence to work out an elaborate plan of action.

As regards the comparative skill of men and women, I do not find that there is much difference amongst moderate players; but when we come to the first rank, the men certainly hold pride of place, and the two or three ladies in the bridge world who are equal to them are the more distinguished as there are so few of them.

Miss Tennant's is to all intents and purposes the opinion of the witty, vivacious, Miss Mary Dease, who is said to play as scientific a rubber at bridge as any woman not eaten up with false ambition need wish to play, and who has made —so her intimate acquaintances tell me—more than one front-rank player of "domestic" bridge wish that he had never met her—at least as an adversary at the bridge table. In a moment of mental aberration, or an outburst of indiscretion—I am not quite sure which—she has confided to me that not only she herself, but a number of ladies of her acquaintance find that no sooner have they taken up their cards than they become so completely absorbed in the game as to be

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only sub-consciously aware that anything at all is going on around them, or that anybody is in the room with them, and that their minds become then and there incapable of recording any idea of any kind that does not bear directly, not merely upon bridge, but upon the particular game of bridge they are playing at the time.

This, no doubt, is as it should be, and is probably the frame of mind that goes to constitute what is called commonly "a first-class head for cards." Whether the gift, or the acquired power, or whatever it may be, of thus closely focusing the whole of one's mind and soul upon a game of cards implies a faculty for concentrating it to the same extent upon any other form of study requiring abstract thinking I shall not attempt to state dogmatically. Probably as many persons will be found to argue in the positive as in the negative. The fact remains, however, that accurate and close thinking and reasoning of any kind exercise the mind in the same sort of way that calisthenics develop the muscles of the body. Consequently the conclusion to be arrived at, after weighing carefully the pros and cons contained in the foregoing expressions of opinion, would seem to be that, though a natural aptitude for card-playing may not necessarily denote the possession of natural general intelligence in any high degree, that yet a careful, methodical and judicious course of training in the art of playing games of cards such as whist and bridge, that require brain-power and thought-concentration, is bound to strengthen the intellectual powers of any man or woman of average ability, and thus presently lead to a direct increase in his or her share of general or ordinary intelligence.

BASIL TOZER.

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BULGARIA TO-DAY

BULGARIA is less known, perhaps, than any other part of Europe, lying only a three days' journey from London. She can offer little to attract the general traveller; she has no good hotels and but few art treasures, and her history is obscure and intermittent. Twice, for a few decades in the tenth and again in the thirteenth century, the Empire of the Bulgarians stretched from Belgrade to Constantinople and southwards to the confines of modern Greece; but a fallen stronghold here and there among the mountains, and the ruins of some thirty churches on the hill which overlooks the ancient capital of the Bulgarian Czars—Tirnova, one of the most picturesque cities in Europe—are all that now remain of the time of Bulgaria's greatness.

The Treaty of Berlin created the virtually independent State of Bulgaria out of an integral part of the Turkish Empire. During the twenty-seven years that have passed since then, Bulgaria has seen two revolutions, by one of which she gained a province and by the other lost a prince: she has had a three weeks' war with her Servian neighbours, in which she was entirely successful; she has shown a stubborn front against the greatest Power of Eastern Europe, and that practically unsupported by any foreign Government, and she has now apparently settled down to a career of vigorous progress under the present *régime*. Her constitution is liberal, and her laws are in thorough consonance with it. Experts who know her military

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organisation declare that, in the event of hostilities with Turkey, if Bulgaria can make the first move, her army would reach Constantinople with comparative ease. Roads and railways have been made, towns reconstructed, factories built, schools of all grades and a university established, more land is taken into cultivation every year. If the people are not rich, neither are they poor. Commerce is increasing, foreign enterprise is encouraged and finds a field for the safe and profitable employment of capital.[1] Brigandage has been entirely put down, and travelling is as safe as it is anywhere in Europe. In short, Bulgaria has already fully justified her independence. That there is another side to the picture cannot be denied. The constitution has not always been respected, the conduct of statesmen and public servants has not always been beyond reproach; the Prince and his Ministers find many critics, and there is more than one hiatus in the general line of advance. But if the study of a people in the process of making does not disclose an entirely ideal state of things, it is not therefore of less interest, especially at the present moment, when the weakening of Austria has given an impulse to the tendency for other nationalities, however small, to claim a right to a separate existence.

Apart from the social and political interest afforded by a stay in Bulgaria, the country itself has much of the indefinable charm of the East, with all the picturesqueness of life, given by a simple and kindly peasantry, who still preserve the dress and the customs of many centuries back. It offers, moreover, to the lover of scenery and the naturalist the attractions of a little known mountain region, the haunt of perhaps the finest and most varied types of birds of prey in Europe.[2]

European geography has confined the use of the word Balkàn to the range which stretches from the defile of the Isker to the Black Sea, though it is of course applied as a

[1] Germany has not been slow to avail herself of her opportunities here.

[2] In one day's expedition, I saw the nests of an Egyptian vulture, a black kite, a black stork, a sacred falcon and an Imperial eagle.

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convenient term to cover all the countries of the region. The Turkish word Balkàn means mountain in general, and serves equally for a chain or a single peak. The rounded hills of the Stara Planina, "the old mountains," with their bare, wrinkled folds, the fir-clad, snow-crowned heights of Rilo, the isolated peaks of Perim Dagh or Musalla, the solitary form of Vitosh, or the serried masses of the Albanian highlands, each and all are to Bulgar and Turk, the Balkàn. The Balkàn is the home of the *Samodiva*, half-nymph, half-goddess, who still dwells on the highest slopes; it is the kingdom of the bear, the wolf and the wild cat, the vulture and the eagle; the retreat of the hermit, the hiding-place of monasteries; the stronghold of the vaivoda, the insurgent or robber chief and his bands, the romance and the glory of Christian and Mohammedan, Serb, Bulgar, Montenegrin, Albanian, and Turk alike. In legend and history the Balkàn has always been the common link and the battle-ground, the inspiration and the despair of the perplexed nationalities who have, since time began, surged through the Peninsula.

The Slavs of Southern Europe are an agricultural people, but they have many of the characteristics of a mountaineering race. The fertile plains which they cultivate are at no point far from the mountains; there is little of the undulating country of an English landscape; the transition from plain and mountain is abrupt; the river quits the open plain to enter at once into a sudden defile, and the horizon is almost always bounded by a wall of mountains. The plains, partly because they are thus limited, have none of the monotony or depressing influence of the Hungarian level or the steppes of Russia, while they yet have that sense of space and distance which a hedgeless country always gives. For the brief season of spring, at least, before the sun has burnt the freshness out of the land, these Balkàn plains are full of charm. The level country stretches unbroken for miles, except where a row of tumuli rises abruptly, or a line of silver willows and poplars marks the windings of a river, or a grove of trees almost hides a low-

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roofed village. Beneath the horses' feet is a carpet of flowers, a tissue of faint mauves and blues and pinks and yellows, which one hardly dares call hay. The mountains far away repeat the colours of the flowers in deeper, more mysterious tones. The only life is in the slowly moving herds of goats and sheep and horses; but the whole air, fresh still with a remembrance of the distant snows, is melodious with the tinkling of countless sheep-bells, the song of larks and nightingales, and, scarcely less lovely, the wild, intermittent music of the shepherds' flutes, so that there seems a vague exquisite warbling everywhere. I remember one "secret garden," half-wood, half-meadow, through which I rode, when spring was at its most beautiful moment. It was scarcely a wood, for the trees grew too far apart; little streams ran through it, and in its depth there was a deserted mill, a long low building with a red roof. Clouds of salvias, pink campion and ragged robin, orchises, purple comfrey and yellow lupin grew in the rich long grass; and in that one small space we heard cuckoos and nightingales, the beautiful song of the golden oriole and the low call of the hoopoo. Before the crops are grown there is little to bring the peasant abroad. Here and there a cart creaks by, as old-world as the buffaloes which draw it with sad, deliberate steps. The West has as yet hardly touched the agriculture of the Balkans. The plough, the ox-cart, the water-wheel, the tending and treading of the vines, the threshing of the grain, the strident monotonous chant of some interminable story, which helps the women as they bend over their reaping—the implements, and the system and the song have scarcely changed since Slavs and Bulgars became mingled in one nation some thirteen hundred years ago.

An agricultural people, living for five centuries under the rule of the most conservative nation in Europe, the Bulgarians have preserved many of the customs, not only of their own remote ancestors, but possibly of those little known Thracian tribes whom they eventually dispossessed and absorbed. Belief in charms and witchcraft still prevails, and offerings of food for the departed are still made in the country districts; I

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remember a procession of women and children in their feast-day dresses, bearing elaborately prepared dishes with solemn faces to the village burying-place. A curious instance of the way in which the cult of a pagan deity can be merged into that of a Christian saint may be traced in the series of votive tablets, which form the chief remains from Thracian times in the Sofia Museum. These tablets show the rude figure of a hunter on horseback, sometimes with a spear and dog, in pursuit of wild animals; occasionally a female worshipper appears in the background, and sometimes a serpent and an altar. The transition from the cult of this tutelary god, the "Thracian rider," as he is called, may be traced through the more elaborate representations of later Greek art to the familiar horseback figure of St. George—least Christian and most popular of Christian saints—with the dragon and the lady, which appears equally on the frescoes and ikons of every Orthodox Church and on the silver ornaments of the Albanians. In the same way, the pagan festival of the spring, which antiquarians connect with the worship of this "Thracian rider," has become the great Church feast of St. George's Day, and one can well believe that the observances with which the feast is still kept date back to pre-Christian times. I was in Gabrovo, a little factory town built along the River Jantra, on St. George's Eve last May. The narrow street between overhanging houses, which forms the bazaar, was crowded with peasants and crying lambs, for every Orthodox household must slay a lamb on "George's Day." Until late years the lamb was not eaten, but was treated as a sacrifice, the first-fruits of the good gifts of Nature. On the feast-day itself, each house is decked with boughs of fresh green, and on each doorpost hangs, an unattractive spectacle, the lamb of yesterday's purchase. I rode that day from Gabrovo over the Shipka Pass; it was a morning on which all the world, pagan or Christian, might well keep the festival of spring. Snow was still lying on the higher parts of the Pass, but the rolling sea of wooded mountains below was green and radiant in the sun-

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shine. The ascent is easy now on horseback, but what it was to fight up those death-dealing ridges in mid-winter is marked clearly enough by the ever-recurring monuments over some "Bratska Mogila"—brotherly grave, as it is touchingly called—where perhaps a hundred brothers-in-arms, Russians or Bulgarians, lie asleep together. Our cavalcade wound slowly down the steep descent back into the spring again, after the snow and ice of the Pass, over the wall of the range into Southern Bulgaria, the so-called Valley of Roses; a few weeks more and the plain would be blooming and fragrant with myriads of roses, grown for the famous attar distilleries of Kazanlik and Kalofer. As we neared the foot of the Pass, suddenly a great sound, full and solemn, rose from below, the bells of the Russian Memorial Church, and a few minutes later we looked down on its gold and green cupolas, glittering like jewels against the stern rocks behind. The scene in Shipka village was gay and charming, for the peasants were all in festal dress, the girls with their red and orange aprons, their hair in countless plaits, real or false, decked with flowers and strings of coins, an earnest of their dowry; the brides wearing their tinsel crowns and a rich display of silver clasps and chains, their linen garments ornamented with embroidery, beautiful in colour and design. But we seemed to have travelled much further from the Thracian rider and his cult, when we came on the children of Kazalik, who were keeping the holiday in a wood not far from the town. It was the Turn Verein of the place, pretty, healthy children in rational dress, martialled by a Swedish professor with the latest ideas on gymnastics and drill. They danced the Horo for me, the national dance of all Balkan peoples. The dancers join hands in a circle, and move, at first slowly, a few steps in one direction, and then one or two in the other, the music—bagpipe, flute, and guzla or violin—grows faster, the steps change, and often the figures become intricate and graceful. As the dance went on, the rational dresses, the twentieth century were forgotten; it was again the same dance and the same music with which their ancestors, a thousand,

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perhaps two thousand years ago, had welcomed the coming of the spring.

The railway connects most of the chief towns of Bulgaria with each other, and there are fair carriage roads in many directions where the railway has not penetrated; but if the traveller wishes to see the most interesting and picturesque parts of the country, it must necessarily still be on horseback. And, given a good horse and fine weather, there can be no pleasanter or more independent mode of travelling, and no better way of learning something of the country and the people. The traveller must be content with simple fare and rough quarters often enough, for hotels can hardly be said to exist outside Sofia. But when hotels cease, hospitality begins, and an English traveller—who is for the Bulgarian before everything the fellow countryman of Gladstone and of Lord and Lady Strangford—can be certain of a kind welcome wherever he goes and from all classes alike. I had had the good fortune to meet Sir George Buchanan, British Diplomatic Agent at Sofia, before I went out to Bulgaria; otherwise I knew no one else in the country, and I had only two letters of introduction, but the natural kindness of the Bulgarians and the fact that I had lived one winter with their distressed brothers in Macedonia, made everything easy for me during the five months I spent there. In the diocese of Sofia alone there are some forty monasteries, where shelter, if not food, can always be obtained. A Bulgarian monastery is not specially interesting from an antiquarian or an architectural point of view, because the main buildings, which are chiefly of wood, in their present form seldom date back more than a hundred years, and the church, though possibly built in the ninth or tenth century, is generally little more than a stone barn with narrow slits for windows, and so dark within, that it is hard to distinguish the rude frescoes and ikons that adorn it. But partly because prudence dictated the choice of a site remote from the highway and the town, and partly because water and wood are among the first necessities of even a hermit's life, the

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monasteries of the Balkans are to be found amidst the most romantic scenery. The Monastery of St. Naoum on the Albanian frontier overlooking the wide expanse of the Lake of Ochrida, St. John of Rilo, pre-eminent in size, riches and sanctity, standing in a mountain fastness of unsurpassed beauty; the Monastery of the Seven Altars, hidden in the heart of wooded hills; the Monastery of the Transfiguration, embowered in steep woods, above the narrow valley of the Jantra; the Poganovski Monastery near the Servian frontier, at the gateway of a wild gorge of the Jerma river; a humbler monastery, St. Nicola, now entirely deserted, perched on an almost inaccessible rock on a spur of Vitosh; St. Archangel, with its crazy balconies overhanging the defile of the Isker river, and its view across to the ruined stronghold of some Bulgarian Czar, almost hidden in springtime in masses of blooming lilac;—these are a few of the many monasteries, which amply repay the long ride and the rough road involved in their approach.

These monasteries have played a great part in the history of the Bulgarian people. Here, only, during the five centuries of Turkish rule, when Greek became the language of Church and school throughout the country, the Slavonic tongue was taught and written, and the idea of a Bulgarian nationality kept alive, and it was in the monasteries that the leaders of the movement for independence met and matured their plans. But the importance of the monasteries is now entirely past. They no longer exercise any influence on the political or religious life of the people at large, although the peasants still reverence them as places of pilgrimage, where miracles may be wrought for soul and body. The buildings are rapidly falling into decay; a solitary monk, who is the Abbot only because he has no companions, usually quite illiterate and not always of the highest character, with a few farm labourers, makes what he can out of the woods and fields and vineyards belonging to the convent. The care of his stock and his crops, or the making of rakia, a coarse spirit distilled from fruit,

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interest him as a rule a good deal more than the perfunctory prayers which he stumbles through once or twice a week. On great feast-days the deep peace and silence of the monastery are disturbed for a few hours. From remote mountain villages, or from solitary huts, perched on almost inaccessible slopes—which, in the Stara Planina, their owners proudly call "derjavi," "kingdoms,"—little groups of peasants make their way to the monastery. Generally the whole family comes together, the children, four or five of them, on a long-suffering horse, tied at right angles to the wooden saddle. They bring bread and water to the monk to be blessed, and perhaps a sick child, for whom he is asked to "read." I have often seen a woman bowed in rapt devotion before the sacred pictures, while the monk, his dilapidated stole thrown over her head, reads prayers on behalf of the dead and living members of her family; and it is touching to catch the humble village names among the strange cadences of the old Slavonic. One wet afternoon I turned into the little church of the monastery where I was staying. It was almost dark; a very old brother was reading aloud, apparently at random, from the torn and mouldy books which lay on the decrepit revolving desks. The ancient Slavonic conveyed little more to him than it did to me, and for some time we pursued our own trains of thought, when my attention was caught by some phrase I could understand. The monk stumbled at a proper name in the passage, but went on for half a minute, when his conscience smote him, and he returned to the difficult word, again failed to pronounce it, again went on and again returned to the charge; and I finally left him alone, still wrestling with the proper name, which still persistently eluded him.

There is a certain general resemblance between all the poorer monasteries of Bulgaria. A low gateway leads into a courtyard, enclosed on two or three sides by irregular, two-storeyed buildings, in which there is seldom a straight line or a right angle. The lower storey is occupied by the farm servants and all the usual farmyard animals. The monks' cells and the

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guest-rooms—the latter often entirely devoid of furniture—are on the upper storey, along which runs an open gallery, supported by rude pillars and arches of unpainted unvarnished wood, toned by the weather to a rich brown. These rough wooden arcades and the red or brown curved tiles of the roof, and, it must be said, an air of neglect and abandonment, are, perhaps, the most unfailing characteristics of Bulgarian monasteries. The church is usually built in the lowest part of the enclosure, as if the founders were anxious to attract attention to it as little as possible, and in mountainous places the whole monastery often seems to assume a protective colouring, toning in with the reds and browns of the rocks around it.

The Turkish Government has always respected Church property, as far as repeated firmans from successive Sultans are concerned, but it has been unable to protect the monasteries from attacks by robber bands or even by the Imperial troops. There is hardly a church where the sacred pictures have not at one time been defaced, and I was shown the place where not many years ago some twenty monks were dashed to pieces over the face of the precipice near their convent. One soon ceases to be surprised at any inconsistency in Turkish countries, but it was interesting to hear that Mohammedans still make pilgrimages to the wonder-working tomb of St. Naoum, a saint, one of whose exploits was the yoking of a wolf beside an ox to his plough. A Turkish Governor who had seen much of the struggle between Christian and Mussulman and who had visited the monastery just before I did, had recorded there his devout aspiration, that the same power of combining antagonistic forces for the same beneficent end might be granted to him through the intercession of the Saint. I stayed in a curious house, half-palace, half-prison, which a pious Turkish Bey had built some hundred years ago partly as a summer retreat for himself, but partly also in honour of Mariam, the Blessed Virgin Mary, of whose convent it forms a part.

The chief pride of Bulgaria is the great Rilo Monastery,

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standing remote from town or village, among the highest summits near the Turkish frontier. The valley of the Rilo river is guarded by a natural gateway of rocks, and for two or three hours the narrow road—there is room only for the river and the road—follows the course of the clear rapid stream. Every now and then a felled forest tree comes rolling down the torrent, and when the logs lodge against the boulders a picturesque group of peasants, armed with long forks, sends them off again on their journey. The mountain sides are covered with dense forests of beech and fir, which are set in the brief summer that visits those austere heights in slopes of hay and Alpine flowers—orange geum, yellow columbine, lilies and gentians. It was almost dark when we clattered into the great courtyard, and there was only a vague impression of space and height and of a vast building, half-palace, half-fortress, with tiers of open galleries, high and white. One steps through the gateway of Rilo Monastery straight back into the Middle Ages. Most of the present building, it is true, is not more than one hundred years old, for twice at least has the greater part of the monastery been burnt to the ground, but the scene and the life are still surely mediæval. There have always been monks and soldiers and peasants and pilgrims in Rilo ever since, eleven hundred years ago, the first monastery was raised to the memory of the hermit-saint who fled from the world and from his devotees to this mountain fastness. The church, glowing with gold and colour; the library, with its ecclesiastical treasures and manuscripts; the rude tower, the oldest part now standing, where rings and chains mark the place in which madmen were once fastened to the walls; the kitchen, with its cavernous chimney, mammoth pots and spoons; the vast dormitories; the stables, where a thousand horses can stand; the outbuildings, where various trades and crafts are carried on—for the monastery must of necessity supply its own needs—the black-robed figures of the monks and the peasants in their unchanging costumes—everything carries one back to another era.

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Four times a year come the pilgrims—sometimes fourteen or fifteen thousand in number, many of them several days' journey—to the tomb of the saint. Any great event in the family, birth, marriage, death, change of fortune, must be commemorated, if possible, by a journey to Rilo, either as a thanksgiving or to gain fresh blessings.

An hour's walk from the monastery, through upland meadows and woods, and up steps cut in the rock, one reaches the little chapel built over the grave of St. John of Rilo, and the cave where he spent many years of his life in prayer. The grave is guarded by a hermit, a *postnik* or faster, as he is called in Bulgarian. For forty years he has touched neither meat nor eggs nor milk; nor will he allow any such food to be eaten on his territory, even if his guest be royal. The old monk, living in cells cut in the bare rock, cultivating the herbs which garnish the bread he makes with his own hands, alone by the grave of his patron for weeks together, has himself become something of a seer and a saint. St. John of Rilo, tradition says, fed his guests, the Haiduks, the robber chiefs and their bands, with bread which the angels brought in answer to his prayer, and I could not refrain from asking his successor if he ever saw angels now. His wild hawk's eyes rested on me for a moment curiously, to see in what spirit I asked the question, and then he answered, almost casually as it were, "Oh, yes; they come round here sometimes," glancing at the rocky platform where we stood, and speaking as if angels were eagles or swallows—his only other daily visitors.

The current of modern thought has, it seems, turned definitely away from the contemplative life, and there has been no sign in the spiritual revivals of recent times of a return to the monastic ideals, which once always marked times of religious awakening. Before long it is probable that the Church lands of Bulgaria will be sold; and the monasteries themselves, with certain exceptions, which still justify their existence, will, by an easy transition, become farms, pure and simple, under the more profitable management of some thrifty

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peasant owner. If the money obtained from this sale is applied to some scheme for the further training of men for the priesthood, the change will be no doubt of practical benefit to the Bulgarian Church, however much it may be regretted on other grounds.

Bulgaria has always been alive to the importance of education, and her schools and gymnasia reach a high standard already; but, like all rapidly progressive countries, her advance has been unequal, and general culture has hardly kept pace with actual book learning and material progress. One is often reminded in Bulgaria of the useful distinction drawn by the French between education and instruction, the training in manners and modes of thought and the mere acquisition of knowledge as such. The richer Bulgarian sends his children to "Europe," as he still expresses it, to finish their schooling, and the influence of foreign culture and ideas will of course be felt increasingly.

A generation ago class distinctions hardly existed in Bulgaria, but now every year the tendency to divide into classes becomes more marked. Government officials and officers rank highest socially, for here, where there is but one millionaire and few families of any class much richer than the rest, money is not yet the social power it has become in Western Europe. The parents of a smart cavalry officer, of a prosperous merchant, speaking half the languages of Europe, or even of a Cabinet Minister, may be simple villagers, still wearing their peasant costume and tilling the soil with their own hands. Salaries are very modest, and living is as yet simple and inexpensive. An officer, for instance, seldom has private means, and manages to live, not uncomfortably, on his pay. There is no horse-racing, little card-playing or theatre-going, no sport or games on the lines and on the costly scale implied in England, no display in personal luxuries or entertainments. The small income of a Government official leaves no margin for extravagance, and any tendency to raise the standard of comfort may mean, it must be admitted, a temptation to

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enrich himself in other ways, while the humble position of his friends and relations may also prove another source of difficulty. The Bulgarian has had his political training under the worst masters, the Turk and the Russian; and the marvel is, not that a contract here and there may give rise to suspicious rumours, and that interest rather than merit helps promotion in the Government service; but that a peasant people, who had been for five hundred years barely a name to the world at large or even to themselves, should have evolved for themselves a stable system of government, established security of life and property where chaos reigned before, produced men capable of filling posts as diplomats, and statesmen like Karavélof and Stambóulof, and acquired many of the outward and inward marks of Western civilisation and progress.

The Bulgarian has not appealed to the outside world as a sympathetic personality, partly because he has been overshadowed by the more showy qualities of his neighbours, the Albanians or the Montenegrins, and partly because of the old prejudice in favour of his hereditary enemy, the Turk. The taint of centuries of contempt and servitude cannot be altogether thrown off in a generation, but the characteristics of the Bulgarian peasant are, as a rule, such as are least associated with a subject race. Brave, hardy, frugal, patriotic to the verge of Chauvinism, the hard-headed Bulgarian, with his utilitarianism tempered by his passionate sentiment of nationality and his love of his mountains and plains and rivers, is certain to prove ideal material for a buffer State and for a formidable army.

It is impossible to dissociate Bulgaria from Macedonia even in idea. Ever since the Treaty of Berlin confirmed Bulgaria in her independence, but gave back to Turkish rule the million Bulgarians of Macedonia, who for the few months that had passed since the Treaty of San Stefano had believed freedom to be theirs also, Macedonia has been as an open sore to Bulgaria. How could it be otherwise? The Bulgars of Bulgaria and the Bulgars of Macedonia are identical in race and

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faith and language, and the artificial boundary erected by diplomats has proved as slight a bar to intercourse and sympathy, as the Turkish guard-houses and pickets, which attempt in vain to control the passage of the wild mountainous region near the frontier. But Macedonia has been a cruel drain on the resources of her free sister, and until the Macedonian question has been settled Bulgaria cannot feel herself free to move forward. Trouble to the south of the mountains means trouble to the north. After the insurrection of 1908 thousands of refugees poured into Bulgaria, and were supported there for many months, by public and private charity; and every year many of the finest and most promising young men leave their professions and the safety of their Bulgarian homes to join the revolutionary bands and die on the mountains of Macedonia for the sake of their brothers there. "We went out fifteen from this village and we have come back five," a handsome dark-eyed boy told me. And another, a schoolmaster, with the sad eyes of a doomed man and still pale from the hardships of last year, to whom I said that he had done his share, I thought, and should now stay with his wife and child, answered, "Do they ask the soldiers who go to die in Manchuria if they have wife and child? We, too, are all soldiers, and if Macedonia calls us we must go." "We do not know how great the sacrifice will be; perhaps, a hundred times more than it has been yet, still we must go on," said another, who had given his own life to the cause, and who had lost year after year friends and relations on the mountains. The methods may be regrettable, and the whole revolutionary organisation mistaken in its idea, but at any rate the movement calls out the most absolute self-sacrifice, and is prompted by the sincere conviction of men as inflexible as they are disinterested.

We see our own people suffering, [how often have I heard it said,] we read the promises of the Great Powers, we hear the talk of reforms; but we don't want these reforms, which, as you know well, mean nothing, absolutely nothing, to the peasant in his village. Are the taxes any lighter, are our lives any

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safer? Did not the taxgatherer come but yesterday and drive away all our sheep and goats and cattle, because, try as we would, we could not raise more than half the money he demanded from us? Was not our headman shot down, as he was on his way back from the bazaar, not half an hour away from the village? And four of our young men, who had gone out to cut wood, when they did not come back at evening, their young wives went out to seek them, and they found them lying dead with their ears and their fingers and their feet cut off—and their eyes ——. Is this all well? If it is not the Turks, it is the Greeks who massacre us. You remember how the armed Greek band fell on the helpless village of Zagoricini that early morning last April, and killed sixty of our people—old men, women and little children. If we do not keep our bands moving in the mountains to defend our villages, if we do not sometimes meet the Turkish troops, the Powers will say, "See, Macedonia is quiet, she is satisfied with our programmes and our civil agents and our new gendarmerie, and all is well." And so we cannot rest in our homes.

The story of the struggle for independence thirty years ago in Bulgaria and to-day in Macedonia abounds in romantic and heroic incidents, of which it would be easy to multiply examples. A small band of fifteen insurgents took refuge in the mountain village of Cer, a few hours to the north of Monastir, one night last April. They were tracked thither by Turkish troops, and when morning came the insurgents found that their house was surrounded. There was no chance of escape; for the soldiers had placed a ring of village women between themselves and the house, and the insurgents could not fire on their own people. The leader of the band was one Uzunof, a man not yet thirty, very dark, tall and powerful, with the soft pathetic Slav eyes and gentle expression which do not preclude the doing of desperate deeds. He consulted for a moment with his comrades, and they at once agreed with his decision. They would never be taken alive, and to him as leader fell an awful task. I saw the letter which he wrote to his chiefs, the Revolutionary Committee, not five minutes before the end. "If I have decided amiss," he said, "the Committee must forgive me, but we see no other way. Say good-bye for me to my dear mother, to whom I have never brought much happiness." The letter was given to the woman of the house, and then Uzunof shot his fifteen comrades, one

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by one, and, at the last with the same ghastly deliberation and firmness, took his own life. One who had been a member of the band and who was an unwilling witness of the scene lies now in a distant monastery, hopelessly deranged. Such stories throw a lurid light on the spirit in which these men fight for freedom.

The Bulgarian is intensely interesting to himself, and though keenly sensitive to European opinion, he is always ready to discuss his own characteristics with great openness. "What do you think of Bulgaria and the Bulgarians?" is the question put to the traveller by every one he meets, from the Archbishop and the statesman to the peasant who holds his horse at some wayside khan. And what is the answer? Statistics of trade and population, the opinion of foreigners who have long known and watched the country, not less than what the Bulgarians say of themselves, everything points to the conclusion that, given no unexpected disaster, Bulgaria must be reckoned as a factor of the highest importance in any new development of Balkan affairs. The Bulgarian profits by his mistakes and will not repeat them when once he has realised what they are. He will never again allow the influence of Russia to rule his country. Panslavism is, in fact, a dead letter outside Russia. The Bulgarian learnt a bitter lesson with the loss of the hero Prince, Alexander of Battenberg, and the intrigues which for a time threatened the separate existence of Bulgaria, who before had looked on Russia as her liberator. The Bulgarian will not merge his national Church, the symbol and indeed the source of his liberty, into the Church of Russia, identical though it is in ritual and doctrine, still less into that of Greece; he does not forget the Phanariot times, when his own tongue was taken from him, and recent events in Macedonia have quickened his memory. He will learn all he can from Europe for the improvement of his army, his trade and the education of his children, but he will never again lose his own individuality. He will not let his sympathy with his brothers in Macedonia, burning though it is, hasten the crisis—which must surely come—until he is ready for it.

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But no forecast of the future of Bulgaria can afford to ignore the curious and interesting personality of Prince Ferdinand and that of his mother, Princess Clémentine. The constitution of Bulgaria is on paper liberal to a fault, but the real power lies, for the present, in the hands of the Prince and the deaf lady of eighty-six, who has been called "the cleverest woman in Europe." When the crisis comes, the action of Bulgaria will depend—up to a given point—on the balance of certain contradictory personal qualities of the Prince himself. "The Bulgarians have always proved poison to those who have swallowed them," said to me an old Bulgarian Bishop, a remarkable instance of what Lord Rosebery has called "a practical mystic." With the traditional disloyalty bred by long unwilling subjection to a hated sovereign, they will be a dangerous people to govern or restrain if ever the will of the Prince comes into conflict with their strongest passions.

The day of further disruption in Eastern Europe seems very near, and it needs but a slight turn of the wheel to bring the whole question again to the forefront. Bulgaria, with her stubborn population and her army of three hundred thousand men, well equipped and easily mobilised, would in any case be an important factor in events in the Near East, and she would of necessity take a leading part in any confederation which might be formed among the Slavs of the Balkans. Such a confederation, however loose, if it included Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the Bulgars of Macedonia would raise a most formidable barrier across the high road to the East that lies beyond Constantinople.

ELLINOR F. B. THOMPSON.

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RELICS

IN studying this subject we find ourselves brought face to face with the most powerful of all the forces which ruled the wills and consciences of men and women during pre-Reformation times. Its strength and power lie in the fact that it appealed to the three most potent influences in the lives of most people in all ages—the love of change and adventure, material success in this world, the chances of salvation in the next.

A pilgrimage to a distant shrine, the greater the distance and the danger, the holier the action, appealed with irresistible force to the large number of men who in all times have been eager to "see the world." Apart from its religious side, it attracted the highest and the lowest in every land. What new worlds did not such a journey open out! What stirring scenes did it not enable the pilgrim to be present at! What joy to behold the Holy Sepulchre, the Eternal City! Nay, even less ambitious travels to some celebrated shrine in the pilgrim's native land provided fields for thought. Then the happiness for cultivated men, leading lonely lives in monasteries or townlet, of seeing the world's treasures; the stately buildings, the famous pictures, the marvellous metal work and illuminated manuscripts, to be found in other lands; and, above all, the intercourse with their cultured inhabitants, kindred souls. When to all these advantages was added that of greatly increasing the chances of

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a future heavenly reward—for the fear of hell was a powerful factor seldom absent from the thoughts of mediæval men and women—what wonder that the great roads of Europe were crowded with pilgrims, and the Mediterranean covered with ships conveying them from Genoa and Naples to the port of St. Jean d'Acre, to worship before some holy shrine? It required but little money; the pilgrim constantly travelled carrying nothing but his staff and scrip. He was sure of a supper, a night's lodging and a breakfast at one of the numerous monasteries near which he passed. Sometimes he travelled alone, or he was received amongst a great company, guarded by the Knights of St. John, and in this way he visited the Holy Land. Others often made the journey through the generosity of people richer than themselves, who were unable to go in person. Early English wills frequently mention sums of money to be set aside to enable some poor pilgrim to visit a famous relic in Spain, Rome or the Holy Land. Books were prepared giving the traveller all the necessary information, and there were vocabularies in different languages to help him on his road. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that even the peasant forsook his wife and family and went off on a pilgrimage, till at last the bishops interfered and ordered that no one was to be treated as a pilgrim unless he could produce an episcopal licence.

Those to whom the love of change and sight-seeing did not appeal; who were quite untouched by the religious aspect of the question, but who were eager for their own worldly advantages, encouraged the worship of relics in every possible way. The custom increased their own prosperity. The possession of a valuable relic was an enormous source of revenue to a town; its fortunes were made. Trade flourished apace. What wonder then that if one city became the happy possessor of a miracle-working fragment and started on a career of commercial prosperity, its neighbour forthwith began to look upon it with jealous eyes, and tried to procure another whose powers they attested were even greater? There was

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much ill-feeling between the rival towns and monasteries as to the relative value of their relics. Their means of obtaining one were often doubtful. The relics of St. Alban were claimed by both Ely and St. Alban's Abbey; Glastonbury contended with Canterbury for St. Dunstan's body, and the dispute lasted till Archbishop Wareham's time, when he gave his decision in favour of his archiepiscopal city. In like manner the monks of St. Emmeran at Ratisbon disputed with the mighty abbots of the famous French foundation of St. Denis for the possession of its patron's body; the latter won the day. A really valuable relic once procured was a gold-mine to a town; its future was immediately assured.

If the mania was an indirect cause of infinite pleasure to the cultured, of spiritual profit to the religious, and a source of wealth to the worldly, what was it not to the Church? From the time when the worship of relics came into general favour, her wealth and her influence increased a thousand-fold. The doctrine of the Resurrection, and consequently of the sacredness of the body, was the principal cause for their preservation and worship. The Church saw her opportunity, and seized it, with a result which was almost magical. The emotions of men were excited by the ear, the eye and the touch. The clergy saw the means of obtaining incalculable benefits, which they were not slow to take advantage of. It will thus be seen that all classes, the upper and the lower, the trading and the priestly, were bent on encouraging the worship of relics for their own ends; and though there is no doubt that there were many pious souls who derived from them much spiritual consolation for the troubles of this world and hope for the glory of the next, it cannot also be denied that the material advantages gained by countless others added in a great measure to their universal popularity.

As early as the third century relics were already beginning to take their hold upon the popular fancy. It was a pious custom to celebrate the birthdays of holy people (*i.e.*, the day on which they were released from the afflictions of earth and

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admitted to the glory of heaven) by assembling at their tombs, or the places where they perished. The blood of those who died for the Faith was eagerly collected in sponges, and various other extravagances are recorded. Of all relics preserved by mediæval Christendom fragments from the Cross were the most numerous and the most cherished. Its invention at Jerusalem in the beginning of the fourth century is testified by St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who says in a letter to the Emperor Constantine in 305 that it was discovered by the Empress Helena in Jerusalem in the reign of his father. This lady seems to have been a great collector of relics, as on her return to Treves from a visit to foreign countries she presented the cathedral with a whole chest full, which she had found in the Holy Land and elsewhere. Among them were several portions of the true Cross, one of the nails employed in the crucifixion of our Lord, the seamless coat, the body of St. Matthias, and the head of St. Cornelius, Pope and martyr. The practice of dispersing fragments of the Cross commenced in the fourth century, and the custom spread rapidly. We are told that after the destruction by fire of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem the Christians divided the Cross into nineteen parts, and distributed portions amongst the principal churches of the East: Constantinople and Antioch each received two, Jerusalem kept four. This division took place about 648 A.D. At the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusaders obtained one of the pieces; it had been hidden by the faithful in the Church of the Resurrection to protect it from the Saracens. Overjoyed at the discovery of this valuable relic, they carried it at the head of their army and asserted that it was owing to its presence among them that many of their victories were due. At the close of the Crusades the churches of the East were almost completely despoiled of relics; Jerusalem and Constantinople lost nearly all their treasures. Those countries which had taken the largest share in the war received most of the sacred spoils; Venice was specially favoured, while Rome received among other relics many fragments of the

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Cross, as also did Genoa, Milan, Pisa, Siena, and other Italian towns, which had largely contributed, both in men and money, to the contest against Islam. One of the largest pieces known is preserved in the sacristy of the cathedral at Brussels. It was brought from the Holy Land by Florent the Third, Count of Holland, during the Crusades, and afterwards passed into the hands of Vosmer, Archbishop of Philippi, who, in his turn, gave it to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella. In 1650 the latter bequeathed it to the church of St. Gudule. Spain, Denmark, Norway, and Russia possess but few pieces, which is explained by the fact that these nations took but little part in the Crusades. Louis the Ninth of France built, at the cost of 20,000 marks, a Sainte Chapelle at Paris to receive a large piece, besides other relics, including the rod of Moses, a part of the skull of St. John the Baptist, portions of the baby linen of the infant Jesus, and of the lance, the chain, and sponge of His Passion. The best-known pieces of the true Cross are those at Aix-la-Chapelle (which we are told belonged to Charlemagne, and were probably worn by him), and at Treves, Ghent, and Maestricht. It has often been remarked that the number of pieces scattered about the world are far in excess of the actual Cross itself, and therefore that the vast majority must be spurious; but putting the question of their authenticity on one side, it must be remembered that most of the pieces are very small, and of the thickness of paper. A German pastor, Fulda Pfarrer zu Dammendorf, asserted that if all the known relics of the true Cross were joined together there would be sufficient wood to build a battleship. Rohault de Fleury, however, after conscientious researches and minute inquiries as to the actual size of the pieces known to have existed, has calculated the amount in millimetres cubes, and he has come to the conclusion that, taken altogether, the portions do not come up to a tenth part of what must have been its actual size.

At the close of the ninth century the cult of relics had increased considerably. Departed saints were not only

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reverenced, their intercessions and help implored, and the belief in their power of curing diseases, working miracles, and delivering from all ills unquestioned; but now their bones, their clothes, and anything which had belonged to them during their lives, the very ground which they had touched or in which they were buried, was venerated, credited with the virtue of healing the ills of both mind and body, and of defending those who were fortunate enough to possess one from all the wiles of the devil. A necessary consequence of this belief was, that every one tried to obtain a relic, with the result that a large trade in them was carried on, both in Europe and the East. Mosheim tells us that

> to obtain a sufficiency of relics to accommodate all who were zealous for them the latent carcases of departed saints were first sought by the priests with prayer and fasting, and then were discovered by the guidance and monitions of God. The exultation on the discovery of such a treasure was immense. Some made journeys to the East and travelled over the regions and places made famous by the presence of Christ and His friends in order to bring from them what could afford comfort to the faint-hearted and protection to their country and their fellow citizens. Nor did such travellers return empty, for the cunning Greeks, always versatile and knavish, took from the honest Latins their genuine coin and sent them home loaded with spurious merchandise. In this way the numerous bodies and parts of bodies of Mark, James, Bartholomew, Cyprian, Pantaleon and others in which the West still exults, were introduced among the Latins. Those who were unable to procure these precious treasures by either journeys, prayer or frauds, deemed it expedient to steal them or to seize them by violence or by robbery, as whatever means were resorted to in such a cause as this were supposed to be pious and acceptable to God, provided they were successful.

Relics were therefore multiplied without number; colossal frauds were perpetrated, and immense sums of money were made out of the credulity and terror of the people. Some Greek monks were discovered in Rome digging up dead bodies by night in order to palm them off as fragments of martyrs. The relics of Our Lord and His Mother were multiplied with amazing rapidity. In these days it is difficult to understand how the people could have been taken in by such transparent frauds; the accounts of them almost pass belief. Among the

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most cherished possessions of the monastery of St. Trelles, under Abbot Angilbert, who died in 801, were fragments of the manger in which our Lord was laid; of the candle lit at His birth; of His vesture and sandals; the rock on which He sat when He fed the five thousand; of the bread which He gave the disciples; of the cross, the sponge, of some portion of the Blessed Virgin's milk, her hair, her dress and her cloak. Cæsarea exhibited the seat occupied by the Virgin at the Annunciation; Cana the couch on which our Lord sat at the marriage feast; Nazareth, a beam which He had used as a seat; while Matthew Paris tells us that the Dominicans brought over from Palestine a white stone bearing the impress of Christ's feet. Baldwin the Second, King of Jerusalem, presented to the Genoese the dish from which He partook of the Last Supper. The tree which Zacchæus climbed to see Jesus pass was exhibited, as also the one on which Judas Iscariot hanged himself, and the stones with which St. Stephen was killed. Nor was the cult restricted to passages in our Lord's life; characters in the Old Testament now came in for a share of public attention and worship. The bed of the prophet Elijah was shown, also the altar where Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac. Yet a few more years and these relics approached the grotesque. They included the tears and footprints of Jesus; among the former, shown at Vendôme were the tears our Lord shed at the grave of Lazarus, which, we are told, an angel caught as they dropped, bottled and gave to St. Mary Magdalen; feathers from the wings of the archangels Gabriel and Michael; a piece of the grilled flesh of St. Laurence; hairs from Noah's beard and relics of Abraham; the rod of Moses. After the Crusades relics increased both in number and variety; every one who returned brought back sacred spoils, which he had purchased at a high price from the often fraudulent Greeks and Syrians. Many of these relics were passed off as the property of saints and holy personages until then quite unknown to Western Christendom. Bokemond, one of the leaders, possessed a dozen hairs which the blessed Virgin had torn

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from her head as she stood at the foot of the Cross; these had been given him by the Patriarch of Antioch. We are told that Bokemond divided them between Anselm and various churches. Many relics are asserted to have dropped straight from heaven; they took the form of letters from the Almighty, His Divine Son, the Virgin and the saints, to holy men upon earth. They are mentioned by several of the ancient chronicles. "In 1109," writes Mathew Paris, "much was said about a famous letter reported to have fallen from the sky into the hands of a prelate whilst celebrating mass, the object of which was to appease the always increasing disquietude of the Romans."

The worship of relics was as general in England as on the Continent. The great shrines at Canterbury, Glastonbury, Wakingham and other holy places were favourite spots for foreign as well as English pilgrims, and the roads leading to them were often thronged, while inns and places of rest for the travellers were scattered along the way. Foremost among them was the celebrated shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, which made of Canterbury the "centre of the religious life of the day, second to no other place of pilgrimage and devotion." Dom Gasquet tells us that at one time more than a hundred thousand pilgrims were gathered together in the city to attend one of the jubilee celebrations connected with his martyrdom. Numerous were the relics preserved of this saint, whose life and death seem to have taken such an extraordinary hold on the imaginations of the men and women of mediæval Europe, not only in England, but on the continent as well. His pierced skull; the point of the sword with which the act was performed; his hair shirt and girdle; the staff on which he leaned; the napkin with which he wiped his face; the cords with which he mortified the flesh and subdued all carnal desires; even some rags which were said to have done duty for pocket-handkerchiefs; all were carefully preserved, and received the adoration of the faithful, who lavished magnificent presents of gold, silver and precious stones upon his shrine.

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In time the devotions to him far exceeded those offered to any of the Three Persons of the Trinity or to other saints. We learn that during "one year when no offering was made at the high altar and only £4 1*s.* 8*d.* at the Virgin's, the oblations at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket amounted to £950 6*s.* 3*d.*" Other relics were also exhibited at Canterbury; amongst them being "an enormous quantity of bones, chains, skulls, hands, teeth, fingers and entire arms."

The extraordinary power which this cult had obtained over the imaginations of mankind was turned to great advantage by the non-Christian potentates of the East, who seldom lost an opportunity of extracting large sums of money or political advantages in exchange for relics, to them of no value whatever. When Jerusalem was seized by Saladin at the close of the twelfth century he found that the inhabitants had collected the relics and packed them into four large ivory chests. The Khalif, however, refused to allow them to be removed except on the payment of fifty-two thousand besants. This sum was promised by the Prince of Antioch, but at the expiration of the time allowed he was unable to find the money, and the relics were redeemed by Richard the First of England. After the capture of Constantinople, Mahomet the Second gave orders that all the relics should be collected and deposited in his treasury. He received enormous sums from Christian princes for the particular relics they most desired. About this time the reverence in which they were held reached amazing proportions. No expense was too great and no trouble was too much to take for the acquisition of one. Faith in their virtues reached its height. Venice offered in vain ten thousand ducats for the seamless coat of Christ. Siena and Perugia went to war over the wedding ring of the Virgin. At the Council of Basle, the Cardinal of Arles ordered all the most famous relics belonging to the town to be collected and carried in procession through the streets. They were afterwards placed in vacant seats, and we are told that so great was the sensation caused by this curious device that on

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the invocation of the Holy Spirit the whole assembly burst into tears. The fact that several relics of the same subject, each reported to be absolutely genuine, existed at the same time, did not trouble the uncritical minds of the Middle Ages. In the present day there are twenty well-known gowns and seventy veils of the Virgin Mary, each pronounced to be the true one; twelve heads of St. John the Baptist, in tolerably perfect condition, besides numerous large fragments of his skull and seven extra jaws, each of great note, and held in much reverence in different parts of Europe. St. Julienne has twenty bodies and twenty-six separate heads, whilst St. George and St. Pancras each possess thirty bodies, and St. Peter has sixteen; St. Peter the Dominican only possesses two bodies, but he makes up for the deficiency in the number of his fingers, fifty-six of which are scattered about Europe. Almost the last relic imported into Europe was the head of the lance which had pierced the Saviour's side, and which was presented in 1492 by the Sultan Bajazet to Pope Innocent the Eighth. This relic already existed in Paris, Nuremberg, and other places, but the fact did not in any way lessen its value and miracle-working powers, and it is included among the principal relics in St. Peter's.

EVELINE B. MITFORD.

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AMONG THE FÉLIBRES IN PROVENCE

"AVIGNON!" shouted the porter as the train drew up. And for the first time, instead of gazing regretfully from the windows and then being whirled on, either to Paris or Marseilles, I jumped from the dizzy heights of the P.L.M. train on to the platform below, feeling I had a right at last to stop here, luggage and ticket being stamped with the name which in itself conveys a magic charm.

Avignon! Constantine, Augustus, Marius passed in triumphal procession across my vision. Then the great Popes, dwelling for nearly a century in magnificent pomp in their fortress-palace on the hill, till the slight stern figure of Catherine of Sienna glided swiftly across the scene, taking with her to Rome the last of these spiritual monarchs of Avignon. And Petrarque! to think that in these very streets he walked, the divine poet, dreaming and singing of his love for the chaste lady Laura, she whose tomb in the old Church of the "Cordeliers" became in after years the shrine of generations of devout poet-pilgrims, the gorgeous François I^er^, "Père des Lettres," as he loved to be called, paying his homage by leaving a sonnet from his own royal hand inside the coffin.

Avignon! Scene of countless historic events, kingly pageants, imperial processions, gladiatorial shows and bull-fights rivalling those of Rome, battles, murders and sudden deaths, a tradition kept up by the grim Jourdain Coupe-tête of

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the Revolution flinging his hundred victims from the Tarpeian rock of the Pope's palace. Avignon, with its old bridge of which our nursery rhyme told us the thrilling fact that "tout le monde y danse, danse—Sur le pont d'Avignon tout le monde y danse en rond."

And finally Avignon, the home of the Félibres, the birthplace of Félibige, which during these past fifty years has made it truly a modern Athens.

My first visit was to a certain little old-fashioned bookshop in a little old narrow street, where inscribed above the door is the name of a famous Félibre poet. Even without that name to draw one like a magnet, it would be hard to pass the beguiling little shop, with its old editions and time-worn leather-bound volumes, enticing one not only from the window, but from the quaint little tressel-tables outside. I had an added inducement to enter, for a friend awaited me in the cosy low-roofed salon at the back, the dark-eyed Dono Térèso, daughter and niece of two great patriot-poets, a Félibresse too on her own account, being a former Queen of the Félibres, a distinguished office held for seven years, during which time she presided over all the Félibrige and Cigale fêtes. The mother of Dono Térèso is also a poet, and of no mean order, devoted to the work of the Félibres, and, like her husband, a native of Saint Rémy, the picturesque little town of carnation gardens and orchards, a few miles distant from Avignon. As she quoted from an early popular poem of his, first in Provençal, and then, for my benefit, in French:

"Dans un *mas*[1] qui se cache au milieu des pommiers un beau matin, au temps de la moisson, je suis né d'un jardinier et d'une jardinière, dans les jardins de Saint-Rémy."

Fifty years ago the little acorn of Félibrige was planted by seven poets of Provence, who met together at Font-Ségugne (Vaucluse), and vowed themselves to the patriotic work of restoring, purifying and perpetuating the old language of Provence, the "langue d'Oc," at that time fast dying out and

[1] Farmhouse.

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degenerating into a mere patois of many varieties. To-day Félibrige is a mighty oak, the leaves being like those of the "Tree of Life" "for the healing of the nations," the branches spreading not only over the length and breadth of the beloved land itself, but stretching to the remotest parts of France, even to Brittany where, in 1884, Renan took up the movement, and inaugurated the "Félibres de l'Ouest."

The real initiator of this widespread Renaissance was Joseph Roumanille, for he was the first modern poet to use the ancient tongue of the Troubadours as a medium for literary expression. His book of poems, published in the year 1847, was written for his mother, a simple Provençale peasant, guiltless of a word of French. Full of the traditions and beauties of Provence, his writings found an immediate echo in the heart of a people always enthusiastically patriotic. Roumanille, Mistral, and Ouseline Mathieu, meeting as three collegians at Avignon, formed the nucleus from which sprang the Félibrige Society, founded by the seven poets, of whom Theodore Aubanel and Felix Gras were distinguished members. But though Roumanille was the initiator and the editor of the first yearly Félibrige organ, under whose "oriflamme" the poet-patriots mustered, it was Mistral who developed and led the movement. He became at once its vital essence, the prophet, seer and chief, il Capoulié or Grand Master, by universal consent. No one like he has so expressed the soul of the people. His work mirrors not only their language and customs, their past, their beliefs, their traditions, but in a marvellous manner their land itself, so that with new sight and clearer vision they now look on the familiar landmarks of their youth, the very mountains, rivers, and plains speaking to them more clearly.

Mistral sings his "Lion d'Arles," and henceforth that famous rock of the Alpilles and his patriotic song, reviewing as it does the grand past of Arles, become inseparable, the song rising to the lips of every good Provençal as spontaneously as a morning greeting to a friend on the road.

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The vast wind-swept plain of the stony Crau with its green oasis of olive and vineyards, becomes "the country of Mireille," that sweet heroine of the great epic which caused Lamartine to proclaim Mistral "un vrai poète Homérique."

Even the sun of Provence is endowed with a new significance and personality by the "Chant du Soleil," while the glorious "Hymne à la Race Latine" sends a thrill and glow of patriotic pride through every man, woman and child, not only of Provence but all the Midi where the "langue d'Oc" is spoken.

Aubouro-te, Raço latino,
Souto la capo dóu soulèu!
Lou rasin brun boui dins la tino
Lou vin de Diéu giscla ra teu, *Etc.*

(Arise, thou Latin race—
Under the head of the sun!
The brown grape "bubbles in the vat"
And the wine of God gushes forth.) *Etc.*

As for the language of Provence had Mistral never written another word he has enshrined it for all times in the imperishable casket of that marvellous work "Lou Trésor dóu Félibrige," a dictionary comprising all the words of the "langue d'Oc" in its seven varieties of dialect, all derivations, idioms, obsolete terms, proverbs and sayings of the entire "Midi." The history of the race is contained in this book. It opens with a sonnet, the French of which is, "O peuple du Midi, écoute ma harangue: Si tu veux reconquerir l'empire de la langue, pour l'équiper à neuf, puis dans ce Trésor."

One marked feature of this far-reaching Renaissance is the entire absence of any political element. The Félibre is a better and more loyal Frenchman for his devotion to the land and language of Provence. His protest is merely against the deadly influence of uniformity and centralisation, which kills out individuality and all that goes to making a man instead of a machine. "To change the language of a people is almost to change the soul," says Gaston Paris. The heart and soul of

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this race of old Roman stock will never consent to change while a man remains alive.

The mother of Dono Térèso spoke of the early days of the Félibres, when her little house, the very spot on which formerly stood the palace of the famous Cardinal, afterwards anti-Pope Benoit XIII., was their favourite rendezvous. She described the simple untrammelled life of these true poets, who dreamt as little of using their art as a means of making money or gaining personal renown as does the thrush singing his song of spring on the bough of apple blossom. Then, as the patriotic movement spread, of their larger reunions, the Feasts of Sainte-Estelle, symbolic patron saint of the order, at Nimes, at Arles, at Cannes, at Marseilles, with their brothers the Cigales, Félibres of Paris, chiefly exiled Provençaux. The *cigale* was soon adopted by all as badge, a bronze grasshopper in buttonhole and hat being worn by every Félibre. Oh those good days when Roumanille, Aubanel, Félix Gras, now, alas all gone, lived here in Avignon—Mistral at Maillane, Roumieux at Beaucaire, Daudet at Fontevieille! Of those close friends the veteran chief alone survives.

Saint-Rémy and the surrounding country about Avignon was once the ancient Greek colony of Glanum, and walking with Dono Térèso through the winding old streets of the papal city one was constantly reminded of this Greco-Roman ancestry. The women, with their stately dignified walk and statuesque outlines of face and figure, are evidently lineal descendants of the Tanagra statuettes, and their classic beauty is brought out admirably by the graceful Arlesienne costume. It is sad to hear that both in Avignon and Arles this dress is dying out, though happily still worn in all country districts. One sighs to think that women can lay aside for a common-place modern garb, showing no line of beauty from head to foot, this beautiful costume so simple and practical, yet so flattering to their good looks. A straight full skirt, either black or dark violet, long-pointed shawl, full white fichu folded across the breast, and a head-dress—the most becoming ever

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devised for a woman's head! A broad black velvet band worn like a coronet, and with just as regal an effect, one end falling down at the back, encircling a small white embroidered muslin cap, which is drawn up into a coquettish point.

. . . . .

We wandered through the streets of Petrarque, passing the great sombre Hôtel de Sade, famous in bygone days, and the historic palace of Baroncelli-Javons, where rooms of Pope Julius and of Henri IV. are to be seen, little changed by the passing of the centuries.

From the rocky heights of the Pope's palace we looked down on the old city, with its closely packed red-brown roofs, towers, churches and convents. At our feet the yellow Rhone rushed by, breathless, hurrying as if racing for a wager. Dante says, "Come ad Arli ov' il Rhodano stagna," but there is little sign of stagnation in the Rhone at Avignon.

On the famous bridge no one dances now. Silent and deserted, cut in two, stands this once royal road of the Kings and Popes, leading from the fortress-palace to the tower of Philippe le Bel at Villeneuve-les-Avignon, the walled city on the opposite bank.

From this splendid height all the country lies spread out like a fair garden. On one hand bounded by the snow-capped Ventoux and the Luberon range, towards the south by the low wall of rocky Alpilles, beyond which lie the ruins of the once great city of Les Baux.

Graveson, Maillane, Barbentan, Saint-Rémy, Châteaurenard lie low on the green plain, the Durance winding and twisting its capricious way, now hidden, now reappearing unexpectedly between the dark rows of cypress trees, those protecting guardians of the country from the too vigorous mistral, the purifying north-easter of Provence.

Away in the far distance towards Arles rose the Montagnette of Tarascon, city of Tartarin, and the fabulous Tarasque dragon. The Pope's gigantic rock seems to dominate the whole round world.

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"Maillane and Saint-Rémy, that is where we will drive to-morrow," said Dono Térèso, pointing towards the jagged wall of the Alpilles. "Maillane, the home of our beloved Capoulié."

Accordingly, the following day, with the delightfully suitable escort of a Félibre queen, I drove across the plains from Avignon to Maillane to visit the great poet of Provence and his charming wife.

The orchards were all a-flower with white and pink blossom, showing vividly against the bluest of April skies. The trees just beginning to bud, yet not green, but, dashed with shades of pink and brown, full of subtle movement, the stirring and awakening of Mother Earth as Proserpine comes back to her.

We crossed the high bridge of the Durance; the river, at this point so wide and swift, it suggests the sea coming in as a flood; the beautiful waters, now blue, now white, have something in them of dangerous and treacherous, and, indeed, in the heavy rains this river is a constant menace to the city close by. Going through the wide street of Graveson we passed groups of women all in Arlesienne costume; with every variety of colour, one young goddess wearing a violet skirt and yellow shawl. These classic figures had a perfect setting in the old church tower, with its bell of stone and the straight tall cypress trees which abound in this part of the country, enclosing the gardens and giving a solemn, conventual air to the farms they protect.

Opposite the house of the poet is a sun-dial in the wall, with the words in Provençal:

Le gay lézard boit son soleil,
L'heure ne passe que trop vite—
Et demain il pleura peut-être.

"That is typical of the spirit of Provence," said Dono Térèso. And I felt again for the hundredth time I was really in Italy, not in France at all. These people, with their Roman ruins, Greco-Roman figures and faces, Roman speech (may the Félibres forgive me, but the relationship is close!), and Italian

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hearts, joyous, sun-warmed, patriotic, what are they but Romans still?

We entered the poet's study by the garden, conducted there by a friendly white-capped bonne, evidently quite one of the family. "Madame was out with the dogs, Monsieur was alone, but at this moment of the day not seriously occupied. We might enter without scruple, he would be enchanted to see us." The little garden was fragrant with early spring. A shrub of japonica, its scarlet blossoms aflame in the sunshine, hyacinths, violet, white and rose, and a mass of blue periwinkles, the "pervenche of Provence," all growing in a sweet disorder without sign of gardener's assistance or preconceived design.

At the sound of our voices the poet stepped out of the open French window, a tall, robust, splendid figure, full of a vitality and vigour that made his seventy-four years seem incredible. He greeted his little Félibresse, the daughter of his closest friend and collaborator for forty years, with warmth. "I saw her born," he remarked as an explanatory note.

We entered the study, a real workroom or "cabinet de travail." Books, engravings, and photographs of friends, many of them faces the world knows well, covered the walls. On the chimney-piece stood a small Venus de Milo and other statuettes, one of the poet himself, in his soft felt "wideawake" and loose working coat. To our apologies for interrupting him he answered our arrival enchanted him, and was especially welcome just then as giving him respite from a tiresome work on which he was engaged, a work only to be described as "un travail de brute." It was the rendering into French of his autobiography from the original Provençal. Considering the widespread interest with which this book is awaited, we could not encourage him in laying it aside except, as we pointed out, for our benefit that afternoon. It would be hard not only on his own countrymen, but on all to whom the beautiful "langue d'Oc" is unknown, to seal up such a work in the Provençale tongue.

He spoke of the Roumanian folk-songs gathered together

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by Carmen Sylva and Hélène Vacaresco—two true Félibresses! —and so admirably rendered into French by the latter. Also of the revival of the Gaelic tongue and the work of Mr. Yeats and others, in which he felt great interest, Ireland being in some ways a parallel case to that of Provence.

"It is forbidding a language in the schools and in the churches that gives it the most deadly blow," said the poet; "but in Provence the patriotic love of their language was too deeply rooted for any Government to kill. It needed but the voices of the poets to awaken it into new life."

I asked him of the old music and folk-songs of the country. "For that," he said, "you must go to Charles Riéu of Paradou, our brave 'Charloun' the Félibre. He is a peasant, a real peasant, not a sham one like some of them. He has never ceased to work in the fields, to sow, to reap, to toil for his daily bread. Yet free of charge he built a wall to the Cemetery and a new hall for the village Commune on condition he might inscribe a verse in the tongue of Provence on both buildings. So greatly does Charloun love his native tongue and his country! He has lived all his life, sixty years, in the little village of Paradou, near Arles. Go to him, and he will sing to you by the hour the songs he has written to the ancient melodies of this country, songs which the people have claimed as their own 'li Cant dóu terraire' (Chants du Terroir). Say that Mistral sent you."

I made a mental note of Charloun of Paradou then and there.

A motor-car whizzed by in the road beyond the garden. The poet shuddered. "Happily they are not stopping at my door this time!" He gave a sigh of relief. "To that invention," he said, "I owe those frequent parties of six and eight persons who descend upon me suddenly at all hours of the day, and even sometimes of the night. They come from all corners of the earth. Tourists from Lyon, Marseilles, Nimes, Aix, etcetera. God knows where they come not from! I have the misfortune to be now in their catalogue of monuments."

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He broke into his big genial laugh, well seasoned with humour and a little necessary spice of sarcasm. "There is the Pont du Gard, the Arch and Mausoleum of Saint-Rémy, and the Poet of Maillane, they do us all in one tour, see you."

I thought of Goldsmith, Chatterton, Keats, and wondered if they would have welcomed this form of fame.

"So you pay for renown!" I sympathised.

"So I expiate it," he groaned.

"Come to London," I suggested. "I will find you a quiet corner in which to rest and hide, since peace and quiet become so impossible in the plains of Provence."

He shook his head. "Even there in your London I might find a difficulty, for, curiously enough, it appears I resemble exactly a famous Englishman, or rather American, of the name Bouffaloo! Is there not one so called, yes?"

"Buffalo Bill," I laughed; and looking at the small statue on the mantelpiece realised why it had seemed so strangely familiar, recalling as it did the hoardings outside the Earl's Court Exhibition and those recently posted all over Paris.

"Yes," continued the poet, "it is now twelve years ago since I was in Paris. One day breakfasting in a café on the Grands Boulevards I beheld an exact double of myself. This man regarded me, and I him, startled and surprised. I said to myself: 'Am I myself or am I perhaps him? Same figure, same moustache, same hat!' He also had the air of saying this. Finally we advanced and shook hands warmly, I and Monsieur Bouffaloo, who, it appears, was at that moment delighting all Paris with his ponies and his Indians of the Wild West."

In connection with Buffalo Bill, Monsieur Mistral went on to tell us of a dog who about this same time came in a strange manner into his life. Walking one day in the fields between Maillane and Saint-Rémy, a strange and foreign-looking dog suddenly ran up to him. No amount of discouragement would prevail upon this beast to leave him. He looked up into his face, wagged his tail, and greeted the poet as a long-lost friend.

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Persistently he followed him home, and never till the day of his death did he depart. Some time after it was reported that Buffalo Bill had passed through Tarascon with his dogs, horses and Indians on his way to Marseilles. "Evidently this dog had strayed from the rest and was attracted to me by the resemblance of my hat to that of his master," said the poet. "This at least was my first idea, but I have since been convinced that there existed also another reason—he was in reality an ancestor reincarnated, one who came to help and protect me, for rarely is it given to any man to possess such a friend as that dog was to me, while volumes might be written by the Society of Psychical Research on his extraordinary qualities and occult powers." Monsieur Mistral then proceeded to relate some instances of this strange dog's powers.

"On the day of the Toussaint it is the custom of my wife, accompanied by our faithful Eisabéu, to visit the cemetery and place a wreath on the tomb of our family. Pan-Perdu, for so I named him, at that time newly arrived, ran in before them and disappeared among the labyrinth of tombs and paths. When they arrived at their destination, however, behold Monsieur Pan-Perdu awaiting them, seated on the tomb of the family! Remark well, never before had he entered that cemetery, yet he runs straight to the right place. Who but an ancestor could have done this?"

We agreed it was certainly unanswerable.

On another occasion Pan-Perdu proved himself besides an ancestor in whom the staunch principles of the Catholic faith survived, in spite of his reappearance on earth with four legs and a tail.

"The Bishop was holding a service of Confirmation in our little church of Maillane," said the poet. "It was not the custom of Pan-Perdu to attend the services, he knew well that man excluded dogs from these rites, but on this occasion he entered quietly and unobserved, and as the Bishop laid his hands on the bended heads of the children behold the black head of Pan-Perdu thrust under his hand. 'What is this?'

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cries the Bishop, startled and shocked. The children, seeing Pan-Perdu their friend, smiled and excused him. 'Oh, it is the dog of the poet—he is not as other dogs,' they reply. 'Oh, the dog of the poet!' exclaims the good Bishop, and stretching out his hand he lays it also on the head of Pan-Perdu, thereby confirming him also. Pan-Perdu respectfully licks the episcopal ring, and having thus been made a good Christian he discreetly retires. Ah, here come his descendants to vouch for the truth of my story," he added, and we rose to greet a sweet gentle lady, the poet's wife, who came towards us through the garden. Hearing we were speaking of the beloved Pan-Perdu she introduced us to his son and grandson, with whom she had been walking. We then accompanied her into the dining-room, where we partook of golden wine, a nectar fit for Olympians, and delicious little biscuits stamped with the Félibre badge of the Grasshopper.

"This you know is 'the divine beast'," she laughed, and explained she was quoting the words of Plato. "You cannot refuse to partake of him." We gladly ate cigales in plenty, on their own merits, without this high reference; but whether the ancient sage was also a Cigale or a Félibre or both, I failed to make out. No one can doubt, however, that Plato owns with pride any brotherhood with the authors of "Les Isles d'Or," "L'Oubretto" or "Chansons du Terroir."

As to the wine the poet told us it was made by a famous Félibre, a monk of the Premontré Order, for years his friend and neighbour at the Monastery of Frigolet near Tarascon, now, alas, "expulsed" with the rest of his Brothers. What was one to think of the action of the Government in driving such men from France? "It was a stupidity, a real stupidity, to say nothing else on the subject!"

Dom Xavier is now in England, but his golden verse and his golden wine, can he, I wonder, make either in exile under our grey skies?

As we said good-bye and *au revoir* to our delightful hosts, the poet's wife picked me a bunch of the "blue pervenche"

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or periwinkle. "For this is the flower of Provence," she said, "the flower therefore specially of the Félibres."

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Since Dante was forced to be an exile from his own beloved country, one feels glad he had at all events such a city as Arles to open her gates to him. Arles the beautiful, the queenly, which Constantine desired to make the capital of his great kingdom, the centre of all the Roman Empire. For long centuries she slept like the Princess of the fairy tale. So long her sleep lasted the world forgot her, and in spite of her wonderfully preserved beauty declared her to be dead. Now, however, though no fairy Prince has wakened her with his kiss, it being too late for Princes, the Félibres poets have sung their sweet songs in her ear, and she has stirred and smiled in her sleep, till people cease at least to say that she is dead. She has wakened even so far as to be conscious of pride in her glorious past and a noble patriotism in her present.

The Lion of the Alipilles, her guardian, also has come to life. He has shaken his mane, and rallied round him those sons of Arles who form the patriotic Félibres of the "École du Lion"—"ab ira leonis," as the old device had it.

At Arles, in 1852, took place the first congress of Provençal poets under Roumanille before even the founding of the Félibres. Since then Arles has shared with Avignon the nurture of Félibrige. She has been ever the Félibres' ideal city, the capital of their kingdom. Here Mistral founded his museum, visiting it regularly once a week, and holding on these occasions select little reunions of the poets, small Félibres, in former days true Fêtes, when Roumieux from Tarascon, Dom Xavier from Frigolet, Daudet from his mill at Fontevieille, Charloun from Paradou, and the Avignon poets, Roumanille, Aubanel, and Félix Gras were of this goodly company. Now, though the Fêtes of Sainte-Estelle show an ever-increasing number of ardent Félibres, few, alas, of the great master-builder's first fellow workers remain!

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About seven miles from Arles, across the Crau, that Crau whose stones still witness to the great fight of Hercules, and across which poor little Mireille took her flight to the Church of the Saintes-Maries, lies the little village of Paradou, the home of the Burns of Provence—Charloun Riéu.

Paradou is a little stone village in the plains, grey, solid, and respectable, utterly lacking in any touch of the picturesque, or of the trim flowery brightness of the English village in spring time.

We inquired of a small group of villagers for the house of Charles Riéu. They came forward, politely eager to give us information about their celebrity, all speaking Provençal. Alas, the poet was absent, had left that day only, and would not be home till the following evening. But his brother was here, they would call him to speak with us.

The brother was sent for, and I made known my errand. Monsieur Mistral had sent me to hear the songs of the poet of Paradou. At the name of Mistral we took on an additional interest, not only in the eyes of the poet's brother, but all the listening bystanders.

To my question as to whether he also could sing, Monsieur Riéu shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, helplessly. For him, the poetry was a language he understood not, and to sing he knew not! "Moun frère," he added with pride, "he was always different from we others, he understood the poetry, he loved it from a child, but he is not proud, moun frère. Ah, no, he was never proud. Like me, he is a peasant, he works hard just as we all work, lives as we live, no difference at all except his poems which he makes."

He asked us if it would make us pleasure to see the house of Charloun and some of his books. "We live together since I have become widower," he explained as he walked towards one of the cottages at the end of the main street just raised from the roadside. A severe plain little four-wall cottage. Outside hung the key on a nail. He unlocked the door and we entered the room, which was kitchen and parlour in one.

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Very bare and plain was this "poet's corner," speaking eloquently of the hard toiling life of the simple peasant. A dresser scantily furnished, a small table or two and a few chairs, a cupboard, nothing more. On the walls hung some photographs of the family—one of the poet in solemn funereal garb, but with a singularly cheerful face, full of vigour and intelligence. A row of large coloured prints of those lovely ladies who philanthropically advertise soap, hairwash, &c., was the most striking feature in the room. Not a book to be seen, the only trace of Félibrige being the framed card of membership, pointing to the fact that Charloun Riéu had been elected a Félibre just on thirty years ago.

A solitary pot stood on the smouldering ashes in the wide chimney. One looked in vain for any sign of personal comfort, even the bright copper pans and saucepans were absent, which generally lend such a cheery look to the French interior. Yet this was the man who had ungrudgingly given labour and time without pay in order to foster a spirit of patriotism in his little corner of Provence.

"The books of Charloun are in the bedroom upstairs—they are not many. I will fetch them," said his brother, mounting the little narrow wooden staircase which led to the room overhead.

He brought us the last edition of the "Chants du Terroir," a book including three volumes of poems, the first of which was published in 1884, with a preface in Provençal by Mistral. The second, "Nouveaux Chants du Terroir," in 1900, with a study of the author in French by Rougier. The third, "Les Derniers Chants du Terroir," in 1904, with a preface in French by Véran. This last includes some of the old folk-tunes of the country—dances, dirges, marches, to which the poet has set his songs, as Burns did his, to the old tunes of Scotland.

"From '84 to 1900 did your brother the poet write nothing?" I asked.

"My faith, but yes; he wrote always when by reason of the bad weather or some such cause it was impossible to work

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out-of-doors, but my poor father and my poor mother, see you, they cared nothing for poetry, it worried them rather. So my brother he buried all he wrote in the *cartons* he kept upstairs, save, of course, the verses which are inscribed above the door of our 'commune,' and those on the big cross in the cemetery. Charloun he it was built them both, on the condition he might engrave his verses. Those verses, see you, one will read them perhaps a hundred years hence, and one will say, 'Ah, here in Paradou they were at least good Provençaux, who loved or spoke their own tongue'—so says Charloun! In former days my brother dwelt not here, but in the house by the church where we all were born. He supported the parents so long as they lived. When at last, ten years ago, my poor mother died, very old she was, very old, even as my poor father when he went—Charloun, as one might say, spread the wings." With an expressive gesture the peasant brother stretched out his arms: "By that time he had already fifty years, the poor boy, he opened the boxes wherein lay the manuscripts of years, and began to arrange his second volume. But he is not proud, my brother—oh, no, he is not proud, still he works in the fields—works hard, even as I work. In all his life he received only six months of school education here in Paradou; for we were a numerous family, ten children and poor—it was necessary Charloun should work, and waste no more time in learning. He has taught himself all he knows. There are many who would be proud to be so honoured as Charloun has been by our great poet Monsieur Mistral, and by many famous writers also, who write him letters and even come here to Paradou on purpose to visit him. Here are two medals, one of gold, a piece worth four louis!" He opened reverently a leather case. "Think you he cares for these? Not the least in the world. Medals and such things make nothing to him!"

"And he has never married?" I asked.

"Ah, no—never. The women, the cafés and all such things, he leaves them on one side," said the brother with a fine scorn. "The poetry that is what interests him, only the

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poetry. He was made like that, see you, while I, his brother, and all of us were made quite the other way, to understand nothing—nothing of all that. See here his book, the 'Odyssee of Homer.' This he has translated into our language of Provence. Here is some of the manuscript." He showed us an MS. in the finest, most delicate scholar's writing—a University hand! "And this also, 'Télémaque,' a great poem it appears, though for me I understand nothing of it. We were ten of us, brothers and sisters, but out of all that number one sister only resembled Charloun. She made no poems, but she could speak them. And she knew how to express the ideas. Oh, it was as if they two had another language from we others. But alas, she died, that one, while she was young!"

No doubt all great souls, whether poets, prophets or artists, are lonely, those who dwell on the mountain tops must needs be so, but let us hope such utter solitude is rare, as this peasant-poet must have known; denied even the society of those brother-poets whose hands were occasionally held out to him, because of the duty which bound him to his old parents till youth and middle age were past.

"But you understand and love your brother's own songs, don't you?" I asked, this tragic case of the poet Charloun making the sunshine itself seem less bright.

"Ah, yes, I understand like the rest most of the songs of Charloun, though I cannot sing them, I regret to say. They are our own songs, see you, made in the Provençal—not the French of other poets, which we speak not. All the world here in Arles, in Avignon, Tarascon, Saint-Rémy, even so far as Nimes and Marseilles, now sing the songs of Charloun and recite his poetry. At the Feasts of Sainte-Estelle they make him to sing his songs, and the voices of three hundred will join in the chorus. Ah, that 'is what makes pleasure to my brother. It is a pity he is absent to-day—willingly he would have sung to you for an hour. It is truly a pity! But," he added hospitably, "these ladies will return, I hope, one day. My brother he comes back after to-morrow."

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A pity! Indeed it was a pity. The little word was pitifully small to express the great disappointment. We assured him we hoped surely to come back in two days' time; but even as I said it I felt a secret misgiving, a presentiment that all I should see of Charloun and hear of his songs would be the shadow-figure conjured up by the peasant brother's words as we sat in the homely little kitchen, and the shadow-songs that seemed to echo round the walls.

We drove back to Arles as the sun sank down in a glory of red and gold, throwing lovely lights and shadows across the wide stretches of the Crau and the Carmague, painting all violet the distant hills.

At least it was consoling to think that Charloun Riéu had the country of Mireille for his home, the author of "Mireille" for his friend, and the Félibres of Provence for his brothers.

CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD.

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LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES

AS the direct outcome of the Spanish-American War Cuba gained her independence under the guardianship of the United States, and the latter acquired the mastery over Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands. But indirectly, the effect in the United States of this conflict between a young and strong Republic and an old and weak Monarchy was perhaps more important and far-reaching. Until then American attention had been almost exclusively fixed upon internal development. Occasionally, it is true, the United States intervened abroad on the ground of maintaining of the Monroe Doctrine—as in the Venezuela Boundary case. Nevertheless, foreign affairs occupied a secondary place; a traditional attitude of aloofness being observed with regard to everything not covered by the Stars and Stripes. Latterly, however, the political horizon in the United States has widened, and the acquisition of dependencies—they can scarcely be called colonies—and the need of opening up new markets have led to the growth of interest in external relations. A consciousness of power and a wish to be recognised as a serious factor in international affairs have ensued. And these have generated a desire for a strong and forward policy. President Roosevelt played a leading part in the war with Spain, and since he assumed office the expansionist movement has become more accentuated. To what extent the great advance which it has

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made is due to the personality of the President himself, to his popularity fostered by the success attending his efforts, it would at present be difficult to say. Unquestionably many of his fellow citizens are opposed to his policy. They regard it as of too imperialistic a nature to serve the best interests of their country. In at least one important instance the Senate and the Executive have recently been at variance. Prominent politicians have maintained that the latter is inclined to encroach upon the prerogatives of the former. It is therefore possible that at the close of Mr. Roosevelt's term of office a reaction may take place. For the moment, however, the impulse to bring American influence into play abroad appears to be irresistible. Mr. Roosevelt, by nature a leader of men, seems to aspire to become a leader of nations. Under his ægis the negotiations terminating the greatest war of modern times have been brought to a successful issue. The views of his administration on subjects quite unconnected with the Western Hemisphere are listened to with respect by the Powers more closely concerned. Whilst, in matters relating to the American continents, it may be said that they are received not only with respect but with deference.

Among the numerous illustrations of the profound change to which reference has been made perhaps not the least remarkable is the increasing activity displayed by the United States with regard to the affairs of some of their more immediate neighbours in what is sometimes called "Latin America." The most striking evidence of this activity lies in the new interpretation which has been put upon the Monroe Doctrine. For the last eighty-two years this Doctrine has formed the basis of the policy of the United States concerning relations between European nations and the other trans-oceanic Republics. So much has been written about it that any discussion of its merits would be beside the mark. For better for worse, its existence has not only long been an undeniable fact, but its general scope and meaning have been recognised *de facto* if not *de jure* by European Powers. Until quite recently it ranked

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purely and simply as an embodiment of the principle of "America for the Americans"; of the formation of a gigantic "reservation," consisting of the greater part of two continents into which outsiders were not to be allowed to intrude. It has remained for President Roosevelt to convert the Monroe Doctrine from a mere weapon of defence into—at any rate in theory—a two-edged sword.

The most salient passage in President Monroe's original dictum, delivered in 1823, runs as follows:

> With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration or just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.

Now, let this be compared with one of the most concise of President Roosevelt's numerous pronouncements on the subject which occurs in a speech made at Chautauqua on August 11 last:

> We cannot, however, permanently adhere to the Monroe Doctrine unless we succeed in making it evident that we do not intend it as an excuse for the aggrandisement of the United States at the expense of the Republics of South America, and that we will not permit it to be used by any of these Republics as a shield to protect them from the consequences of their own misdeeds against foreign nations. Inasmuch as America will prevent other nations from interfering on this side of the waters, it shall in good faith try to help the sister Republics which need such help upwards towards peace and order.

The underlying principle contained in the last extract, the unselfish desire to lead sister Republics into the paths of righteousness and financial probity, had frequently before been voiced by the President, and formed the "leit-motiv" of his lengthy message to the Senate regarding the Santo Domingo Protocol. It has since, both during his late tour through the Southern States and in his recent message to Congress, been reiterated in somewhat more peremptory language. But the point to which it is desired to draw special attention

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here is the fundamental difference between the original exposition of the Monroe Doctrine and its present amended form. The first is purely negative. It amounts to a "Thou shalt not," addressed to all and sundry whom it may concern. In the second this "Thou shalt not" is qualified. It admits that there may be, indeed are, wrongs to be righted, and that opportunities for philanthropic intervention exist. But it asserts that the United States must be the sole arbiter between plaintiff and defendant, must be left to judge at what moment intervention is desirable, and shall alone play the part of mentor. How far, in one or two instances, practice has hitherto been in agreement with precept will be shown hereafter.

The Latin American Republics may roughly be divided into three categories. Those belonging to the first, viz., Argentina, Brazil, Chili, and Mexico, stand in some respects on a totally different level to their fellows. They have apparently reached the second stage of development, a stage in which chronic political disturbance is a thing of the past and vested interests form a powerful bulwark for law and order. There seems no reason to doubt the honesty of their intentions, and it is probable that they would resent as unjustifiable interference anything in the shape of United States' "protection" or control.

In the second category are Bolivia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, and Uruguay. These have latterly shown signs, in a greater or lesser degree, of a progressive spirit, though the last two have both quite recently experienced the throes of civil war, and it is to be feared that the political atmosphere in Uruguay is not as cloudless as could be desired. The third category consists of the turbulent Central American quintet, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Salvador — though foreigners have latterly had little open cause for complaint against Salvador and Nicaragua—and of Columbia, Venezuela, and Santo Domingo, all of which have given the State Department at Washington much food for thought during the last couple of years.

The combined area of these eight countries is somewhere

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about ten times that of the United Kingdom. On the other hand, their population is, roughly speaking, rather less than double that of Greater London. Their revenues are mainly derived from customs duties and monopolies (direct taxation being so unproductive as to be practically non-existent), and probably do not together exceed a total of from seven to eight millions sterling per annum, or a little over twice that of Greece, one of the smallest and poorest of European countries. Most of them, like Turkey, lead a hand-to-mouth existence, hypothecating the resources of to-morrow to meet the requirements of to-day, among which the "Department of War" always holds an important place. Yet they embrace, both from an agricultural and from a mineralogical point of view, some of the richest portions of the earth's surface. The regeneration of Mexico by Porfirio Diaz has shown what can be accomplished in one generation in a Spanish American State. There can be no doubt that under an equally stable form of government the minor Republics would also prosper. With the help of foreign capital, which—were local conditions other than they are—might find remunerative employment within their boundaries, the development of their great latent resources would proceed apace. Unfortunately, however, their ruling classes, which in many cases spring from a stock possessing a large admixture of Indian blood, usually seek their own advantage rather than the well-being of their countries. Indeed, since they obtained their independence, the Government in all of these Republics has, with rare exceptions, been in the hands of a succession of tyrannical Dictators who, claiming to be the apostles of freedom, have committed unspeakable horrors in its name. Each of these despots has maintained his hold upon the country which he misgoverned by terrorism, only as a rule to be overthrown sooner or later by some other equally unworthy aspirant to absolute power. Thus blood has been shed and treasure wasted in almost uninterrupted fratricidal strife. If to this be added the long tale of more or less fraudulent borrowing and the small regard shown for the rights and interests of foreigners, it

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is not surprising that these States should be regarded as only semi-civilised; that foreign capitalists should be apt to fight shy of ventures within their borders, and that dealings in their external debts should rank not merely as speculation, but as sheer gambling.

Setting aside the effects of such artificial maintenance of credit as has for the last year or more been practised with regard to Russian Bonds, one of the best means of gauging the status of a country is its reputation in the money markets of the world. This is indicated by the rate at which it can borrow and by the Stock Exchange quotation of its State Securities. And in all countries where civilisation has made sufficient strides for the value of credit to be appreciated, the service of the National Debt is deemed the most sacred of obligations. In the case of nearly all the Republics under consideration it may safely be asserted that, except in the form of private advances at usurious rates, their borrowing powers are practically *nil*, whilst the low average price and violent fluctuations in the value of their Bonds shows how little confidence is felt in their ability—not to say their desire—to pay their way.

The foreign loans originally contracted by these countries (with the solitary exception of Santo Domingo) were negotiated to aid them in winning their independence. During the sixties and early seventies of the last century, however, when Russia, Turkey, and Egypt were engaged in issuing what a witty Frenchman has styled "les emprunts à jet continu," certain of the smaller Spanish American States also appeared in the European markets as borrowers on what was for them a large scale and at high rates. But the golden dream of those who acquired their securities was not enduring. The crash soon came, and the evidence given at a Parliamentary inquiry held in London in 1875, revealed not only that the issue of these loans formed a dark page in international finance, but also that the countries in whose names they were contracted were sinned against as well as sinning. Anything like a historical survey of the numerous conversions, unifications, consolidations, and more especially

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reductions, to which the external debts of the minor Latin American Republics have been subjected, could not fail to weary the reader. But it may be of interest to state that the foreign debt of Colombia has been in existence for 88 years, during approximately 47 of which no interest was paid; the corresponding figures for Guatemala, Honduras, and Venezuela being respectively 78 and 48, 78 and 72, and 88 and 41. Costa Rica and Nicaragua have benefited by intervals during which they owed nothing to the foreign bondholder. Nevertheless, the external debt of the first has been in default for some 80 years out of the 47 which represent its total existence, whilst Nicaragua paid nothing for 49 years out of 66. Salvador neglected her share of the old debt of the Central American Federation from 1827 to 1860. With the exception of a single lapse her subsequent record is good, and she now occupies the happy position of having no regular foreign debt. Finally, Santo Domingo began her financial connection with the outside world by a loan issued in 1869. She has since then off and on been in default for about 22 years.

In justice to these States, however, it must be admitted that during the last thirty years political troubles have not been alone responsible for the financial chaos. It must be remembered that, as well as being silver producers in a small way, several of them are also silver users. The effects of the decline in the value of the white metal have been severely felt in countries of far greater economic stability and staying power. It could not therefore but prove a serious blow where development in other directions has been hampered by the lack of a feeling of safety for property and even for the person. In some instances the difficulty has been overcome by the successful introduction of a gold currency. Given the necessary foresight, administrative prudence and energy, this course might probably by now have been more extensively adopted; but these elements have unfortunately been wanting, and although the exchange problem which to-day weighs so heavily upon certain of the Latin American Republics has doubtless

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been aggravated by misrule and reckless financial methods, it unquestionably owes its origin to the depreciation of silver. Another evil has more recently befallen several of them whose staple export has for many years been coffee. The influx of gold due to its sale abroad has provided the means of paying for the many articles which they are incapable of producing and must needs import. The fall in prices has therefore been a veritable disaster. It is true that a slight recovery has taken place, but statistics show that the industry is still very far from its former state of prosperity. In some cases the growing trade in bananas may in time be a source of wealth. For the present, however, it is almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, and practically the whole of the profits remain abroad.

Speaking purely from the point of view of financial relations with the old world, the general situation is, nevertheless, probably better now than it has been for many years past. Nicaragua has for ten years faithfully fulfilled her external obligations. Salvador punctually pays the annual subsidy to an English railway company, which, with the exception of some American "claims," is her only foreign liability. Colombia and Venezuela have both just made new arrangements with their long-suffering creditors. Whilst, if the United States Senate will allow him, President Roosevelt intends to hold out a helping hand to Santo Domingo. The list of black sheep therefore for the moment comprises only Costa Rica, Guatemala, and last, but in a sense not least, Honduras, with her revenue of £200,000 a year and her foreign debt of close upon £21,000,000.

In the light of past experience, however, it is impossible to foretell how long the present improved conditions will endure. Moreover, there are various reasons for thinking that even in the best disposed of these Republics the outlook is by no means promising. Two or three illustrations will suffice to justify this assertion. The Nicaraguan debt is small, but owing to the depreciation of her currency every £1 she pays abroad represents about $25 of the local money, instead of $5.

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Some two years ago Colombia issued from a protracted civil war, which, if the number of privates killed was in any degree proportionate to that of the generals, colonels, &c., who fell, must have decimated the population. She has since lost Panama, whilst the expenses of the war were met by the short-sighted expedient of issuing forced currency. As a result she now finds herself saddled with a debt in notes reaching the enormous total of nearly $850,000,000.

At one time the rate of exchange for the paper dollar touched 25,000 per cent. But by legislative enactment the parity between gold and paper was fixed not long ago—in respect of Government transactions—at the relatively moderate figure of 10,000 per cent. Even this means that Colombia's dollar represents only 2*d.* of our money, and the brain whirls at the thought of the equivalent in currency of the £81,000 which she will in future have to pay each year for the service of her foreign debt. Thus, apart from remedying all the other evils resulting from the civil war, the present Administration is confronted with a currency problem of phenomenal difficulty. General Reyes, the new President, is said to be one of the most enlightened and progressive rulers in South America, and he is understood to be taking steps to introduce a gold coinage, but his task seems akin to that of Sisyphus.

In Venezuela the outlook is somewhat less gloomy. Here at least the bolivar, intrinsically equivalent to the franc, circulates freely; and as President Castro has at length succeeded in subduing his adversaries, a season of peace may be anticipated. Yet the "Revolución Restauradora" which placed General Castro at the head of affairs and the subsequent insurrections have cost the country dear. Both victors and vanquished unfortunately inflicted injuries upon the property of foreigners. Even at the rate of £180,000 per annum it will take Venezuela at least seven years to pay the compensation exacted, and fresh foreign claims are, like ill weeds, growing apace. Under the new arrangement the external debt is exceptionally well secured, but its service, together with that

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of the internal debt, will form a considerable item in the budget, whilst the army, of so vital importance to a President whose lease of power has been obtained by force of arms, must be maintained at all costs.

It may perhaps appear that a large amount of space has been devoted to the financial situation of these various Republics. The object has, however, been to demonstrate that if the United States have any real intention of acting up to the principles enunciated by President Roosevelt, their path would, under existing circumstances, be beset by many difficulties; whilst if the present improvement should not, as it is quite possible, be permanent, the position in the future would become yet more complicated.

The most clearly defined case of United States intervention on the new system is that of Santo Domingo. Here a definite plan of action has been elaborated. It cannot be denied that, if judiciously carried into effect, the proposed course would be beneficial. The story of the origin of this intervention is told at length in President Roosevelt's Message to the Senate on the subject of the "Santo Domingo Protocol" embodying the proposed arrangement, viz., that the United States should administer the Customs of the Republic, and devote 55 per cent. of their product to the payment of its debts. Briefly summarised, the facts are as follows: The disorder in the finances has reached such a pitch that, according to the Dominican Finance Minister himself, 80 per cent. of the revenue would be required to meet the full service of the total debt. On various occasions European creditors have, through their Governments, made complaints at Washington concerning the state of affairs in the Republic. And in 1908 the representative of a European Power suggested the institution of international financial control.[1] The United States, true presumably to the dictum "America for the Americans," would have none of this. Among the many claimants were a

[1] In his recent message to Congress President Roosevelt stated that at least two foreign nations were on the point of intervening.

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group of American companies possessing large vested interests and with them were associated important British creditors. On behalf of these companies the United States, in the middle of 1904, obtained an arbitral award condemning Santo Domingo to make considerable monthly payments to them, and providing that, in the event of such payments not being made, a "Financial Agent" of the United States was to enter into possession of certain specified Customs Houses. Needless to say, the payments were not made, and the United States commenced collecting a part of the Customs receipts for the sole benefit of the above-mentioned Companies and their associates. Reading between the lines of President Roosevelt's above-mentioned Message it would appear that this procedure provoked representations on the part of various interested Powers. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the arbitral award, though rendered by an International Court of Arbitration, was practically quashed at the instance of the United States Executive, and the new Protocol substituted in its place. This Protocol formed the subject of a severe controversy between the United States Senate and the authorities in Washington, the former declining to ratify it on constitutional grounds. It is said, however, that it will again be brought before the Senate, and, in the meantime, a *modus vivendi* has been arranged under which United States officials are in charge of all Dominican Customs Houses, 55 per cent. of the receipts being provisionally deposited in a New York Bank for ultimate *pro ratâ* distribution amongst the creditors.

Such, in mere outline, is the situation, and on the surface it certainly seems that no better or fairer arrangement could have been devised. But irrespective of the placing of the United States upon a plane of superiority which can scarcely be pleasing to other Powers, it possesses at least one very serious defect. The Message explicitly states that the United States would "pay what proportion of the debts it is possible to pay on an equitable basis." There can, of course, be no question that the intention is of the best. In the case, however, of the

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American claims against Venezuela, which were submitted to a Mixed Commission at Caracas in 1903-4, the amount awarded represented only 2·86 per cent. of that demanded by the United States Government on behalf of its citizens. This circumstance cannot but engender serious misgivings concerning the degree of discrimination which would be exercised in dealing with the various creditors of Santo Domingo, both as regards the validity of their claims and the rights of some amongst them to preferential treatment. Indeed, it might well be argued that if such was the result of an impartial examination of claims which could and should have been thoroughly sifted beforehand by the United States authorities, the *bonâ fide* creditors of Santo Domingo can scarcely expect absolute equity in practice, as well as in intention, at their hands.

Santo Domingo has been purposely mentioned first because American action there appears less open to criticism than elsewhere. The state of dependence to which the Republic would be reduced is the outcome of the misdeeds of its people, and evokes no sympathy. Again, it is unquestionable that, under the suggested *régime*, the creditors would get something, whereas they now get nothing.

The events connected with Colombia during the last two years show the attitude of the United States in a less favourable light. According to President Roosevelt, a part of his country's mission is "in good faith to help the sister Republics which need such help upwards towards peace and order." What, for lack of a better definition, may be termed "active acquiescence" in a successful revolt on the part of Panama, her most valuable province, seems a somewhat peculiar method of rendering to Colombia that assistance of which she stood sorely in need. It will be the duty of the historian of the twentieth century to bring to light the whole truth as to the secession of Panama. Some of the assertions made on behalf of Colombia are doubtless based upon unsubstantiated rumours. But even to-day the following five facts are common property: (1) By a

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treaty entered into in 1846 the United States guaranteed to New Granada (now Colombia) both the neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama and "the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory." (2) By the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty the United States obtained a free hand with regard to the construction of an inter-oceanic canal—a project which they were extremely anxious to carry into effect. (3) The Spooner Act (which authorised the United States Executive to construct the canal) expressly stipulated that "should the President be unable to obtain for the United States . . . the control of the necessary territory of the Republic of Colombia . . . within a reasonable time and upon reasonable terms" steps should be taken to utilise the Nicaragua route. (4) Shortly after the Treaty negotiated by the United States Executive with the Government of Colombia had been rejected by the Colombia Senate, an insurrection took place in Panama, and the United States Government recognised the new Republic within forty-eight hours of its outbreak, and, fourteen days afterwards, signed a Treaty with its representative for the transfer of the Canal concession and zone. (5) The attempts of the Colombia Government to suppress the insurrection were frustrated by the presence of United States warships, which, acting under orders, prevented the landing of Colombian troops.

The conduct of the Colombian Senate in rejecting the original Canal Treaty was, of course, most irritating to the United States. It was also reprehensible in the extreme. The excuse that the Colombian Constitution did not permit of the Convention being ratified was brought forward at so late a period that doubts may well be entertained as to its practical, though perhaps not its technical, validity. Means could probably have been found for overcoming the difficulty, and there is reason for fearing that the Senate's suicidal action was due to unworthy motives. But "two wrongs do not make a right." If the Colombian attitude was inexcusable

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the subsequent action of the United States, a great and highly civilised Power, was certainly most discreditable. The rights of a weak nation were ruthlessly trodden under foot, and attempts have even been made to justify this procedure on the grounds of expediency and universal advantage.

The incident illustrates the manner in which the great northern democracy is overshadowing the minor transoceanic nations. Apart from this and its relation to the construction of the Canal, foreign interest in the treatment of Colombia by the United States is naturally more or less academic. The position assumed by the United States concerning Panama's share of the Colombian foreign debt, however, brings the whole question within the scope of this article. Few impartial persons will deny that Panama, which has now nominally become a sovereign Republic, is in reality an offshoot of the United States in which American influence is all-powerful. Consequently there can be little doubt that on the merest hint from Washington, the Panameño Government would have done ample justice to the holders of Colombian Bonds. Panama, it is true, offered to become responsible for an amount of Colombia's debt proportionate to her population, *i.e.*, about one-sixteenth, on condition that her independence was recognised by the latter. This was, of course, tantamount to an indefinite postponement of any arrangement. In addition, it was not unreasonably argued that as Panama under the Canal Treaty had become entitled to receive from the United States £2,000,000 which, but for her secession, might eventually have gone to Colombia, a settlement on the basis of population was inequitable. President Roosevelt was therefore asked to act as arbitrator. This he declined to do, his reason, which in the peculiar circumstances appears somewhat specious, being that no similar request had reached him from the Government of Panama. The outcome of further efforts to obtain assistance was a point-blank refusal to intervene, on the ground that the petitioners were not citizens of the United States. Nevertheless, the United States Government professes

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to desire to hold the scales of justice evenly between these recalcitrant Republics and their creditors.

Colombia's neighbour, Venezuela, has earned an unenviable reputation for turbulence and the violation of the rights of foreigners, and the blockading of her coasts by Great Britain, Germany, and Italy belongs to recent history. Yet, without desiring to attribute to her virtues which she does not possess, it must be admitted that the causes for complaint against her have often been grossly exaggerated. The fate of the American claims submitted to the mixed Commission of 1903-4 has already been mentioned. When it is remembered that the amounts awarded by all the Commissions which then sat represented less than 20 per cent. of the sum total of the foreign claims, and that certain other claims put forward by France have lately been reduced by the umpire from nearly 43,000,000 to about 3,000,000 francs, it is evident that this assertion is not entirely without foundation. Lack of space forbids our dealing adequately with the conflict between France and Venezuela regarding the French Cable Company or the difference with the United States concerning the Bermudez Asphalt Company. But it may safely be asserted that in both instances the Venezuelan case is by no means weak.

Venezuela has incurred the displeasure of the United States authorities probably quite as much by the spirit of independence which she has displayed as by the infliction of "torts" upon American citizens. She has resented the dictatorial attitude of her great northern neighbour, and the arrogance displayed by the late United States Minister at Caracas—his assumption of the *rôle* of "Resident" instead of "Minister Resident"—was not calculated to allay that resentment. Indeed, in the recent relations of the United States with Venezuela we look in vain for traces of a philanthropic desire to assist her in her troubles. Attempts at coercion by "carpet-bag" diplomatists and the supporting of claims adjudged almost baseless by impartial arbitrators have been their most striking characteristics. We hold no brief for

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General Castro, who has many of the faults of his race. To the Anglo-Saxon mind his utterances often appear absurdly bombastic, whilst his methods are doubtless the reverse of diplomatic. But he possesses a redeeming quality which is comparatively rare in Latin America. He seems to be swayed by political ambition rather than by cupidity. Moreover, he recognises the value of foreign credit. As soon as tranquillity was in some measure restored in the country, he made earnest and persistent efforts to effect a settlement of the foreign debt, and, notwithstanding many obstacles, has at length been successful in his endeavours.

From among several other instances in which either the influence or the action of the United States has been prejudicial to the interests of the foreign creditors of Latin American States, only one more need be briefly alluded to. The Government of Guatemala has been conspicuous for its bad faith towards its external creditors. An agreement concluded in 1895, under which certain specified revenues were assigned as security for the foreign debt, was broken in 1898. Subsequently three successive arrangements, entailing heavy sacrifices on the part of the creditors, but containing new provisions regarding security, were entered into with authorised representatives of the Republic. Each of them was, however, in turn repudiated by the Guatemalan Government. A few months after the last of these three abortive contracts was signed the Government obtained a loan from an American Syndicate. To ensure the speedy repayment of this loan the Syndicate was granted a lien not only upon the revenues which the Guatemalan agents had then offered as security, but also upon those originally pledged in 1895. The right of the European creditors to either one or the other form of security were matters of common knowledge, and the United States authorities could not but be aware of the facts of the case. Nevertheless they became to all intents and purposes parties to the transaction between the Syndicate and the Guatemalan Government. Clauses were inserted in the contract stipulating

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that a duplicate original should be deposited at the United States Legation in Guatemala city, and that the Syndicate should have the right of appealing to the United States for protection and support in the event of any violation of its terms. Needless to say, this could scarcely have been done without the knowledge and consent of the American Government.

Since the days of Lord Palmerston it has been the rule of the British Government that the "bondholder" must be left practically to his own devices; that he must accept full responsibility for his acts, and not expect either the Foreign Office or any other Government Department to help him out of the quagmire into which his imprudence has led him. Occasionally a Foreign Secretary has been known to go so far as to intimate that the conclusion of a settlement between debtor and creditor would be viewed with favour—thus abandoning in some slight degree the official attitude of non-intervention—but on the whole the principle laid down by Lord Palmerston has been adhered to. Whilst this line of conduct may appear harsh and unjust in individual cases, it would be useless to deny that it possesses elements of soundness. Not only must these minor interests necessarily be subordinated to the wider issues involved in the general foreign policy of the country, but for the sake of national prestige official action would in case of need have to be supported by armed force. Debt-collecting with machine-guns is a proceeding worthy of the "mailed fist," which would most certainly not commend itself to the British Public. On the other hand there is the danger, which is becoming more and more real every day, that these semi-civilised peoples may come to regard inaction as evidence of inability to act, and that our political and more especially our commercial interests in the tropical regions of the Western Hemisphere may suffer accordingly. Nevertheless, as Great Britain appears to have consented to the conversion of the Caribbean Sea into, for all practical purposes, a United States lake, it is to be supposed that

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she must and will abide by the consequences of her bargain. The question whether she is receiving the full surrender value of her interests belongs to the domain of *la haute politique*, and need not be here discussed.

The unpleasant idea of using our navy as a bailiff immediately conjures up a vision of our sailors shedding their blood whilst the rich "bondholder" "sits at home at ease." In point of fact, however, the venturesome holders of the bonds of these Republics comparatively seldom belong to the wealthy section of the community. They may roughly be divided into two classes, viz., the speculators pure and simple and what may be styled the unwary investors. Upon the speculator no pity need be wasted. He has usually full knowledge of the risks, and buys the "waste paper" at ten or twenty per cent. of its face value in the expectation of a rise in prices which, if it takes place, occasionally doubles his capital in a few weeks or months. The fate of the unwary investor on the contrary enlists all our sympathy. He, and indeed often she, is a person with a small capital, which renders the prospect of 7 or 8 per cent. irresistibly attractive. Knowing little, having no means of obtaining either information or sound advice, and with hazy ideas of finance and sometimes even of geography, the unwary investor generally buys at relatively high prices, and in nine cases out of ten loses.

During the past two years both these classes of bondholders have learnt to look upon the United States as the *deus ex machinâ* who will transmute their almost worthless paper into pure gold, and a phenomenal inflation in prices has consequently taken place. Enough has probably been said in the preceding pages to show that so far this belief is founded upon words instead of deeds, for hitherto the intervention of the United States has produced negative rather than positive results with regard to the interests of the European bondholders. Indeed, such action as has taken place has been almost exclusively for the benefit of American citizens, and, notwithstanding fine phrases, Europeans have in reality met with neither sympathy nor help.

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It is true that the idea that the Monroe Doctrine ranks not only as a declaration of rights, but also as an acknowledgment of an international duty on the part of the United States, is of recent growth. It is therefore impossible to assert that the future may not bring forth fresh developments. These may perhaps falsify present experience, and show that the American Government is seriously intent upon justifying President Roosevelt's somewhat grandiloquent language by seeing justice impartially done. But even if this should come to pass there would remain one important factor to be reckoned with. So long as the Monroe Doctrine might be regarded merely in the light of a barrier interposed between themselves and Europe, it was acclaimed by the minor Latin American nations. It will, however, readily be understood that, tenacious as they are of their independence and of their right to misgovern themselves as they choose, the interpretation now put upon this Doctrine is anything but to their taste. They have consequently been learning latterly to dislike and mistrust their northern neighbours, of whom they have long, to some extent, stood in awe. Moreover, they are probably well aware that, as far as they are concerned, the "big stick," which has lately been shaken at them from many platforms in the United States, is more or less of a rhetorical expression. To seize an unprotected isthmus is an easy undertaking for a naval power, and the seizure of the ports of a weak country need present no difficulties. But it may safely be asserted that the inhabitants of these Republics could, without serious inconvenience, exist for an indefinite length of time without commercial relations with the outside world, and the holding of ports would therefore be an empty and useless display of power were communications with the interior interrupted. The task of actually forcing the *pax Americana* upon these States, throughout the length and breadth of their territories, is one upon which, in view of past and present experience in the Philippines, even Mr. Roosevelt would presumably hesitate to enter.

"INVESTOR."

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AN IRISH EXPERIMENT

SINCE the time of Spenser and Fynes Moryson the domestic life of "the mere Irish"—the real Irish, that is, for in this connection, as in so many others, the Planters do not count—has been the subject of wondering comment by generations of observers. In Spenser's view, one of the foremost reasons for giving the kern fixity of tenure in his holding was, that thereby he might take more comfort of his life, more safe dwelling, and a delight to keep his house neat and cleanly—"which now being, as they commonly are, rather swine-sties than houses, is the chiefest cause of his so beastly manner of life and savage condition, lying and living together with his beast in one house, in one room, in one bed; that is, clean straw, or rather a foul dunghill." Again, it was uncertainty of estates which, in the judgment of Sir John Davies, "hath been the true cause of such desolation and barbarism in this land as the like was never seen in any country that professed the name of Christ." Then, it was probably no better urging than his inborn British taste for the delicacies of life, and his fond recollection of them, that led Fynes Moryson to chronicle with such brutal frankness his experience of "the wild and mere Irish": their barbarous and most filthy diet, their fondness for usquebaugh, their greediness, their lack of spoons, candles, napkins, their houses of boughs and mud, with "fires in the midst of the room, the smoke whereof goeth out at a hole in the top thereof," their manner of sleeping naked "without

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straw or other thing under them, lying all in a circle about the fire, with their feet towards it"; their likeness "to wild beasts in whose caves a beast passing that way might perhaps find meat"—a description which recalls the passage in Macaulay that tells of "the half-naked savages, who could not speak a word of English, made themselves burrows in the mud, and lived on roots and sour milk."

Again, it was surely no desire to give things as they were not, which, in more recent times, led Carlyle and Thackeray, Lecky and Froude, Trench and Le Fanu, to record their observations of the bleak realities of Irish domestic life; nor can it be said that in the fictions of Carleton and Lever, Kickham and Banim, Miss Lawless and Miss Barlow, is no element of sad truth, in the impressions of modern journalists, from Max O'Rell to Mr. Bart Kennedy, no sobriety of statement. Even as it was in the days of Spenser and Moryson, so in these present days it would appear that "the mere Irish" (let the insolent phrase stand for its present worth) are still in a more or less distressful condition, not, of course, in that beastly and savage condition which was mark of their degradation and slavery in the year 1600, without spoons and feather beds, without candles and tables, without tailor-made clothes, and frilled shirts, and bleached sheets, yet still in a condition which is sign of their neglect, or disregard, of the comforts, the elegances, the beauties, the luxuries of existence. In Ireland still are mud hovels, "the smoke whereof goeth out at a hole in the top thereof." In Ireland still do families live with the beast in one house, in one room, if not in one bed. In Ireland still you find ugly naked little habitations scattered upon the hills, no beauty without them or within, no comfort, no homeliness, fowls pecking on the noisome yards, middens reeking before the open doors, a cesspool here, a filthy office there, the walls cracked, the roof unsound, the rooms damp, unclean, ill-lighted, unsanitary—rather swine-sties, dare we call them, than homes. In Ireland now folk exist on the irreducible minimum of this world's bounty: the least and worst possible in the

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way of clothes, food, household gear, personal effects, comforts, enjoyments, earthly aspirations. Bread, tea, and potatoes, with occasionally a libation of usquebaugh, may still be called the national food. Rarely do you find flowers by the walls, anything save kale and potatoes in the garden patch. Somewhere to live, something to wear, a spark of fire, food enough and just good enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger; such, with a little diversion on occasion, much talk by the firesides, much placid acceptance of the unvarying round of life, much earnest devotion on the path that leads to another and a better world, is still, despite Land Purchase Acts and the blessings of local government, despite the best efforts of reformers and agitators, almost the sum of existence for a majority of the peasants and villagers in many parts of Ireland. They seem to require no more and no better. All the good things of life—the material things which others labour to have—they seem content to do without, happy ever in their contemplation of good things to come. Gardens, orchards, trim hedges, comfortable homes, pleasant surroundings, the many pleasures and bounties that are within the reach of even the humblest and poorest, seem to them not worth while. They are well enough, they say. Why bother? What is the good? Where is the use of flowers, beans and peas, carrots and parsnips, apples and currants? Sure they can manage, please God, without such pampering. Cheap dishes, what more can they do than stay hunger? Is it the like of them to be eating eggs, or feeding a pig for themselves? Must not the dunghill be somewhere? Who is responsible for the leaking roof and the cracked walls? Is not a clay floor the cheapest and most convenient, seldom needing a besom and never sloppy? Have they not lived all their lives, and their fathers before them, without opening windows, and airing beds, and scrubbing dressers, and all such vanities, and where is the time for them anyway? Ah, sure now all is well enough, glory be to God, and there is never a bad but could be worse.

In face of such talk and such an attitude of mind would-be social reformers must often have stood not less wondering than

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helpless. For, be his faults what they may, the Irish peasant is not stupid, is not inaccessible to ideas, is by no means loth to seek and accept the main chance. On questions of national politics he is alert and sometimes in advance of the age. In many respects he is the equal, and in some the superior, of his class in other countries—in England, shall we say, or Belgium, or France. Outside his own country, as Americans can testify, he shows himself capable of aspiring. Even at home he knows the difference between good and bad, has taste, imagination, aptness, a fine discernment of the ridiculous. For the beautiful in literature, music, and to an extent in art and nature, his perception is, and for centuries has been, true. He is not ignorant, not devoid of intellect and a certain refinement in thought and manners. Certainly he is by nature anything but the squalid, worthless mortal that the hasty impressions of journalists would make him, nor has he all the melancholy and sometimes ludicrous qualities that characterise his appearance in many pages of fiction. Having found his real self—no easy matter that—there in the midst of his unlovely surroundings, your judgment must be how little he fits them, how easily, an he had the mind, he could raise himself above them, changing himself, readily changing them. Yet he changes little. He has not the mind. There he is, and there are his surroundings, the cause of your helpless wonder.

Why is it? The question has been asked a thousand times, answered a thousand ways. His religion, its needs, its form, the immoderate following of it, has given cause for many answers. His political record, full as it is of oppressions, injustices, rebellions, decimations, exiles, an alien rule and an embittered opposition to it, has supplied many more. That uncertainty of estates which long ago gave Sir John Davies a reason, combined in more recent times with the taxation of improvements by rapacious owners, has continued, and with much reason, to account for the wreckage that marks the stream of emigration Westward. We hear of the tyranny of agitators, the misguided influence of masters both temporal

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and spiritual, the misdeeds of landlords, the lack of real education, of initiative, of capital, the poverty of the land, the smallness of holdings, the dearth of mineral wealth, the woes of inclement skies. All this and much more we have heard unto weariness from generations of observers; but, until a year or two ago, scarcely have we heard of any observer willing or capable to do more than theorise about the domestic condition of the Irish peasant. Practitioners in plenty have tried their hand at bettering his economic state, giving him land acts, education schemes, poor-laws, systems of local government, and all the rest; but who before Sir Horace Plunkett's day has tried his hand at bettering the peasants' domestic state—not talking and theorising about it, but honestly trying to make it better? Who has tried? Yet can it be gainsaid that, so long as a majority of the Irish peasants are practically homeless, so long will all those economic bounties of the practitioners be dowered upon them in vain? What of free holdings if the houses upon them be swine-sties? What of educating a man if you leave him ignorant of the rules and mercies of home? Where really must you begin if you would raise people from their unlovely condition of life? Where is character formed? By what is judgment made of a nation's well-being?

About a year ago, Sir Horace Plunkett, with that practicality of purpose which so happily characterises all his efforts for the good of Ireland, devised what he called an Irish Home Improvement Scheme. In this he was actuated more by private than official motives. The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, of which he is Vice-President, took no responsibility. All expenses were guaranteed by him. The controlling committee was selected from his friends—the Countess of Fingall, the Countess of Mayo, Father Finlay, Father Maguire, and others. Local sympathy was sought. Teachers and lecturers were engaged. And when the scheme had matured, two ladies, Miss O'Conor Eccles, who for long has laboured on behalf of social reform, and Miss J. H. O'Brien, herself a practical student of Belgian methods of domestic

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economy, were sent by Sir Horace to Dromore, there to begin the experiment of "implanting the principles of more cheerful living into the homes of the Irish people."

Dromore is an Ulster village, situate in the county of Tyrone, about nine statute miles from Omagh, in the direction of Enniskillen. The surrounding district is pastoral, hilly, unsheltered, the soil very unkind, and owned mainly by the squireen class of landlord that fattens on the spoil of the Landed Estates Court. No gentry give the neighbourhood the benefit of their presence and example. It is removed from the stir of trade. Every one is poor or worse than poor; at that dead level of existence where daily bread means constant struggling, without joy in strife or much earthly hope, for the least that man and nature can give.

Now, for sake of clearness and comparison, let us try to picture Dromore as it was in the old dark times. It is a straggling place of three mean streets, along which in wretched array, interspersed with little shops, a few places of worship, the school, the co-operative creamery, the parochial hall, the police barracks, and the usual abundance of sordid public-houses, stand the homes of the villagers. The sidewalks are broken, the streets always unclean and often deep in mud. Nothing beautiful, or even pleasant, takes the eye. You see pigs, fowls, goats, noisome gutters, littered gardens and yards, a donkey-cart standing before a shop, a beggar chanting a ballad, ragged children without any heart for play, toil-worn women peering hungrily from gloomy doorways, men going about their business, such as it is, with what spirit they have: and over all, heavy as the pervading peat-smoke, that depressing atmosphere of squalid neglect which hangs like a pall, darkening even the sunshine. Among the eight hundred inhabitants, of whom about two-thirds are Roman Catholics, only the doctor, the clergy, the teachers, the policemen, and perhaps a few others, have any standard of comfort. The great majority are at that lowest level of existence, indifferent, hopeless, patiently enduring what is sent and must be taken for granted, struggling always for the merest means of life.

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"Hell upon earth" is the judgment of one who knows their condition well. "No, not hell but purgatory," says another. Yet both agree that the people have fine qualities, have grit and endurance, kindliness, adaptability, great patience. They have need of some of these qualities: without them they would not be Ulster folk.

Such then was Dromore when, some eighteen months ago, Sir Horace Plunkett began his experiment of trying to implant the principles of more cheerful living into the homes of its people. Beginning at so low a worst was almost inviting failure. But Sir Horace, as ever, was sanguine. His staff was enthusiastic and capable. The local clergy, and in particular that excellent priest, the Rev. Matthew Maguire (he who with Father Finlay, in September 1901, laid the foundation of reform in Dromore by forming the St. MacCartan's Home Industries Society), were ready to give sympathy and help. Father Finlay journeyed to Dromore, introduced the teachers to the people, and expounded their object. Sir Horace, and other members of his committee, added their explanations and hopes. And in the summer of 1904 a start was made.

Having settled themselves in a model cottage in the heart of Dromore, Miss O'Brien and Miss Eccles began work by giving daily lectures, chiefly to women, in the parochial hall. These lectures were in no way academic either in matter or style; rather were they in the nature of simple personal talks in which attention was directed first to the exterior, then to the interior, and lastly to the inhabitants of the home. The unsightliness, not to say the danger, of the family midden; the unseemliness of filthy yards and approaches; the good impression conveyed by whitewashed walls, painted doors and windows, sound thatch, inviting thresholds; the advantages of a tilled garden in providing simple food-stuffs and flowers; the need for air, light, cleanliness in the home, with windows that might open, doors that might shut out the pig and fowls, a hard floor, a tidy hearth, a chimney to carry off the smoke; the due order and method in which household duties should be performed, the good results of scrubbing dressers, airing beds,

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sleeping in ventilated rooms, and finally the necessity, if health and well-being were to be preserved, of strict personal cleanliness: such in general was the scope of these friendly talks. They were attentively, often sympathetically heard. There were scoffers, unfriendly critics, of course. But what of them? A beginning was made. Already the scheme had found friends in Dromore.

Next, with a view to winning the children, evening classes were begun, and practical instruction given them in the elementary rules of living. Poor little mortals, they sadly needed such care. Often their personal condition was deplorable, unwashed, uncombed, with ragged clothes and bodies needing the mercies of a carbolic bath. Manners they had none. They considered it mean to heed, or reprove, petty dishonesty. But they were amenable, always interested in what they were told and ready to apply it. The public washing of Miss O'Brien's face gave them much delight. Instruction in the use of the tooth-brush impressed them greatly; but in this, as in other matters, the effects of instruction were often nullified at home. "Tooth-brushes, indeed!" laughed all Dromore; "and what Christian mortal has need for such contrivances?" However, the good work continued. After a while demonstrations were given in the art of washing clothes; then the scope of instruction was widened to include the principles of nursing, rearing and training children, of caring the sick, of preparing food on the Belgian plan. A deal of this perhaps had small practical result. In Dromore, as in other places in the world, women have their own fixed ideas of the right way to wash clothes, to nurse their children and to care their sick; but when Miss O'Brien showed how a good meal for six persons, consisting of vegetable soup, fish or meat, and a sweet made from stale bread, could be prepared at a cost of a shilling, and when the lace girls of the St. MacCartan's Society were induced, not only to better their working conditions, but also to improve their usual dietary of tea and bread by providing for themselves co-operative lunches, consisting of pea soup and toast, potato dumplings, cabbage mould, and

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bread-and-butter pudding—why then there was talk in Dromore. The dishes were voted "grand." Several of them, the potato dumplings especially, were tried with more or less success in the homes. Brothers and husbands gave their commendation and asked for more. Nevertheless, there was, even at best, a certain attitude of stolid indifference. Some made learning a kind of personal favour. Others condescended to attend the lectures. When, having distributed some blackberry jelly, the teachers offered to make as good, themselves supplying the jars, sugar and cooking apparatus, for any who might be inclined to gather blackberries from the hedges, not one was inclined. Not one. If Miss O'Brien, or Miss Eccles, wished to provide Dromore with blackberry jelly, why there were the laden hedges. Why to be sure. "Is it the like of us go out picking blackberries. Ah, now!"

Withal, the teachers were never discouraged, and sometimes they found encouragement. An appeal, after a lecture, for the names of all willing to put what they had heard into practice, was answered by twenty women and girls—the finest and most intelligent, be it said, in Dromore. The lace and crochet workers were eager always after improvement. Here and there a midden was removed from the doorstep. A girl showed pridefully the six cartloads of gravel that had displaced the refuse-heap in the family yard. Despite the opposition of owners, the indifference of authorities, and the natural unwillingness of tenants whose uncertainty of estate was constant (one cottager was given notice to quit for *having appeared to complain* that the rain poured through a broken roof upon his children's bed), a real improvement showed in some of the homes. Doors were painted, walls whitewashed, windows and floors mended. And when at last Miss Eccles came upon an old man striving to lime-wash his cabin with a heather besom, hope sprang within her.

Then, accompanied often by Father Maguire, and all the more welcome for that, the teachers spent a portion of every day in visiting the homes, learning to know the people intimately, discovering their condition, striving to rouse their

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interest, inviting them to the lectures and to demonstrations of the principles of housewifery in their model cottage. These personal visitations did much good. Confidence was established. Kindly relations grew. "Here's themselves"; soon the cry became a watchword in Dromore. Steadily the scheme won favour. At every lecture were new and more eager faces. All sorts and conditions came inquiring, seeking counsel, help. Each day there was a reception at the model cottage. As all were invited, so all were made kindly welcome. Whilst Miss O'Brien was giving an object-lesson to a party in the bright little kitchen, Miss Eccles was showing groups of four or five about the bedrooms and sitting-room, taking pains the while to explain the art of bed-making, dusting, cleaning, sweeping, how to ventilate, how to air clothes and mend and fold them, how to keep everything sweet and neat and cosy. Pleasant work this, and not without its due reward, its manifest effect, on the home life of Dromore.

So far, only the women had been directly approached; but when at last real signs of awakening had come, an effort was made to reach the men. A course of lectures to the men of the Gaelic League was so appreciated that they asked for another. A carpentry class, in charge of a trained instructor, was formed, and proved a real success. At first some of the youths and boys attending were inclined to rowdyism, but a little judicious firmness on the part of the instructor soon resulted in order and civility; and before very long Dromore had new things in almost every home, salt-boxes and knife-boards, chairs and stools and tables, even new doors and window-frames, settles and bedsteads. Next, with a view to implanting ideas of discipline and improving the poor physical standard of the village, a class for drill was organised under the supervision of an ex-soldier; and immediately the voice of the agitator was heard denouncing the class as an obvious preliminary to recruiting. Useless to explain or protest. Vain to open the class to women and girls. Home improvement scheme or no, Dromore was proof against the temptations of the King's shilling. So, advised by the technical instructors of the Agricultural Depart-

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ment, a diversion was made by offering to help in the laying out of model kitchen gardens for any willing to work and use them. No fewer than forty cottagers, within and without Dromore, accepted the offer. Fruit trees and useful plants were supplied free. Instruction, and often help, in draining, fencing, planting, pruning, was liberally given. Soon cottage gardening became something of a craze in Dromore; and now, should you care to visit the place, not only may you tread clean streets and trim sidewalks, but from them you may have sight of many brightened homes, whitewashed, painted, ordered, and provided with some of the necessities and luxuries of life. Better still, you will find these brightened homes to be at once sign and measure of the great general improvement in the communal life of the village. That heavy and pervading atmosphere as of hopelessness materialised, of misery and neglect, will no longer obscure your sunshine. You will go pleasantly among the people, finding them happier, healthier, more sober, comfortable, industrious, better clad, better fed, with the bearing and aspect of folk who have uplifted themselves in the scale of things national, temporal, personal, and are on the way still higher. You will find flowers, in their season, everywhere. You will find the co-operative dairy flourishing—"the best of its kind in all Ireland." You will find the lace and crochet girls, some two hundred in all, working in a large, healthful building, with good pictures on the walls and flowers in the windows; you will see how skilful they are, how comely and bright and contented; and you will hear wonderingly, not so much that their rate of wages often is eighteen shillings a week, as that all this luxury of environment—the flowers, the pictures, the fittings, the co-operative lunch, the fine cheerful room—is the result of the exertions and contributions of the girls themselves. You will find a branch of the Gaelic League helping in the good work of regeneration, uplifting and educating the people, giving them the rules of well-being, health, conduct, fostering in them a love for all that is best in the heritage of Ireland—its ancient tongue and literature, its treasured story, its national life, its own good customs and

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manners, amusements, festivals. And then, not wonderingly it may be, though in view of Ireland's record during the last fifty years or more the consummation is almost beyond belief, you will hear that not only has emigration ceased from the parish but immigration has begun. From the sweating dens of New York, from the factories of Lancashire, the people are coming back to Dromore. Actually!

It is a consummation in which Sir Horace Plunkett, his committee, his workers, and the far-seeing patriots who in 1901 founded the St. MacCartan's Society, may well take credit and pride. Yet results must not be exaggerated, or expectations unduly heightened. Even in Dromore only a beginning has been made, and Dromore is but a corner of Ireland. It seems hardly possible that those Ulster folk will ever slip back into the slough, will not make good the words that Sir Horace Plunkett, a while ago, spoke to them, "by carrying on the work, for their own sake and the sake of Ireland, with the same zeal, the same earnestness, the same true patriotism, and the same intelligence that has carried them so far." Still, it is seldom unwise, in most Irish matters, to prophesy only when we know; and we shall know more when Sir Horace has proved his scheme among the kindlier, if less strenuous, people of the South and West.

Yes; but a beginning actually has been made in this excellent enterprise of "implanting the principles of more cheerful living into the homes of the Irish people," and excellent results have come of it. The new Dromore is there; its uplifted people are there, proving indubitably, even through what they have already accomplished, that, in the words of Father Finlay, "at least one parish in Ireland can take up a programme of sober work and carry it out . . . can show to the world how even the least-favoured districts of this island may be made the happy home of a happy people." Let us remember that. And let us keep in view the spectacle of that little stream of Irish immigrants. Not emigrants. But *immigrants*.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

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THE BLACK SEA

THE Black Sea! And stormy, tumultuous, and black it indeed was when I crossed it in the end of October on a Russian steamer from Constantinople, our route being *viâ* Sebastopol, Yalta, Kertch, Novorossisk, Poti, and Batum. And yet as compared with the tempests that were then raging amongst the peoples who dwell on the northern and eastern shores of that sea, its tumbling waves were even peaceful, hospitable, and friendly.

Tho *Svätoi Nikolai* (Holy Nicholas) which carried myself and a few other passengers, but a heavy cargo, to Batum, was tossed like a nut-shell on the waves as they ran mountains high. I should never have believed that the Kara Denis of the Turks and the Chernoye More of the Russians could be, if I may use a topographical expression, so deeply trenched. After putting some of our passengers ashore on the Crimea, by the time we reached Novorossisk there were only three of us first-class passengers left—the Three Musketeers as we afterwards called ourselves, namely, Colonel Ileschenko from Van on the Persian frontier, a place lying south of Shusha, Consul Akimovitch, on his way to Bayazid, on the borders of Turkish Armenia and the Persian province of Azerbaijan, and myself. During the last stage of the journey we did not see much of each other. The sea ran so high, that to get to the saloon required something of the skill of an acrobat. We preferred to keep the horizontal in our berths. Every time

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the vessel rolled, my outlook window, which was on the port-side, dipped a couple of yards under the water, but when she went over to the starboard I caught glimpses, two or three cable-lengths away, of the outline of the shore and the forest-clad creek of the Caucasus, already in part capped with snow, and glittering in the sunshine.

In the roadstead of Sukhum-Kaleh we lay to for several minutes, whilst some sinewy Abkhasians came off in the boats to fetch a few bales and packages. One of these men climbed up on board and said something to a young woman who was travelling second-class. She burst suddenly into tears, and her grief was so violent and so self-abandoned, that all attempts to comfort her failed. Her husband had been shot in a disturbance. But she was only one of thousands upon thousands of Russian women who are made to weep in these days! Her wailings continued to echo distressingly and inconsolably through the fitful gusts of the tempest to the end of the journey.

When we reached Poti the storm increased in violence. The sky was black as ink, and the rain beat violently on the deck and against the windows of the saloon. But we had only three hours more of it; at midnight the steamer "stamped" into the harbour of Batum. But what a landing! The rain pouring down in torrents, the night as black as pitch, not a street light visible, not a porter to be seen, no cabs or droshkies to be had, and, to crown all, the comforting intelligence that all railway traffic had ceased three days ago! In a word, we had dropped into the midst of the "great strike," which extended to labourers of every class, and was completely paralysing all commerce. By dint of the promise of a handsome reward, we induced two or three rough harbour loafers to help us with our luggage, and under cover of the darkness they guided us to the nearest "hotel." It was a veritable den of thieves, crowded with Georgians and all kinds of riff-raff. Our guides assured us that, if they were detected breaking the strike, they would be shot down without mercy, and, as

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we learnt afterwards, in so saying they did not exaggerate one bit.

I was bound for Teheran. But why in the name of wonder should the spirit of unrest, now so rife in Russia, choose just at that very time to visit the Caucasus? You may well ask. When I left Constantinople on October 25, provided with two extra passports from the Russian Ambassador, M. Zinovieff, who had formerly been in Stockholm, Russia was comparatively quiet, and the railways, at any rate, were running without hindrance. I had the choice of three routes—(1) Batum, Tiflis, Baku, Reshd, Teheran; (2) Batum, Tiflis, Erivan, Nakitchevan, Tabriz, Teheran; (3) Trebizond, Erzerum, Bayazid, Khoi, Tabriz, Teheran. The first of these I was quite familiar with, and wanted to avoid it. With regard to the third route, that starting from Trebizond, I had been told in Constantinople, by Dr. Martin, that at that season of the year it was practically closed in consequence of rain and snow and the swollen state of the rivers, and the Persian Ambassador, Mirza Riza Khan, who also had formerly been Minister in Stockholm, dissuaded me from making such a long and tiring journey across the mountains of Asia Minor. In consequence of this, and with the view of saving time, I decided to travel *viâ* Erivan; from Batum five days would bring me to Tabriz, and two weeks more to Teheran. But the fates had decreed otherwise. I was forced to waste two valuable weeks, and at the present moment I am writing on board an Austrian steamer bound for Trebizond. If I had travelled from Constantinople to Trebizond direct I should by this be in Bayazid.

But have these two weeks really been wasted? No; I have unexpectedly had an opportunity of witnessing at first hand, at all events, one small scene in the gigantic struggle for freedom which is now shaking Russia to her foundations, and which, it seems to me, is the prelude to a revolution of the most stupendous character. I hasten to say that Batum, so long as I remained within the town, was entirety cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, even from such

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places as Poti, Kutais, and Tiflis, all, comparatively speaking, in the same neighbourhood. All the telegraph lines were cut, the railways torn up, the postal service stopped. Thus for nearly two weeks I was without any news except what was brought by special messengers on horseback or by the boats from Russia, and that consisted of uncertain and contradictory rumours. It was for all the world like being shut up in a beleaguered town or being detained in compulsory confinement, surrounded by spies and brigands, in danger of one's life and loss of one's property. Not a day passed without murders and rifle-shots in our immediate vicinity. Hymns of mourning, white coffins, bareheaded drunken priests, weeping relatives, broadsides from the warships (four large ones and three small ones) in the harbour, patrols of Cossacks, mounted gendarmes, companies of infantry on the march—all armed to the teeth—these were the sights and sounds observable all day long from our windows.

Waiting is always trying to the patience; but to be tied hand and foot when you are dying to be in action is galling in the extreme. Yet these days passed rapidly enough—a continuously changing kaleidoscope of fantastic scenes, full of vivid contrasts, burning themselves in upon the memory.

After remaining one day the *Holy Nicholas* steamed back to Odessa, taking all her cargo with her, and the same thing happened to all the vessels which arrived subsequently, whether they came from Russia or from elsewhere. The losses must have run up to millions of roubles.

We spent the night in Versal's den, which was kept open in spite of wind and weather, so that every living creature inside it, men and animals alike, ran the risk of being dealt with as "strike-breakers." But early the next morning I made my way to the Hotel Frantsia, where I should, at any rate, have a roof over my head that was weatherproof. The hotel was closed and empty, the windows shuttered, and all the servants had run away, nobody being left except the landlord and two boys. However, I was given a room, though

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they told me I should have to look after myself. There was precious little to eat and drink, nothing but a little bread and wine and some cold sturgeon several days old. Meat was not to be had for love or money; to make a fire was forbidden, though the samovar might be heated morning and evening. There was not even water to wash one's hands and face in; all the *sutchis* or "water-men," who usually retail water about the streets, had, like everybody else, gone out on strike, and I had to wash with the contents of mineral water bottles. It put me in mind of the privations of the Taklimakan, except that now the sea echoed stormily in my ears.

In the Frantsia I found also a Georgian prince. The very first evening we became warm friends and supped (!) together. He swore by all that was holy that he would guide me through the forests of Georgia and over the pass of Suram, and would bring me safe and sound to Tiflis; and a very good reason he had for saying so: he was himself a robber chief, and would have acted in collusion with the bandits. I thanked him politely for his kindly proffer, and was congratulated by my two travelling companions, who were certain I should very soon have been stripped of everything if I had accepted the man's guidance. No, there was nothing for it but patience—patience; but to be content to kick one's heels in such a miserable place as Batum one needed the patience of a saint.

The first day of our stay in Batum, namely, the last day of the month of October, we spent in trying to learn something of the position of affairs, and we soon became convinced that the strike was something different from an ordinary strike, however inflexible the discipline and vigour with which it was carried out; it was a political movement of a very serious character. The town lay as if in the stupefaction of sleep, and except for the reports of firearms the dreary cobbled streets, with their monotonous rows of ugly houses, were silent and empty, though at other times they are noisy enough with the rattle of carriages and freight waggons. All shops and offices

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were closed, shuttered, locked and barred. A Georgian who had sold food secretly by the back-door to some of his customers received a warning in writing from the strike committee that he had been condemned to death, and would be shot on the following day. The respectable citizens kept within doors; nobody ventured abroad except loafers, spies, and riff-raff. Not a single woman was visible, except such as belonged to the off-scourings of the people. Public gatherings were forbidden, and it was only here and there that a small group of workmen was to be seen. Every carriage that appeared on the street was driven by a soldier, with his rifle close at his hand, and the occupants were invariably officers. The only folk on horseback were Cossacks, and they patrolled the town backwards and forwards in every direction. All the public buildings were guarded by military; the banks in especial were closely watched. Soldiers were always on guard outside the Hotel Frantsia.

Numbers of boys, ten to twelve years of age, prowled about the streets; to all appearance they wore the most innocent air, but in reality they were the spies of the strike committee, and reported everything they saw, particularly every breach of the committee's regulations. Even the foreign consulates were kept closed, and it was only by back ways that one was able to get at the consuls; at all events, that was the case with regard to the two whom I visited. The merchant was unable to visit his office; if he did, he was at once reported by the boy spies, and might esteem himself lucky if nothing worse befell him than to have all his windows broken and himself get a good drubbing. In some cases he would be informed by letter that he had to pay such and such a sum of money in ransom for his life. To enter a bank was considered to be in the highest degree dangerous—you ran a risk of being robbed on your way home. Nevertheless, I went to the Tiflis Commercial Bank and got an advance on my credit note, and managed to reach the hotel unmolested.

As for the economic strike, the railway men were demanding

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an increase in their wages to the extent of 40 per cent., namely, an advance from twenty-five to thirty-five roubles a month. And in conjunction with them the terrorists were labouring with remarkable—indeed, with irresistible—energy, and were cleverly making use of the general discontent to further their own ends for the dissolution of society. They were stirring up the people with revolutionary addresses in secret meetings. They declared that the Czar was already deposed and driven out of the country, and that Witte was President of the Russian Republic; the time was come for the people to take the power into their own hands; all property was going to be divided justly; the poor would get land and bread. Away with tyranny! Down with the rule of the autocrat! Down with slavery! Speeches of this character were cheered to the echo by the uncritical crowd, whose imaginations were feasting on the good things which the immediate future was to bring them. Every man you met on the street may be a leader of the terrorist party or an agent of the same. The passers-by looked at one another with suspicion. It was as though the entire inhabitants of the place lived in momentary expectation of something dreadful happening.

On the countenances of the more distinguished amongst the Caucasians—and they were mostly Georgians with fur caps and long coats and cartridge bandoliers slung across their shoulder—the prevailing expression was one of satisfaction. They were manifestly delighted at the serious difficulties against which the Russian authorities had to contend; they were clearly comforting themselves with the hope that the sway of the Russians over their formerly free Caucasia was now approaching its end.

The Governor issued a proclamation forbidding any man, whosoever he might be, to show himself abroad after 6 P.M.—a more than doubtful pleasure in any case, when the streets were as dark as midnight, and you ran the risk of being shot down at any moment. If the terrorists suspected any person of possessing a revolver they at once swooped down upon him

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and appropriated it for their own use. In this way they had, I understood, become possessed of a very considerable supply of weapons. The Cossacks and soldiers had received orders to seize at once all the fire-arms they could get hold of, except such as belonged to the military.

On October 31 there were eight murders in Batum, five of the victims being soldiers and one a gendarme. The acting captain of police was attacked by a band of the terrorist party and shot in the cheek, but his life was saved by the peak of his cap; and had he not had the presence of mind to drop from his horse and lie as if dead, he would have had two or three more bullets into him. Thereupon a fight took place which cost three of the attacking party their lives, whilst several more were wounded. This took place in broad daylight. After the first two or three days I ceased to pay any particular heed to the report of fire-arms, although it was very painful to hear them echoing through the stillness of the night.

That same night there was a serious affray in the Turkish bazaar. A hundred Cossacks or so went galloping past my window on their way to the scene of the disturbance. A volley was fired, then another, and another; but only a few people were wounded, for the soldiers fired for the most part into the air. After that the bazaar was cleared by the Cossacks with their *nagaikas* (whips). That same evening the warships in the harbour fired about a score of shots from their big guns, so that all the windows rattled in their frames, conveying a reminder of the power of Russia, and a threat of bombardment if any further outbreak occurred. And all night long the searchlights of the war vessels played upon the town, lighting up brilliantly the windows of the houses that looked upon the sea, and etching here and there on the black background of the night the outline of a white Turkish minaret with startling vividness. Restless, searching, penetrating, those cold, inquisitive eyes of the armoured warships swept over the unhappy town all through the hours of that long October night. Listen! A shot under my very window! The clatter of

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horses' hoofs die away in the distance; all is again silent. Has another human being lost his life?

Next day, November 1, a peaceable Turk from Trebizond came to Batum, paid a visit to the Turkish bazaar, and was on his way home when a patrol of two or three Cossacks overtook him, and cried, "Stoi! (Stop)." The Turk walked on unheeding. There followed a second challenge, and a third. The Turk paid no heed. The Cossacks then, obeying the order that had been given to them to shoot without further ado any man who refused to obey their triple challenge, shot the Turk dead in the street.

Neither the Colonel nor the consul nor I found the time heavy on our hands. Every evening we took a turn on the shore boulevard, then clothed in tropical greenery, but by dusk we had generally sought the shelter of our hotel, though occasionally curiosity led us out again about nine; but we were never molested. On the evening of November 2 we lingered a little longer than usual on a seat by the shore. The sun had just set over Trebizond, in a blaze of blood-red fire, but a vivid yellow reflection still hung above the level waters of the Black Sea. The evening was silent and still. A steamer was slowly labouring towards Trebizond, its outline showing up as black as midnight against the fiery yellow background. In the north we saw the crest of the Caucasus, capped with snowfields, but faint and evanescent as in a dream, like an interplay of pure vanishing colour. In the north-west the mountains faded away softly into an impalpable mist. The sea was like a mirror, except that a flat swell dimpled its surface. The mountains motionless and solemn like ghosts, not a breath of wind moved. The earth was at perfect peace. But man—man alone was restless, man alone was evil!

The next day I was present at a funeral. A police-constable had been shot on his beat and was to be interred. It was a touching service, the silver-white coffin in the midst of the tall lighted candles, the priests and acolytes singing funeral hymns, and the clouds of incense enwreathing the ceremony

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in mystic vapour. The service finished, the funeral procession set forth. First marched a man with a big crucifix, then followed another with a wreath, and two more carrying church banners; then came the priest with a little cross in his hand, and behind him the coffin, borne by officers of rank, amongst them the Governor himself—a touching and ennobling sight. The rear of the procession consisted of the friends and relatives of the dead man, a company of infantry, two bands of music, playing solemn funeral marches alternately, the music being thoroughly Russian, melancholy and monotonous, but high-pitched, so that its echoes affected the listener with a sense of impressive solemnity as they floated up over the slumbering town. The procession was closed by a troop of mounted Cossacks, while on each side the streets were lined with crowds of onlookers. Who was the dead man? Was the abrupt termination of his life but the atonement for some great sin he had committed? Not at all; he was but one victim amongst many, many thousands of an antiquated and unjust system, which, like this poor victim himself, is now, unless all indications are false, on its way to the grave.

But the Governor and other distinguished officers soon quitted their positions as pall-bearers, their places being taken by comrades of the dead man. At the corner of a street a carriage was waiting. The Governor and his adjutant stepped in, and off started the horses at full gallop, so that none but a really skilled marksman could have hit him. Meanwhile the funeral procession moved slowly and solemnly along the street, the sorrowful music grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and finally the white uniforms disappeared from sight.

The Governor, General Parkan, was amiability itself, and amid all the tumult and disorder by which he was surrounded exhibited the utmost *sang-froid*. But it was evident to me that his charming wife, and still more charming daughters, were very uneasy on his account, and they did not leave him out of their sight even when he retired to his study, for he was overwhelmed with work. He was a man who would die at his

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post with unperturbed serenity of mind. He was, however, exposed to far greater danger than anybody else. The threats of the terrorists are directed in the first place against the military and the police, the hapless instruments of a wretched tyranny.

But time will not allow me to dwell upon further episodes of my stay in Batum. My chief concern was by hook or by crook to get safely to Teheran; but day by day, though I still waited, the railway station remained deserted and without sign of life, but always inflexibly guarded by the soldiery. The bridge over the River Rion had been blown up, and the rails torn up in numerous places. Company after company of sappers were despatched from Batum to Tiflis to repair the line and the bridge; but whilst they were making good the damage at one spot the rails were destroyed at another. A heavy military train was sent from Kutais to Poti, but it left the line before it reached the first station, eight persons being killed and twenty-three severely injured, while a colonel had both his legs cut off. The preparations for the catastrophe had been made with diabolical cunning. The rails were in their places and everything appeared to be in perfect order; but over a distance of about 200 yards the iron bolts which fasten them to the sleepers had been removed. The engine and some of the carriages passed the danger in safety, but the rest of the train was wrecked.

Under these circumstances we could not expect a very pleasant or very comfortable journey to Tiflis, nevertheless we were fully resolved to risk it. Every day there came news of this or the other body of engineers having been attacked whilst at work, and of bloody encounters between them and the strikers. The first train that was to be despatched to Tiflis would be protected by a strong body of military, and we were informed that 5000 men had been sent from Tiflis to keep guard over the line.

On the evening of November 4 I went to see the Governor again, and he assured me that a train would probably be able

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to start within about three days, but that it would be a long time on the road, and at every stretch of broken line and at every ruined bridge we should have to change trains. With the view of confirming this opinion he telephoned to the engineer-in-chief in charge of the railway; the reply was that the connection between Poti and Kutais was restored, and that it would probably be possible to get on from Kutais to Tiflis. I at once made up my mind to proceed to Poti with the steamboat which was to start that same evening for Odessa, and the Governor very kindly gave me an authorisation to travel with the first military train that should leave Poti for Kutais.

I hurried off, hunted up the other two "musketeers," and we had only just time to get our baggage packed, our hotel bills paid, and to scramble on board. At midnight we landed at Poti, the night pitch dark and the rain coming down in torrents. Here, however, we found cabs at least. The Colonel and the Consul drove up into the town, which is a good mile and a quarter from the quayside; but I had to stay behind to look after my mass of baggage (nearly seven hundredweight altogether) and get it safely under cover in a shed. When I at length set off to follow them, the rain beat upon the hood of the carriage and splash-splashed in the slush on the road. But we got safely over the two bridges that span the Rion, notwithstanding that here and there a plank was wanting. In the very first street that I entered I was stopped by Cossacks; but when they found that my papers were all in order they allowed me to proceed. Every hotel was packed full of travellers wanting to go on to Tiflis; and it was not until well on towards morning that we succeeded in finding a wretched room in a fourth-class hotel, situated on an island surrounded by marshes, from which fever-breeding miasmas were being exhaled.

In that horrible hole we were detained four days, having for company rats as big as rabbits. Nevertheless, we kept our courage up and were in excellent spirits; in fact, as merry and

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sportive as students. One advantage I enjoyed, in getting a few good lessons in Russian, though I will swear the other two "musketeers" did not learn a single word of Swedish during the whole of the four days. The station-master of Poti, M. Lopatin, who had married a fascinating Swedish lady, was the only railway official left on duty; all the rest had gone on strike. He, however, lived in a state of perpetual siege, and his life was in danger. It was quite touching to witness his wife's anxiety on his account, and good reason she had to be disquieted, for four of the station-masters between Poti and Tiflis had already been murdered. M. Lopatin advised us to wait; he believed a strong military train would arrive at Tiflis in a day or two; he could, he said, send us as far as Samtredi at any time, for as far as that point the line was clear. Every day we visited these excellent and hospitable people, one of them a Swede, the other a Russian, and yet so happy together.

At noon on November 8 I went to pay my usual visit at the Lopatins. A soldier directed me to a goods' shed in the vicinity, in which the railwaymen were holding a meeting. It began at 9 A.M. and did not close until 1 P.M. It was rather interesting to listen for nearly an hour to the exposition of their political opinions. Some of the speakers put forward absurd demands and impossible proposals for the distribution and redivision of all property. A violent attack was made upon Lopatin because he had held aloof from the general strike and refused to participate in it, and one unblushing scoundrel proposed to kill him on the spot. But another speaker took the station-master's part, and reminded the meeting that Lopatin had always championed the cause of the workmen. Finally a couple of Georgians came forward; but as they spoke in their mother-tongue I understood nothing of what they said, except a few borrowed words, such as *revolutsii*, *liberalnii*, *parti*, *politika*, *autonomiya*, *socialdemokrati*, and other similar significant and encouraging expressions. It was dark and stuffy in the shed, the floor of which was strewn with straw. Those of the audience who stood near the two doors were

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alone in the light, all the rest were wrapped in almost fuliginous gloom. But I saw that they were of mixed races—wild Caucasian types—Georgians, Gurians, Lesghians, Emeritians, Mingrelians, and all the rest of them. The discussion was still being continued with unabated vigour when I and Lopatin left the meeting; the only resolution upon which they could come to any agreement was, that they would not work.

On the whole there appears to be an absence of method in the agitation, and a study of only a few days is insufficient to give one a clear idea of what the real tendencies of the movement are. In great part the impelling motives are economical, agrarian, and social democratic; but, as far as I was able to judge, it is the political character which predominates. It is no longer of any use to attempt to moderate these breaking seas of revolt by liberal manifestoes: the people just laugh at them. It is too late to offer the right of public meeting and freedom of the press: the people now demand full political freedom and the eradication of autocratic government; they are determined to participate themselves in the work of government. And there is also a third movement, which profits from the general confusion, namely, that fomented by the purely revolutionary and insurrectionary elements, who have roused certain Caucasian tribes and put them on a war footing. The leaders of this movement aim at complete separation from Russia, an ambition for which they will sooner or later have to pay pretty smartly. The Georgians are a warlike race, who were involved in incessant feuds with their neighbours, with Persia, Turkey, and lastly with Russia. They are delighted, after the long spell of peace, at the present opportunity to try their weapons again: they are wild mountain tribes, brave warriors, who live in the saddle, despise death, and set little value on human life. In Guria, the southern half of the Russian government of Kutais, they are at this present time in open revolt against their conquerors; and so far as I can gather, the only prospect of a return to peace is the separation of Caucasia from Russia, the alternative being a bloody war on

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the part of Russia and the extermination of tens of thousands of the rebels.

Is it not civil war when a body of a hundred and fifty Cossacks are surrounded, as they were lately at Osurgeti, by a couple of thousand of well-armed Georgians? The captain of the little force sent off a messenger to Batum to ask for help. The messenger never arrived. A second who was sent after him was captured, and a third and a fourth disappeared. At last the fifth messenger, a Mussulman, succeeded in getting through and in reaching Batum in safety. A reinforcement of about two hundred men with four machine-guns was sent out from Poti. But my friend the colonel considered that they were bound on a desperate errand, for they would have to force their way through narrow passes and defiles, where they could be ambushed by marksmen hidden in the woods that crown the heights above, and so be shot down one after the other without a chance of defending themselves. Meanwhile intelligence came in from various quarters that the beleaguered Cossack force had been killed to the last man. All this time the detached parties of sappers who were engaged in repairing the railway line were being continually attacked, and every attack cost some soldiers their lives. A guerilla war surely, if ever there was one!

The latest information that Lopatin had to give me contained but the coldest of comfort. The railway which had hitherto been intact as far as Samtredi, had been torn up again between the latter place and Poti. We discussed together the various routes that were open, or rather closed to me, between Poti and Teheran. I saw it was hopeless to wait for a train for Tiflis and Erivan. How would it be if I were to try the route *viâ* Novorossisk, Vladikavkas, and the Georgian military road, or go to Petrovsk and Baku? No, that would not do. The strike no doubt extended as far as that, although it was impossible to obtain any certain information in the matter. The colonel proposed that we should ride from Batum to Arvrin and Kars, and thence make our way along

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the frontier to Erivan. But one or two Georgians earnestly dissuaded me from attempting it, for I should be certain to be plundered by some band of robbers or other; in these unquiet times these gentry were much more active than usual. I had nothing I knew to fear for my life; but what use should I be without my scientific instruments and without money? It would no doubt be interesting and romantic enough to plod back to Batum in rags and tatters, but I could not afford the time for such risky experiments.

All at once I made up my mind to turn my back upon this inhospitable land of Colchis and make for Trebizond, and thence journey to Teheran by way of Erzerum, Bayazid, Khoi, and Tabriz. That route was, it is true, not safe, but it was a great deal better than any route through Caucasia. It would take three weeks longer than the route through Erivan; but, on the other hand, it would give me an opportunity to learn something of Turkish Armenia, the mountains of Asia Minor, and proud Ararat. Once past Bayazid I should be past all danger, for I had with me an autograph letter from the King of Sweden to Muzaffer ed-Din, Shah of Persia, and the frontier authorities had been informed of this by Mirza Riza Khan, who moreover had himself given me letters to the Valiad or Crown Prince of Persia, and to the Governor-general of the Province of Uzerbaijan.

All I required therefore was to secure permission to land at Trebizond. When in Constantinople I had taken no steps to procure such permission; I had in fact not seen the necessity for it, because I had then no intention of touching Asiatic Turkey. I sent a wire *viâ* Novorossisk and Odessa to Baron Ramel, our Minister at the Sublime Porte, asking his kindly assistance. Fortunately he had already introduced me to Tewfik Pasha, the Foreign Minister, and to Ferid Pasha, the Grand Vizier. They would consequently know that I should prove no menace to the power of the Crescent or the stability of the Sublime Porte. My resolve taken, I hurried down to the steamship office in Poti to find out when the next

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boat started for Batum. The agent was unable to tell me, he had had no telegrams lately, and believed that the boats had ceased to run because of the strike. But whilst we were still talking a messenger ran in to say that the steamer *Alexei* was just entering the harbour. We hurried down to the pier. The captain told us of the horrors which had been perpetrated in Odessa. He proposed remaining at Poti all night; so that, after seeing all my luggage stowed on board, I had time to dine for the last time with the other two "musketeers," who had decided to try the route *viâ* Novorossisk. At dusk I went on board, and spent a peaceful night in a magnificent cabin.

At 8 A.M. on the morning of October 9 I once more steamed southwards, bound for Batum. The captain of the *Alexei* told me I should have to wait there ten days for the next boat to Trebizond, and that foreign steamboats no longer touched at Batum, owing to the impossibility of getting their cargoes discharged. But there were, I knew, several vessels lying in the harbour waiting to be unloaded, and as I could not, and *would* not, lose any more time on the coast of Colchis, I resolved to try and hire one of them, though it would cost me at least £50. Another plan would be to engage a Turkish sailing-boat, though that would require several days longer to reach Trebizond, and if a storm were to burst from the north the voyage would be dangerous. Anyway, let the cost be what it would, I was now bound for Trebizond. The *Alexei* glided slowly into the harbour, greeted by three shots from one of the streets of the town. As we entered we brushed past an Austrian steamboat, the *Saturno*, from Trieste. I hailed the captain and asked him when he left Batum? "In two hours' time," he answered!

Well, I must go with him. But I had no passport for Turkish territory. Away I hurried on foot—there was of course no cab to be got—to the Austrian consulate, to the police-station to get my passport *visé'd*, to the office of the Russian steam-boat company, to the office of the Austrian Lloyds, and there I learnt that in consequence of a Russian

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police regulation the *Saturno* would not take any passengers with her. I besought the Agent by all the powers to let me go with the *Saturno*. At last he gave way, and promised to report my departure to the police, but he urged me to hurry up; there was only half an hour left before the boat started. If the police refused to let me go I should just have to submit to my fate.

Back I hastened to the *Alexei*. But how in the world was I going to get my heavy packages transferred from the Russian to the Austrian steamboat in that blessed port? there wasn't so much as a dog to help one. A fine fellow that captain of the *Alexei!* He let his sailors lower a boat from the davits and row me and my baggage across to the accommodation ladder of the *Saturno*. At the foot I was met by her captain, a weather-beaten sea-bear. He roared at me like a lion, and told me, literally, to go to the devil, for he was forbidden to carry passengers. I replied that my papers were all in order, and that smoothed him down a bit, and he condescended to allow his men to get my baggage on board, and a ticklish job it was, owing to the swell that was on. It was quite a relief to me when I saw the last package safely hoisted on deck, and, once established there, I felt pretty certain that nothing but the crane would get me and my belongings overboard again. During the two hours or so that I had been racing about Batum I had heard that a police officer had just been shot and that the revolutionaries were planning a general massacre of the citizens, who were on the point of hiring an English steamboat to carry them to Trebizond. I had had quite enough of that hole of a place, and was eager to get to a fresh and better country. Strange that one should long to get away from Russia amongst Persians, Turks, and Tartars in order to secure safety for one's life and property!

Meanwhile the captain of the *Saturno* was pacing the deck growling like a Polar bear. "What was the object of my journey?" "Geographical discovery." "Oh! indeed; and do you take any interest in philatelic discoveries?" "No, but

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I have just bought some Persian stamps; would you like to see them?" "Of course, he would." He put aside those he did not already possess and asked if I would sell them to him? I offered to make a present of them, and after sundry "Ohs" and "Buts" he accepted them. After that we were on the best of terms, I and the captain of the *Saturno*. What a stroke of luck that I should have come across those Persian stamps and bought them out of mere caprice.

My ticket, which I bought on board, cost me 18*s*. I had saved not only ten days but also £49 7*s*.! One minute after I got on board the *Saturno* was off. When my passport came to be examined, it turned out that I had forgotten the most important thing of all, namely, the *visé* of the Turkish Consul. "You won't be allowed to land without it," declared the captain. "The Turkish authorities at Trebizond are wonderfully strict." "Here's a nice fix!" thought I; "but it will all come right somehow, I've no doubt." And I became too engrossed with watching the houses and minarets and churches of Batum disappearing in the distance to worry very much about the difficulties of the future.

Next day the *Saturno* anchored in the roads of Trebizond. The police made no end of fuss; my passport was not *visé'd*! They treated me as if I were afflicted with the plague. But I stopped their mouths by citing my acquaintance with the late Osman Pasha and Mumi Pasha, with Tewfik Pasha and Ferid Pasha, and several other distinguished pashas, and swore that I had been a guest at the table of Abdul Hamid himself at Yildiz Kiosk. But the thing which impressed them most was the fact of my being a countryman of Temir Bash or Charles XII. of Sweden. This was not the first time his name had helped me at a pinch in the Orient. I was allowed to land; but the little hand-bag which I carried with me was turned inside out even to the very tooth-brush, and two or three French novels by Alphonse Daudet and François Coppée were confiscated, as well as a map of Persia. One hour later I was safe under the protection of the English and French

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consuls, who overwhelmed me with kindness and hospitality. The bells are tinkling underneath my window: they are those of the caravans about to start for Persia with the goods that were refused a landing at Batum. The lamps are being lighted along the balconies of the minarets; the muezzin is crying his musical "La illaha il Allah!" into the peaceful afternoon of Ramadan. The Turks are gathering for their evening meal. Peace and prosperity reign in this beautiful seaside town, with the Black Sea rolling in against the foot of the promontory on which it stands. But here I must stop for the present.

SVEN HEDIN.

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INDIAN FEUDATORY STATES AND THE PARAMOUNT POWER

ATTENTION was recently called, by a telegram to the *Times*, to the fact that of the first fifteen hundred miles travelled over by the Prince and Princess of Wales in India about two-thirds were within the territory of Feudatory States not under direct British administration. Many hundreds of miles remain to be traversed in similar territory before the visit is concluded in March next. In respect of the number of native capitals to be visited, and the extent of native territory to be passed over, the royal tour of 1905–6 far surpasses that of 1875–76, and, though the King, when he visited India as Prince of Wales, made the personal acquaintance of a very great number of princes, his son will be able to see many more in their own homes, and a still greater number at convenient points in British territory. The cause of the difference is to be sought chiefly in the immense increase of the facilities of travel, and in the obliteration, by means of railway extension, of the barriers of distance which formerly equally prohibited visits by the Prince to out-of-the-way places like Udaipur, and the attendance of the less wealthy chiefs on the far-off line of route. The line followed thirty years ago generally skirted native territory, merely throwing off, here and there, short branches to Bhartpur and Jaipur, to Gwalior and Indore. This year the Prince of Wales will be able to devote between one-fourth and one-third of his whole time in the country to

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visits to the Feudatory Princes. A still larger proportion would have been given but for the unfortunate prevalence of drought, necessitating the curtailment to the tour in States which must devote their surplus revenues to the relief of their afflicted subjects, and could ill afford the heavy expenditure inseparable from the reception of the Heir Apparent in a manner worthy of his dignity, and that of his hosts.

As will presently be explained, the King's visit of thirty years ago was the first great landmark of a new departure in the relationship between the Indian States and the protecting Power. At that time, the position was not generally understood even in India; by the majority of stay-at-home Englishmen it was not understood at all. The average official in India, serving in a district anywhere near the borders of a native State, was apt to regard it as a sort of misgoverned Alsatia, a refuge for the criminals of his own charge, and a convenient base for their future operations, in the shape of predatory descents on a territory which was no longer safe for their permanent residence. The only good point which he saw about his neighbour lay in the possibility of holding him up as an object lesson to those who were not satisfied with their lot under a more enlightened government. Such views were, perhaps, far from uncommon in quarters much higher than the office of the district magistrate. There they have now given place to a truer conception of the functions of the States, and of the chiefs who rule one-third of the whole area of India, containing one-fifth of its total population. For that we have to thank a series of far-seeing Viceroys, the last of whom has but now relinquished office. With ever increasing zeal they have sought to lead the chiefs in the direction of government based on modern ideas, without forcing on them the rigidity of Western theories of finance and administration, repugnant to the princes, and out of harmony with the ancient traditions of their predecessors and their subjects. Moreover, whilst maintaining clearly that the chiefs are not independent sovereigns, free to give or withhold their alliance, it has been

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sought more and more to impress upon them that their position is that of honoured coadjutors in the work of Empire, having almost as large a stake in the maintenance of a strong and peaceful paramount Power as we ourselves have. It has been alleged that, in 1876, the Prince of Wales found occasion, in some cases, to complain of the attitude of the Government's agents towards the chiefs to whose courts they were accredited. Whether the statement be well- or ill-founded, it is certain that the so-called Political Service has been much improved of late years, and that appointments, which formerly were often due to interest and patronage, are now invariably bestowed only on officers of tried capacity and tact.

In order to understand clearly the position of the great body of States, it is necessary to glance briefly at their existing condition, and at the lights which are thrown on it by their past history. The by no means satisfactory term "feudatory" is not meant to apply to those frontier States, such as Nepal or Bhutan, towards which the British Government holds the position of a powerful ally, guaranteeing their autonomy and never interfering in their internal concerns. Nor does it apply to the fluid tribal organisations which are to be found on parts of the frontier, from Baluchistan to Burma. Of the principalities geographically situated on the borderland, Kashmir and the Himalayan States between it and Nepal alone come within the description.

The States referred to number in all, great and small, 690, which gives to each an average area of something under 1000 square miles, with a population of about 100,000 souls. But these figures are deceptive, for ten of the larger States alone account for nearly half the total area, and for more than half the population of the whole body. Even amongst these ten there is a variation from Hyderabad, with its 83,000 square miles, inhabited by 11,000,000 of people, to Kolhapur, with a population under 1,000,000, settled on less than 3000 square miles. The 680 remaining States dwindle down to include microscopic principalities, sometimes hardly

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distinguishable from private estates, which bear about the same relation in magnitude to Hyderabad or Mysore as some of the very smallest German principalities of the eighteenth century bore to Prussia or Austria. Widely as the States differ from one another in area and population, their variations in compactness or dissemination are at least as great. A glance at the map of India serves to show how widely they are distributed over the continent, but no map of manageable dimensions could indicate the internal complexity of such groups of States as those included in the Central India Agency, or the 368 supervised by the Bombay Government. Not infrequently, half a dozen adjoining villages will be found to belong to as many different States. The only familiar map giving an idea of a similar interlacing of territories in Europe is one showing Germany as it was at the beginning of last century. Beginning at the north of the map of India Kashmir comes first, a compact State with definite boundaries. The Himalayan States east of it, and those interspersed with British territory in the Punjab, form a geographical connecting link between Kashmir and the great central area stretching across India, from the Indus nearly to the Bay of Bengal. It interposes a great belt, containing the majority of the 690 States, between Northern and Southern India. A narrow strip of British territory flanks it on either side; otherwise, there is but a single continuous band of red cutting through its centre near Jhansi. South of this belt, in the peninsular area, are the large blocks of Hyderabad and Mysore, both completely surrounded by British districts. Lastly there is the extreme south-west corner of India, where Travancore and Cochin lie between the ocean and the Madras Presidency. All these represent, on the map, fairly continuous patches of the colour indicating countries beyond the direct control of the Viceroy and his lieutenants. But there are many places in which the impression is conveyed of a careless colourist allowing splashes from his brush to fall outside the boundary. All along the outlines of the great areas of native territory,

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there is a ragged ill-defined edge, where State villages form enclaves in the red area, or where British villages lie within the general border line of the States. Yet again, there are larger islands, as it were, of native territory in the midst of the ocean of the British dominions, as where Rampur is surrounded by districts of the United Provinces, where Kuch Behar and Hill Tipperah break the continuity of the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam, where Pudukota is isolated amongst the territories of Madras, or where fragments of Sivaji's kingdom still remain in the midst of the Bombay Governor's charge. But there is a more important difference than mere size and position in the relationship of the ruling powers towards their subjects, a difference based on the history of their rise. Some chiefs, just as much as the English themselves, are aliens governing a subjugated population, with the bulk of which they have no ties of race, or religion, or even of language. Others, again, are the hereditary heads of warlike clans who form the majority of their subjects. Nearly all trace their descent from a conqueror, but in the last-named class the conquest is of an antiquity so great that it has long been as completely forgotten, even by the displaced aborigines, as the Saxon or Norman conquests have been in England. Elsewhere, the conquest was still in progress when the East India Company was fighting its way to Empire. Here, as in Kashmir, a Hindu governs a population mainly Mahomedan; there, as in Hyderabad or Bhopal, a people, of whom more than nine-tenths are Hindus, acknowledges a Mahomedan dynasty. There are princely houses whose unbroken succession is lost in a dim mythical antiquity; there are others who date their royalty from the rebellious Viceroy casting off the loose fetters of an effete Empire; some can claim no nobler progenitor than the Afghan adventurer, building up hi kingdom on the ruins marking the line of his devastations. Few can claim that the consolidation of their power, in its existing extent, is of greater antiquity than the British. Mysore owes its restoration to a Hindu dynasty; to the

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destruction of Tippu Sultan's power by English arms. Tippu had already been compelled by the same Power to disgorge what he had annexed in Travancore. Ancient Rajput States were still being plundered and dismembered by Mahratta, or Pindari, when a greater Power than either stepped in to crystallise the existing territorial distribution.

Sir William Lee-Warner has divided the history of the relations between the British and the native powers into three periods. Up to 1818, the East Indian Company, itself engaged in a bitter struggle to fix its foot firmly on the vast territory which it was still acquiring, had its hands too full to interfere with its neighbours, except where treaties of alliance were necessary for the furtherance of its own designs. It stood aside from their quarrels, indifferent to the fall of Rajput principalities before the onslaught of the Mahratta, and to the contest of Hindu and Mahomedan, so long as the conqueror did not threaten its own power. By 1818 its strength had enormously increased, its territories had spread around many areas of disturbance, and it became clear that a continuance of fighting within the geographical boundaries of its dominions must, sooner or later, re-act on its own subjects. From 1818 to 1857 its policy was, to quote Sir W. Lee-Warner,

> one of isolating the Native States, and subordinating them to the political ascendency of the British Power. The expressions of "mutual alliance" and "reciprocal agreement" are exchanged for the phrases "subordinate alliance," "protection," and "subordinate co-operation."

The policy was, however, largely tempered by annexation. To this period belonged the annexation of the Nagpore State and of Oudh, the former as an escheat, the latter on the ground of misgovernment of an intolerable type. The annexations of Sind and the Punjab stand on a somewhat different footing, seeing that they represent expansion beyond the then existing outer limits of the British dominions.

With the final restoration of internal tranquillity after 1857, the third period of policy was initiated. Annexations within the frontiers of India ceased. The free grant to the chiefs of the

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right of adoption of a successor, a concession on which the most liberal interpretation has been generally put, goes far to prevent lapses of States for want of a direct heir, and it is only in the event of failure to exercise this power, on the part of a childless chief, that the onus of finding a successor falls on the British Government. It is not a burden that it seeks, or desires, to bear. It much prefers to see the succession determined by birth, or, failing that, by the decision of the chief himself. Cases must still occur where the Viceroy is called upon to select a successor, but it is beyond all possibility of doubt that the last course he would wish to pursue is the enforcement of lapse to the paramount Power. That annexation, on any conceivable ground, is entirely foreign to modern British policy, has been gradually borne in upon the States by numerous object-lessons since 1857. It is safe to say that none of them have now any fear of it. There have been plenty of opportunities for it since the absorption of Oudh, but advantage has never been taken of them. When Mulhar Rao, Gaekwar of Baroda, was deposed, in 1875, for continued misgovernment, and crimes as atrocious as those which sealed the fate of Oudh, a child from another branch of his family was nominated as his heir. When the Maharaja of Jhallawar was deposed, a few years ago, his possessions were divided between the parent State, from which they had sprung sixty years before, and a representative of his own house. The refusal to annex Manipur, after the rebellion of its ruling family, and the treacherous murder of British officers in 1891, was a still more notable instance. The sense of security was not weakened by the conquest of Upper Burma, for King Thebaw was recognised by the Indian chiefs as holding a position in no way analogous to their own.

The establishment of this feeling of security was the first great step towards the closer drawing together of suzerain and feudatory. The events of 1857, whilst allaying in some cases unfounded suspicions, still left doubts and distrust in others on both sides. The attitude of the States in the midst of the

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great danger had been almost universally friendly to the British, and, that being so, their geographical position itself had been of great assistance in the restoration of peace. Lord Canning has indicated this by writing "these patches of native government served as a breakwater to the storm which would otherwise have swept over us in one great wave." The great central belt of States played a specially marked part, for, so long as its general attitude was favourable to British dominion, there was little chance of the seditious elements of the North filtering through the bulkhead to corrupt the South. The Rajput States, of which it contains so many, were bound by every tie of interest and of gratitude to us. With those whose rulers maintained their power over a conquered race by means of mercenary armies, the case was different, for the disappearance of the controlling Power would mean to them fresh opportunities of aggression against their weaker neighbours. The chiefs themselves remained loyal, though in many cases their armed forces broke loose, to join the Northern rebels. Nevertheless, though the British Power emerged triumphant from the great struggle, there had been a time when the result hung in the balance, and for years afterwards there remained, in the minds of some chiefs, doubts as to whether the ruling power was absolutely invincible. One of them, a man ruling a conquered population by force of arms, was asked whether, in the event of the elimination of European Power, he would turn against a neighbour whose position was similar to his own, or would march to the plunder of another, the ruler of a people in sympathy with his own house. The promptitude of the answer showed that the hypothesis was not regarded as altogether absurd. "I should," he said, "destroy —— first, since there is no room for two tigers in one jungle." He had indicated the Power similar to his own, and he continued, "then I should be free to plunder ——," naming the State in which the ruling house was not foreign, like his own. These suspicions of the British "Raj" stability are probably now almost, if not quite, extinct.

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On the other side, too, notwithstanding the part played by the chiefs in 1857, it took some time to allay suspicions of the genuine loyalty of rulers whose interest lay, perhaps, in a return to the old days of adventure and war. As doubts gradually died down, it became clear that the true policy was one which should bind the subordinate States to the sovereign Power by a common interest, an interest which might replace the excitement of personal ambition, and afford some scope for the exercise of those martial qualities which, with the restoration of internal tranquillity, had no opening in India itself. The first great steps in this direction were taken when the Prime Minister of England was a statesman whose imagination and origin specially qualified him for dealing with Orientals. The ancient States, dragooned into submission to the Moghul Empire, had long been accustomed to the idea of the personality of an Emperor at Agra or Delhi, who, to their minds, was very inadequately represented by the corporate entity of "John Company."

The visit to India of the Prince of Wales in 1875-76 first bore in clearly on them the existence of a new personality, occupying, in London, the same position towards them as had been formerly held by the Delhi Emperors. The idea was strengthened by the proclamation of the new Empire at Delhi, so soon after the Prince's visit that it was impossible for any one not to connect the two events. It was still further fortified by what was seen by the Princes who attended the two Jubilees of Queen Victoria and the Coronation of King Edward, as well as by those who have, of late years, so frequently visited England. This year the personality of the Emperor is being once more impressed on hundreds of the chiefs by the visit of his Heir Apparent. It is this side of the Prince's tour which perhaps gives it its greatest significance. On this appreciation of the personality of an Emperor is based the proposal, put forward at intervals in India, and again being ventilated there at the present juncture, that a member of the Imperial family should permanently represent its head in India itself.

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Lord Dufferin's training had served to endow him, before he reached India, with a clearer idea of Oriental sentiment than is usually possessed by a new Viceroy. He was prompt to seize the opportunity, which came to his hand in 1885, for still further consolidating the growing conception of an Empire in which the Native States could play the part of partners and coadjutors of the Suzerain Power in defence of a settled government, in the maintenance of which they recognised their own best interests. When war with Russia seemed imminent, this sentiment, coupled perhaps with weariness of years of enforced peace, caused offers of money, of troops, and even of personal service to pour in upon the Viceroy from chiefs in almost every part of India. It was impossible to accept them under then existing circumstances, but Lord Dufferin, in proposing that such States as could afford it should contribute a small, but efficient, force towards Imperial defence, was able to gratify the desires of many. The Imperial Service Corps, trained under the supervision of British officers, whilst remaining still, necessarily and essentially, the troops of the States, and forming no part of the British army in peace, were fostered by their founder, and by his successor Lord Lansdowne. Lord Elgin was able to take another step in advance by actually employing part of them in the campaign of 1897 on the North-West Frontier, in which Sir Partab Singh, now Maharaja of Idar, was wounded. It was not possible to accept the many offers of service in the Boer War which were made by chiefs, for it had been decided not even to employ our own Indian troops. In the case of the expedition to China, and the operations in Somaliland and Tibet, it was different. Imperial Service troops, led sometimes by their own rulers, had an opportunity of emphasising the connection between the Empire and the States in fields beyond the limits of India.

Lord Curzon's institution of the Imperial Cadet Corps gives yet another opening for the warlike youth of the aristocracy of India, by offering, to selected and specially trained members of it, extra-regimental, but active, employment in the British

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Army itself. The genuine interest of the chiefs in these matters is shown by their willingness to subordinate their own natural inclinations to the general good, in respect of the class of corps to be furnished. The combatant arms, a smart infantry or cavalry regiment or a battery of artillery, appeal to the descendants of the fighting clans; yet these very men are willing to convert their cavalry into camel corps, or their artillery into transport trains, when the Viceroy decides that that is the line in which they can render most useful service.

In the last thirty years, as the old chiefs of 1857 and the succeeding years have died off, there has been a great improvement in the average administration of Native States. Young men have succeeded them, holding more enlightened views of the duties of a ruler to his subjects. Many of them have been more or less successfully trained, during their minority, in the art of government by methods which, though not inconsistent with the best traditions of their predecessors and their people, are yet tinged with Western ideas of civilisation and humanity which found no place in the systems of the first half of last century. Chiefs like the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda, the Maharaja of Gwalior, and others have benefited their people, and linked their destinies more closely with the maintenance of a strong Empire, by the building of railways, the making of roads, the opening of schools, and the improvement of judicial or police procedure. They have realised that the ruler has duties to his subjects, and that the people are not created merely for the gratification of the pleasures or the ostentatious display of their master. But there is a reverse to this picture in the old-fashioned princes, and the corrupt ministers, who are still to be found, not infrequently, especially in the smaller States. The staid pages of a Blue-book, dealing with the decade ending in 1902, still record the deposition of two Rajas for proved complicity in atrocious murders, and of two more for persistent misgovernment. Not much longer ago an innocent man, who had incurred the displeasure of the minister who wielded

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practically supreme authority in the State, was imprisoned for years in a desolate hill fortress, confined in a cage of little ease, in which his limbs withered and lost their power. A brutal murderer, condemned to death, received a free pardon for the sole reason that the head of the State resented a somewhat injudicious suggestion by the British Resident that public decapitation was not a civilised form of execution. Elsewhere, a murderer, with no defence on the facts, pleaded, as a bar to punishment, the orders of his prince, whose death alone saved him from being called to account. With examples such as these before it, it is clear that the Indian Government must continue to retain, and occasionally to exercise, its right of interference, even in the internal affairs of the Feudatory States. Of the extent of that right it is impossible to give any precise definition beyond the words of Lord Canning, who wrote that the Supreme Government

> is not debarred from stepping in to set right such serious abuses as may threaten any part of the country with anarchy or disturbance, nor from assuming temporary charge of a Native State where there shall be sufficient reason to do so.

In the case of the more important States interference is rare, and provoked only by flagrant abuses. As importance decreases, and the smaller States are found with less and less full administrative equipment, the control exercised from above becomes greater, until independence becomes almost nominal, and the princelet is little more than a landowner with the most limited sovereign powers. Hundreds of these liliputian principalities are of little intrinsic importance, and their claim to consideration rests mainly on the fact that, often, they represent the last unsubdued fragments of ancient kingdoms, shattered by Mahomedan or Mahratta, and that the memory of their origin merits for them a respect from their countrymen and fellow chiefs out of all proportion to what is left of their territories.

A part of the Indian press, enjoying under British protection a licence which it would certainly not be allowed under

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native government, delights in preaching the superiority of that form of government to the one under which it flourishes. As a general proposition such statements may be dismissed with contempt. But it by no means follows that there is nothing to be learnt from the States, especially in the matter of tempering the rigidity of Western methods to the laxer ideas of the East. Recent measures, aiming at greater elasticity in revenue assessment and collection, show that the lesson in this respect is beginning to be understood.

F. Loraine Petre.

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THE STORY OF A DEVONSHIRE HOUSE[1]

IF the "annals of the poor" are "short and simple," the annals of families in their passage from the middle to the upper classes of society are, generally, non-existent. Family letters between parents and their children, or between brothers and sisters, are seldom kept, and are hardly ever worth keeping. There is, too, an intermediate stage in the history of a family, where its "low beginnings" are too recent to be interesting or piquant, when the hereditary shop or cottage is an unwelcome, if not a painful, memory, and tell-tale records, somehow or other, perish and disappear.

The "Story of a Devonshire House" is a record of three generations of Coleridges, a family who were diligent letter-writers, who thought that their letters were worth keeping, and who seem, from the first, to have been well contented with such ancestors as they possessed. The record was begun more than a hundred years ago by the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who, in 1797, addressed certain well-known autobiographical letters to his friend and patron, Tom Poole of Nether Stowey, "compositions," to quote Dykes Campbell's "Narrative," "which as fully as any of his poems are instinct with the writer's extraordinary genius." It has now been expanded by the poet's great-grand-nephew, and brought down to the year 1836.

Lord Coleridge does not pretend to deal with the biography

[1] "The Story of a Devonshire House." By Lord Coleridge, K.C. London, 1905.

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of the poet or of the poet's children, who were not "Coleridges of Ottery St. Mary," and the book ends before the brilliant career of his father, the late Lord Chief Justice, had begun. The "story" is concerned with other members of the family, of distinction and importance in their day, but who can hardly be said to be known to fame. None the less, as a picture of manners and as illustrating certain pages of history, the work is of considerable interest, and fully merits publication.

The family legend falls into two natural divisions, the struggle of the sons of the first founder of the family, parson and schoolmaster, to escape trade and to make their living as soldiers and clergymen, and the struggle of the sons of the second founder, the parson's third son James, to be persons of consequence in their profession, to get to the top of the tree. When the Reverend John Coleridge came to Ottery St. Mary in 1760, as master of the Grammar School and Vicar of the parish, he was rich on, perhaps, two hundred pounds a year, and, in rank or status, not much removed from the tradesmen of the town, or the farmers of the countryside. When his grandson, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, took up his residence at Heath's Court (now The Chanter's House) in 1839, he was a Judge of the Queen's Bench and a landowner of recognised position in the county—that is one strand, if not the thickest, in the thread of the "Story of a Devonshire House." Lord Coleridge has little or nothing to tell us of the absent-minded Vicar which is not to be found in De Quincey, in "Gillman's Coleridge," and in other lives and memoirs of the poet; but he publishes, for the first time, a pen-and-ink sketch of "The Reverend John Coleridge Mounting his Horse," which represents a prosperous and well-fed ecclesiastic not at all of the type of Parson Adams or the Vicar of Wakefield. Learning and oddity were supposed to go together, and as he was certainly an erudite scholar, it followed *par conséquence* that he was eccentric, and wanting in worldly wisdom. The respect which his elder sons paid to him, and their remarkable success

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in life, suggests an exaggeration or misapprehension of his character. His eldest son, John the second, or, rather, John the third (for the Vicar entered himself at Sidney Sussex College as *filius Johannis textoris*), went out to India as a cadet in the Company's service in 1770, before his two youngest brothers, Francis and Samuel, were born.

Eleven years later Francis, who had sailed for Bombay as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, accidentally met his brother John, and through his influence, and at his expense, obtained a commission in the Army. Neither were long lived. John died of consumption in 1787, and Francis, who had been wounded in a night attack on the Sultan's Redoubt at the siege of Seringapatam in 1792, put an end to himself in the delirium of fever.

The main interest which attaches to their letters home is in the unconscious revelation of character. Both brothers were self-denying and generous, and gave largely of their savings to the family at home. The elder was grave, simple and modest; the younger, as Lord Coleridge puts it, "handsome, vain, fantastical, but virtuous and industrious." Is there thought, or turn of speech in their letters, to remind us that they were of the same stock as their brother the poet? In "*Würde*, Worthiness, Virtue," to adopt his own words—in "mastery over the sensuous and sensual impulses" they are to be preferred before him; but in respect of a kind of eager and impassioned tenderness, and in the freshness of their impressions there is the unmistakable likeness of affinity. Here is Frank's account to his sister Nancy of his chance encounter with his brother John:

> I went up shaking like an aspen leaf to the Lieutenant's apartments, where a gentleman took hold of my hand. I did not mind him at first ["mind" is the native Doric], but looked round for the Captain, but the Gentleman, still holding my hand, I looked in his face, and what was my surprise when I saw him too full to speak, and his eyes full of tears! Whether crying is catching, I know not, but I began a-crying too, though I did not know the reason till he caught me in his arms and told me he was my brother, and then I found it was paying nature her tribute, for I believe I never cry'd

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so much in my life. There is a saying in "Robinson Crusoe" I remember well, viz., "Sudden joy, like grief, confounds at first."

And here is John's report of the twelve-year-old cadet in a letter to his brother James:

Little Frank is here with me; he behaves so extremely well that he has gained the love and esteem of every officer of Rank in the Army. The Commanding Officer of the Corps to which he belongs praises him to the skies, and says he commands a division better than most Subalterns in the Corps. He employs his time improving himself, and I don't doubt but he'll turn out a clever fellow—the young dog is as fond of his sword as a girl is of a new lover.

It is difficult to believe that we are listening to a true story, that the actors were not playing to a living audience, or to posterity, but it sometimes happens that truth is not only stranger, but more dramatic, than fiction. If either of these brave young officers had been reared "in the depths of the huge city," or if the "inspired charity-boy" had gone out, as his brother John intended, as a "cadet of the India House," it would have made a difference, if not all the difference, in life and character.

The Vicar's third son James may be regarded as the actual founder of the "Devonshire House." An ensign at fifteen, in ten years' time he purchased his captaincy with the assistance of his brother John, who provided a thousand pounds out of his savings. His marriage in 1788 with Frances Duke Taylor, a Devonshire lady of birth and fortune, enabled him to sell out of the army and to settle first at Tiverton, and afterwards, in 1796, to purchase a house and small estate hard by his old home at Ottery St. Mary. He did good service to his county and his country as magistrate, and as raiser and colonel of volunteers, devoting his wife's fortune to the improvement of his estate, and, with still less thought of himself, to the education of his sons at Eton and the Universities. A man of exemplary worth and unswerving probity, he had neither the large-heartedness of his eldest brother the soldier, nor the warmth and tenderness of his youngest brother the poet. He enjoyed life until his health failed him, and though his

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lines had fallen in pleasant places, he "stood at attention" and did his duty before he took his pleasure.

One of the most interesting chapters of this work is devoted to the memory of the Colonel's third son, a midshipman in the Royal Navy, who fell from the topmast and was killed before he had completed his thirteenth year. It is difficult to believe that the letters of so young a boy should be worth printing, but, apart from any value which they may possess as the unconscious delineation of a brave and joyous temperament, they present a vivid picture of life aboard ship in the "brave days of old," while Nelson still lived to make himself and his country glorious. Early in June 1804 Bernard Frederick Coleridge, aged eleven years and eight months, was gazetted on board H.M.S. *Impétueux*, one of the Channel Fleet, at that time actively engaged in watching the west coast of France and Portugal, and keeping the French fleet at bay. Plymouth had been chosen as naval base, but was only used "to water and take in stores when necessary." Admiral Cornwallis was in charge of the squadron, [Sir] Byam Martin was captain of H.M.S. *Impétueux*. In a letter dated June 9, 1804, the "middy" relates his first experience:—

> We have twelve-shilling tea for breakfast, and biscuit, which is very good indeed, but rather maggoty. [Afterwards he found the biscuit not rather, but very maggoty—biscuit, in short, to "dream of, not to tell."] We play at marbles on the poop, and yesterday I lost ninety to Hood while we were in the boat. . . . I am asked into the wardroom by the officers almost every day, but I do not go much. . . . All the midshipmen are good fellows, but they swear rather; but I shall try what I can do, with God Almighty's assistance, to keep out of their example.

Three days later he writes:—

> The *Colossus* is cruising up and down with us, . . . and in the afternoon I was upon the quarter-deck walking when the signal was hallo'ed that there was a strange sail in sight; upon which the sentinels fired their guns, and everything was prepared for an engagement; the ship not answering or hoisting any flag, we fired a 32-pounder loaded with grape-shot at them, upon which they hoisted the American colours and sailed on. We have on board Admiral Graves, who came on board the same day in his ten-oared barge, and as soon

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as he put his foot on shipboard the drums and fifes began to play, and the marines and all presented their arms. . . . We have a fine sight, which is the Grand Channel Fleet, which consists of 95 sail of the line, each from 120 down to 64 guns.

To his mother, July 14, he writes :—

I will tell you a little news. We are at anchor with the *Foudroyant* . . . and *Tonnant* with three frigates and luggers and cutters in abundance, but one of the luggers getting a little too near Fort St. Matthew's, they began raking her fore and aft with 68-pounders for, I suppose, a quarter of an hour, until she sheered off. . . . O! for a draught of fresh water, I cry out, for our water stinks enough to poison a person, and we are generally forced to put two glasses of wine or brandy to take off the stink. . . . We have got fresh beef now and a cask of beer which is exquisitely nice, our general meat being salt horse, *alias* salt pork, which is a piece of solid fat, . . . and this is salted down to such a degree that I verily believe there would not be a maggot—but, then what is that? I have got a good heart and a clear conscience, and, as the saying is, a clean heart and a light pair of breeches go through the world together, so that I am happy as anything can be so long as you are.

He is sometimes off Brest, so close to the shore that "with Mr. Baker's glass" he "could see everything, even to perceive two boys riding across a gate on a plank," and sometimes he is as far south as Ferrol, where he hopes to go ashore and buy oranges, and have some fun with the French officers, "such as bundling them out of windows." Once he was off Berry Head, and helped to save 561 officers and men from the wreck of the *Venerable*, who "struck on a rock and knocked three holes in her bottom. . . . It has blown very fresh ever since," he adds, "so much so that we were forced to let go another anchor, to clear away the sheet anchor and keep hard by it, and to strike lower yards and topmasts to prevent our meeting the same fate."

He does not rise above national prejudices with regard to the French. In April 1805, the *Impétueux* was

running across the Bay of Biscay, and chasing small craft every day. In one we found three French passengers, whom we brought aboard. . . . I had the best fun in the world with them, for as soon as ever they came aboard they fell to, all hands of them, cutting the oddest capers in the world about the deck, and I am sure if they made one they made fifty bows and scrapes to me. For

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my part I thought they were mad, but one of them as he went out again looked very hard at a gun that was pointing out at the port, and, says I, "If you come across me in a lump of a big French ship, I hope you will let me go." But the fellow only made that horrid ugly French face of his the uglier by grinning like a Baboon.

Once, off Brest, in September 1805, the squadron had a "brush" with the enemy. The batteries of the French fleet "opened a tremendous fire of shot and shell, one of which struck the *Ville de Paris*," and a splinter of it striking the Admiral, he said, "Damme, we will have some of you out for this." The Admiral, it seems, unlike the good little midshipman, *had* learnt to swear.

Alas! the gay, innocent, "but dutiful and strenuous life" was soon to be cut short. He came home on leave in October, sailed from Torbay to Plymouth in Nelson's old flagship, the *Foudroyant*, was gazetted to the *Phœnix*, and on December 9, 1805, he fell from the topmast and was killed on the spot. Lord Coleridge has done well to preserve his story "from the effacing fingers of time," and to give him honourable remembrance in the annals of a remarkable family.

There is little space at our disposal to do justice to the latter half of the volume, which deals with the earlier life of the writer's grandfather, Sir John Taylor Coleridge. Readers of the "Life and Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge," which was published in 1904, will remember the beautiful and touching words in which the Lord Chief Justice paid tribute to his father's memory:

> His character was, I really think, perfect, his princely generosity, his large *boundless* charity, his tenderness which was never weakness, his noble trust in others, his severity to himself, his unfailing sweetness, his thorough unequalled *angelic* goodness, made such a man as I never knew before or since, and of whom I do not believe, before God, there have been many equals.

So he appeared, and such he was in middle life and in old age, not only in the partial estimate of a beloved and devoted son, but in the deliberate judgment of friends and contemporaries. In the "Story of a Devonshire House," he appears as

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he was in the days of his youth, before a somewhat depressing gravity, fostered by temperament and reputation, robbed him of his natural mirth.

In July 1814, when he was just entering his twenty-fifth year, before he settled down to his work as special pleader, he started with his friends, Charles Dyson and Noel and Nathaniel Ellison, for a six months' tour on the continent. Three or four days' journey brought them to Paris. One of his first excursions was to the Palace of Fontainebleau, which remained in much the same condition as the Emperor had left it in the preceding April.

> Seated [writes Lord Coleridge] in Napoleon's chair at the table at which he signed his abdication, John indites a letter to his father with the pen with which the abdication was signed . . .: "One may say of Napoleon, as bold men have said of the Regent, that he would make a good upholsterer. Nothing can be more splendid, more royal, and yet more comfortable. . . The bedroom Bonaparte slept in last of course attracted our attention, and I sat myself upon the steps and half threw myself upon the bed. But his own study in which he signed his abdication was, after all, the great object. . . . We drew out the writing drawers of the table, and it was covered with green velvet, on which were spots of ink. Our guide said that he had on the morning of the abdication served breakfast in the next room, and that he was still in the next room when Bonaparte signed the abdication. He laughed at the pistol story and at Bonaparte's passion, said that immediately after he came out and walked in a terrace outside his bust gallery and was very tranquil."

Later on, at Florence, he acquired, at second-hand, from inquisitive tourists, some interesting particulars of Napoleon's life at Elba, and reports some *obiter dicta*:

> He talks of himself as a dead man with regard to France, but seems to consider the Bourbons as by no means secure. He says they will feel, what he felt always, the want of an English aristocracy. . . . The profession of Mahometanism he relates with great glee as a jocular expedient which answered well. . . . Colonel [Sir Neil] Campbell says that nothing could be more ridiculous than his attempt to make a drawing-room at Elba, in which he went through with the fishermen's wives all he had used to say at Paris. Colonel Campbell, it appears has neither regard nor esteem for him.

Long years after, when John Taylor Coleridge was Judge of the Queen's Bench, he "dined and slept" at Strathfieldsaye.

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Did he, we are tempted to ask, find courage on opportunity to recall these anecdotes, and to question the great Duke as to whether *he* had any "regard or esteem" for "Bonaparte"?

The month of August was passed at Geneva, in "the pension of Dr. Odier," joint editor of the "Bibliothèque Britannique," and father of two daughters, Amélie and Junie, agreeable but not dangerous, and of a niece, Mdlle. Louise La Cointe, who would be a "most dangerous animal" if she were ten years younger. As it is, she is "very pretty and very interesting."

When he was at Geneva he visited Madame de Staël at Coffet, who talked to him a little, but only a little, about "Southey and my Uncle" (S. T. C.), and introduced him to Schlegel, who had a good deal more to say of the "latter personage." He does not tell us what Corinne said of "my uncle's" monologue; or whether Schlegel took any interest in Coleridge on Shakespeare. He sought out, at Madame de Staël's suggestion, Pestalozzi, at his Institut at Yverdun:

> We called upon him [he writes], and found a very dirty old man, in sad *déshabillé*, but still, whether from association, or really, a very venerable personage. His notion is that every human creature, of whatever age or condition, has *some* knowledge, and that to make education pleasant it should begin by developing in each individual knowledge which he already possesses. . . . Let no one say this is visionary till they have seen his school.

Tout vient à qui sait attendre, and the "very dirty old man" of Yverdun is a greater power in the world in 1905 than he was in 1814.

After Switzerland Italy, and, in due course, Venice and Florence. At Venice he made an excursion to the Mekhitarist Convent on the island of San Lazaro, where, not long afterwards, Byron was to spend his mornings, learning the Armenian language, "by way of divertisement." There the monks informed him "that there was a rebellion in England in favour of Bonaparte, that the King had been dead a long time, and that the *Courtiers* concealed his death (is not this so like the Arabian Nights?)"

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The excerpts from this epistolary journal are, one and all, full of interest, and, unlike most "Lettres de Voyage," make us wish that more had been published. The "Story" ends with Sir John Taylor Coleridge's elevation to the Bench (in 1835), and includes the pathetic incident of the old "Colonel" taking his place in the Assize Court at Exeter as Grand Juryman, and standing up to make his bow to his son the Judge.

Mr. Justice Coleridge would have been the first to admit that more than one of his brothers equalled, and, in some respects, surpassed him in intellectual gifts. His elder brother, James Duke, was a dignitary of the Church, a writer of theological and devotional works once held in esteem. A younger brother, Henry Nelson Coleridge, has an assured reputation as critic, and editor of his uncle's "Table Talk and Literary Remains." Edward, the youngest, was the well-known "lower master," and, afterwards, a Fellow of Eton College. It was the tradition of the family to do their duty, to succeed in life. In the elder generation, indeed, there was a solitary instance of divergence from the type, the wayward unprospering genius whom his brothers regarded as a "humbling example." It may, however, be noted that whatever the author of "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner" did or left undone, he did not "humble" to any intolerable extent the native if natural self-confidence of the rest of his family.

À propos of the poet's commendation of his brother George, Lord Coleridge drops a hint that "his pen was not used to write in too favourable a strain of his relatives." In a letter to Poole, published sixty years after his death, he alludes, in jest, to his "relations by gore," but he would not have used his "pen" save in commendation of members of his "father's house." Possibly Lord Coleridge was thinking of one of the Chief Justice's "stories." "I have three brothers," said my Uncle Sam, "one of them [George] thinks of every one but himself, another [the Colonel] only thinks about himself, and the third [Edward] does not think at all!" Well, it is an epigram, and there is a proverb that a worm will turn.

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Lord Coleridge's volume of family history is pleasant reading. It is long enough, but not too long, and it bears testimony to family honours and family merits with modesty and admirable good sense. We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from his L'Envoi, "De Majoribus."

Memorial Piety calls them from the past.
The quaint old Scholar at the College gate;
The orphaned exile generous to the last,
So careful for his unknown sister's fate;
The gallant stripling, scarce to manhood grown,
Fall'n in the breach for his dear land's renown;
On deck the Sailor Boy beneath the Stars
Dreams of his home, his kin, his garden's breath,
Or rocked aloft amid the reeling spars
Clings, all unknowing of his coming death;
. . . . . .
The Judge both wise and humble, last appears
Crowned with the glory of our common Love!

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A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER IV

MICHAEL OSSORY

The stir of fellowship in all disastrous fight.

THE sun was slowly sinking into the woods which lie to the north-west of Pont-Aven as Téphany strolled on to the small quay below the water-mills. It happened to be high tide; and the craft at anchor in the pool were reflected in a surface smooth as ice. Two red, white, and blue tunny boats from Belle Ile had sailed up the estuary to be scraped and painted. Now that the sardines had come back to Brittany, after a lamentable absence of two years, the big tunnies were to be left in peace. Téphany stood on the edge of the quay, admiring the lines of these boats, built expressly for speed, and sold for what they will fetch as soon as wind and weather have taken the pace out of them. Lower down in the pool lay a collier, loaded to the gunwale, a dismal-looking affair, black within and without, a veritable tramp. Téphany saw that the collier had been a tunny boat; but the masts with the once rakish cant forward were now perpendicular, her rig had

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been altered: the racer, in fine, swift as a swallow in pursuit of the big tunnies, had become a sorry beast of burden, cracked of heel, mutilated, a Rosinante among vessels.

A few paces distant from Téphany stood a tall, gaunt man, who looked as if he might belong to one of the tunny boats. He wore the blue overalls and jersey of the Belle Ile fishermen. What could be seen of his face beneath his cap and through masses of beard and hair had been burnt a dark brown.

Téphany, turning to him, asked in French if he could tell her the price of a new tunny boat.

"Ten thousand francs," he replied. "And after five years' service you can buy them for a bagatelle of three thousand, or less."

"It's the pace that kills—always," murmured Téphany to herself, in English.

"Is it?" said the man, replying in English. "Is it, Téphany, are you sure of that? I say, not always."

"Michael?"

"Yes."

"You recognised me, and I—I never recognised you."

They shook hands, staring at each other, smiling nervously. Téphany's first thought was the joyous conviction that Michael wanted to renew the old friendship, or else, surely, he would not have revealed himself. Tempering the pleasure of this reflection was the sense of exasperation that she had not recognised him, despite his heavy cap and beard. Then again, in Michael's voice Téphany had detected an inflection—as a singer she had studied inflections—an inflection of satisfaction, of an expectation realised.

"Oh, Michael," said she, "I am so glad to see you again."

"If you had come back sooner——"

He silenced himself with acute abruptness. There was resentment in his tone, something far stronger than mere reproach.

"Come back sooner?" She repeated the words blankly, trying to fathom the expression in his eyes.

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"Yes; you promised, you know. Your last words were: 'I shall come back, old Michael, as soon as I can.'"

"And you have remembered. Well," she spoke soberly, as if she had pondered the phrase about to fall from her mouth, "I have come back as soon as I could."

"After ten years!"

Something in his voice angered her.

"Perhaps I might have come sooner, if—if you had answered my letters."

"Forgive me," he muttered, without offering any explanation. "Ten years is a long time. And having held my tongue for nearly ten years, I have forgotten to wag it politely."

Téphany laughed frankly.

"You never did wag it politely, Michael; but you talked a good deal ten years ago. Good gracious! How you used to scold me. Who taught you to hold that tongue of yours?"

Before the words were out of her mouth, she would have given much to recall them. She saw Michael wince; then his face set.

"I had no right to ask that," she whispered.

"No, you hadn't," he replied roughly. "I have not asked you questions, have I? Why, I don't know yet whether you're maid, wife, or widow."

"I'm a maid," said Téphany softly. She felt angry with Ossory, but she admitted his supremacy. He still possessed the magnetism which in the old days had made him a leader in Gérome's studio.

"You're here," said Ossory, after a pause. "That's the main thing. And I'm here."

"You paint?"

She spoke nervously, afraid now to put the simplest questions.

"Oh, yes, I paint. Will you come to my studio and see what I am *not* doing?" He spoke scornfully. Then, in a different voice, almost pleadingly, he added: "Will you come?"

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"Yes," said Téphany. "At what time?"

"Ten in the morning. The studio is on the old Concarneau road. I must go now."

"Good-night, Michael."

"My nights are never good."

He lifted his cap and swung away into the shadows. Téphany, standing still, tried to measure the difference between the old and new Michael, between the man who had held fame in his grasp, and the man who had let it go, the man of whom Yvonne had spoken as *lost*. Why that dreadful word "lost"? One thing was certain, Michael was still strong. And the word "lost" quickened her pulses. If the man, the finer spirit, in Michael, were lost—lost, not destroyed—surely he might be found. What an exciting quest that would be!

He was disappearing when she heard his voice singing. In the old days he had always sung, just like this, and evidently the habit clung to him. But words and music were strange to Téphany, strange yet fascinating. There was a halting lilt about the music which brought vividly to mind the once familiar Breton songs.

Thus thinking she walked slowly to the end of the quay, which seemed larger. Yes; it was larger. It had been widened and lengthened; and half a dozen new houses spoiled the view of the wood beyond. Téphany turned her back upon the new houses and sat down, gazing at the river, which presented an uncanny aspect in the fading light. Upon the other side of the pool stretched the moorland of Brittany, covered with rocks, bracken, whin and broom, scrub-oak and heather: wild desolate spaces, unchanged since the days of the Druids. Through these the Aven rolled silently to the sea.

The sea!

Upon this moor brooded for ever the spell of the sea. And always, in winter or summer, above the roar of the gale, above the sigh of the breeze, may be heard the voice of the siren calling her lovers to her bosom. The children lying in their

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cupboard beds behind thick granite walls hear that voice: to its music, however faint, are set dreams, fancies, hopes and fears, prayers and songs.

Téphany looked at the river hurrying past the stony places, but she was thinking of the sea. To her, as to every Breton and Bretonne, the sea was the *dulce monstrum*, which through the mists of past and future stands as Fate.

The long twilight of early summer came on slowly. The Aven once red, then golden, was now silver. Soon it would be lead. Téphany shivered, as she had shivered in the chapel of Trémalo, although the night was warm. For at that moment she apprehended the difference between the old Michael and the new. The river led her to the knowledge she sought. Did not the river flow to the terrible bay out yonder, beneath whose troubled waters sits Death, waiting for her victims? And does not every child of Finistère know full well that Death, on occasion, rises to the surface and glides towards the land? And then the shadow of her grisly head falls where the ancient oaks touch branches across those deep-cut lanes of the Province that lead away from, yet always return to the sea.

Téphany shared that fierce hatred of Death which lurks in the Breton heart. The priests have never been able to exorcise this belief in Death as a person who may be seen and heard and touched, and the belief, also, in Death's familiar, the Ankou,[1] who gleans the awful harvest.

In the face of the old Michael life had shone conspicuous. Ah! shone was inadequate. Téphany tried to find a better word. Glared expressed more accurately the vitality and energy of the man. It was as if Michael had drunk of the fountain of life, had steeped himself in its vivifying waters, and henceforth had become immune to disease and death. But the Michael of to-night, still strong, still young, and still

[1] L'Ankou est l'ouvrier de la mort; c'est le dernier défunt de l'année qui, dans chaque paroisse, revient sur terre chercher les trépassés. . . . — ANATOLE LE BRAZ.

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passionate—who could doubt that?—had the appearance of a man who had looked upon, who had touched Death. Surely Michael had seen the Ankou—and virtue had gone out of him.

Next day Téphany woke to the delicious semi-consciousness of finding herself in some long-forgotten yet familiar and much-beloved place. Before she opened her eyes she heard the tinkle of bells from the collars of the horses drawing loads into the town, the clatter of sabots upon cobbles, the cries of the teamsters, and the sharp crack of their whips. To her nostrils came the fragrance of honeysuckle and new-mown hay, and the pungent smell of the estuary as the tide swept up to meet the river. Téphany rose refreshed after sound sleep, laughing at the fancies of the previous night, charmed to find herself in Pont-Aven, looking forward with ardour to what a new day might bring forth.

A pretty maid, one of the joyous band of young serving-women whom Yvonne had collected about her, brought coffee and brown bread and butter into the panelled dining-room.

Téphany sat down at the long table. The room was eloquent of the past, although not mute concerning the present: a shrine, indeed, of youthful ambitions, of which a few—how few!—had been realised. Nearly all the panels here were painted by Henry Lane's contemporaries, her *anciens*, as Yvonne called them, and each had its story—which Téphany knew. One or two had served as studies for pictures now famous. Then Yvonne came in, massive, genial, sound to the core, like a superb pippin, bringing Téphany some strawberries from her garden, freshly gathered, with the dew still sparkling upon them. She lingered for a moment whispering a few phrases of information concerning her guests. That thin yellow-faced man at the end of the table was a *littérateur romancier*, who had gained fame and lost his digestion. He was talking to a caricaturist, a capital young fellow, likely to go far if he left absinthe alone. *À propos*, had her dear child met Monsieur Carne? What a charming person—and of a

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cleverness! Yvonne bustled away as Carne came in, followed by his friend, Johnnie Keats, whom Carne begged permission to present to Miss Lane. The Californians sat down opposite Téphany. She soon discovered that Mr. Keats played the part of Boswell to Carne's Johnson. He had been at the Berkeley University with Carne. Short, stout, freckled and prematurely bald, he had, notwithstanding, the attractiveness of a happy and contented temperament.

"Do you paint, too?" asked Téphany.

"I spoil a lot of canvas," replied Mr. Keats.

"Snow scenes are Johnnie's forte," said Carne.

"Eh?" said Téphany.

"Whitewashing barns," explained Mr. Keats, showing an excellent row of teeth in a wide grin. "So far the happiest and most successful incident in my art career has been the buying of a splendid outfit. I have the daisiest umbrella that ever came to Pont-Aven. Carne, of course, is a genius, you know," he spoke seriously.

"Pooh!" said Carne.

"You are," affirmed the Satellite. "As for me, I'm keen, and I like my own work, which is lucky, because nobody else does."

He laughed pleasantly, adding that a painter's life was a "bully" one, if he had independent means. Mr. Keats used strong Western slang very freely, so Téphany noted.

Then, in her turn, she told the Californians some anecdotes concerning Yvonne's *anciens*. One, a terrible dauber, and quite impecunious, had captured an enormously wealthy heiress; another, who had never learned to draw properly, now painted portraits of popes and emperors.

"That's the best thing here;" Carne indicated Ossory's panel.

"Michael Ossory painted it," said Téphany. Then she added curtly: "I met him last night; I'm going to see his studio to-day."

"It's a corker, that panel," declared Mr. Keats.

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By this time the room was half full, and buzzing pleasantly. The doctrine of work proclaimed itself, not aggressively as in Anglo-Saxon countries, but melodiously insistent. Outside the peasants were assembling for the weekly market, driving before them the black and white milch cows and their calves, or spreading fruit and vegetables upon rough boards. Presently, Carne and Keats and Téphany walked amongst them, talking and laughing. About the booths women were chattering loudly, examining humble wares with keen eyes and restless fingers, commending those they had no intention of buying, depreciating what they coveted. Among the peasants were half a score of old friends. With these, much to Carne's surprise, Téphany exchanged Breton phrases.

"Why, you talk Breton, Miss Lane."

"I am Bretonne," she answered. "Here, at this very moment, I am Bretonne, Bretonnante."

"I should like to see you in the costume," said Johnnie Keats.

"So you shall," she replied. Then, in a graver voice, she added: "I must leave you now."

Mr. Keats expressed disappointment. "Say, Miss Lane, I shan't forget this morning in a hurry. What you don't know about these people isn't worth knowing. You'll pick this up again, where we leave it, eh?"

He indicated the Arcadian crowd. Téphany had been talking with a sympathy and feeling which, apart from her success as a singer, made her welcome in many and divers places.

"Why, yes," Téphany replied, smiling. "But," she sighed, "it's not easy, is it? to pick up anything or anybody just where you leave it."

"It's the same market every week," replied Carne.

"Oh, Pont-Aven doesn't change," said Téphany.

She nodded gaily, and walked on alone, across the bridge, past the church, and up the old Concarneau road. Michael's quarters were in an ancient farmhouse near the crest of the

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hill. Téphany passed through a gate and approached a grove of walnut-trees which half concealed the house. To her left the ground sloped pleasantly towards the river. The quiet aloofness of the spot struck Téphany at once. Beneath the trees, ferns and moss and turf grew vividly green; here and there huge, grey, lichen-covered rocks gave to the grove character and a certain mystery. As a child Téphany had listened, open-eyed, to marrow-thrilling legends of mortals changed into monstrous boulders. Michael had had a score of such stories at his tongue's tip. Téphany glanced at the town below, at the river, at the moorland beyond; then she passed through an archway into a courtyard wherein was a stone wall. A farmer and his wife occupied the lower half of the house, and their little children were playing near the wall. Just inside the door, at the foot of a winding stone staircase, stood Michael.

"Mind your head," said he, not offering to shake hands, and leading the way upstairs.

"And you mind your manners," she retorted, trying to speak with the lightness of other days.

He pulled off his cap, shamefacedly, growling out apologies. Téphany laughed, for the spirit of the market-place still possessed her.

"I'm only joking, Michael."

"Here's where I live, Téphany."

He accented ironically the word "live." It might be assumed that elsewhere Michael existed in a merely vegetable way. Téphany looked about her with keen interest. The studio, of a pale grey in tone, with a ceiling slightly darker than the walls, was surprisingly large and well proportioned. An old oak dresser, with the date, 1624, carved on it, displayed some curious figures of Breton faïence, rudely modelled, coarsely painted, and yet informed with a simple, primitive grace and charm; upon the walls were innumerable charcoal sketches, names, scraps of verse, the memorials of previous tenants, some of them executed with amazing spirit and cleverness; in a corner,

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near the fireplace, stood a sofa and a bookcase full of books. Téphany's quick eye noted that the pens on the writing table were rusted and broken; the ink had dried up in its pot; obviously Michael wrote no letters.

"Ah!"

The exclamation fell sharply from Téphany's lips. Upon an easel in the centre of the room was the study of a woman, admirable in tone, technique, and breadth of treatment.

"You remember that?" said Michael.

"Remember it?"

"Yes; I painted it years ago."

"Why, so you did; yes; I do remember it."

Ossory laughed.

"I keep it to show some idiots what I can do, if I try. Gérome liked that."

"I should think he did. It's magnificent."

Michael turned aside to pull out a bundle of canvases.

"These are sketches—nothing more. I expect you to be disgusted. Perhaps you will see—passages—a bit of colour here and there——"

Muttering to himself he untied the string, and submitted the first sketch.

"I go for colour," Michael explained.

"You used to say that art was the expression of an individuality."

"Fancy your remembering that! I talked a lot of rot, but this is the expression of a failure."

"Some of it is wonderful."

"You think I'm an impressionist?"

"Father used to say you were such a stickler for—for the truth."

"Truth? Truth?" He laughed harshly. "Honest work? That means staring at a thing till you're dazed and colour blind. That means," he grew excited, waving his thin hands, "seeing the outside, the mere rind, and letting the great thing escape."

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"Not necessarily."

"I speak for myself. I paint to please myself. I sell nothing. I've enough to live on. I won't show you any more of my stuff. I never do show it."

"I want to see everything," said Téphany eagerly. "And if you think I'm going to condemn your methods because I don't quite understand them, you do me an injustice. Few have the courage to be pioneers. You are an honest artist, Michael."

But as she spoke she looked at the painter's face, not at his picture. Certainly, Michael had great qualities. He made no concessions, flouted compromise, and he had something of the air of a martyr. How thin and worn he was, poor fellow!

"You'll like this better, Téphany." He pulled out another canvas.

"Yes, yes; I do, I do."

The second sketch was a study of wind meeting tide. Half of the canvas was scraped out: a mere blur of dirty colour, but a great wave, with all the force of the Atlantic behind it, rushed roaring—one could almost hear the roar—against its furious enemy, a north-west gale. The wind, one could see, rent the top of the wave in twain and whirled it skyward in columns of spray, but the mighty volume of water rolled on, irresistible, omnipotent. The impact of these two tremendous forces had been transferred to the canvas by the hand of genius.

"I've seen that," said Michael, "ten thousand times, and I painted it here upon a sunny midsummer's morning."

He whipped it from the easel, deaf to Téphany's protest, and substituted another bit in startling contrast. Upon a stretch of sand a wavelet was breaking. Michael repeated de Musset's delightful lines:

Où la mer vient mourir
Sur la plage endormie.

The heavy languorous atmosphere, the calm after the storm, the ineffable peace of the picture, were soothing as a lullaby; but out of the placid surface of the sea bristled three splintered masts; upon the soft, golden sands lay wreckage and a corpse.

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Téphany thought of the Ankou, whose grisly shadow dwelt in Michael's eyes.

"And I painted that, my dear Téphany, when a gale was raging."

She saw that half of the canvas was cruelly hacked by a palette knife.

"This might have been a great picture, Michael. It *is* a great picture."

The painter frowned, snatching it, as before, from the easel. Then he showed other sketches, more or less mutilated, as if the man had worked in futile rage against abysmal differences between promise and performance. Téphany noted with surprise that all were seascapes.

"Don't you paint the figure?" she asked.

"A male model or two, now and then."

"Now and then?"

"Just to keep my hand in."

He had sat down, and was filling a pipe. The keenness had died out of his face. Téphany saw other canvases leaning face against the wall.

"May I look at those?"

"If you like."

She turned them over, one by one. The expression of curiosity upon her delicate face deepened, Here, in Finistère, where the women were such ravishing subjects, Michael Ossory chose to paint men only. Téphany was about to ask the reason of this singular abstention, when she happened to find a last canvas, half hidden behind a big chest. She glanced at it, raised her brows, and turned to Michael, who had closed his eyes; he might be asleep. From his pipe, which he held loosely in his thin hand, a spiral of blue smoke ascended. Téphany set the canvas upon the easel and examined it attentively.

In a courtyard, cool and grey, stood a young girl in a coif not familiar to Téphany. She wore the plain black dress with velvet bands of the peasant, and a filmy lace apron. She rested

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one hand upon a granite water-trough, the other upon her hips. The whole was a study in half-tones so subtly blended, so cunningly manipulated, that the primary colours, the yellow of the girl's hair, the red of her lips, the blue of her eyes, seemed to shine through them, as a rainbow may shine through a thick mist. The child was a child of the sun, lingering for a few minutes in the shade. These points, however, revealed themselves later. At the first glance Téphany could see nothing save the extraordinary delicacy and grace of the child's face. The pose of the head upon the slender throat, the exquisite modelling of the cheeks, the perfection of proportion, drew from her an exclamation of astonishment. At once Michael jumped to his feet. Then, seeing the canvas on the easel, an expression of surprise, anger, and suffering distorted his face. In a cold voice he demanded: "Where did you find that?"

"Behind the chest."

"Not in it?" Without appearing to wait for Téphany's "No" he crossed the room, and tried the lid of the chest. It remained fast, seemingly locked.

"I beg your pardon," said Téphany gravely.

Michael's face cleared. He approached the easel, and stared at the picture. Then he asked abruptly: "Now you have seen it, what do you make of it?"

"Is it painted from life?"

"No. As a matter of fact, it is more or less faked."

"Faked? I can't believe that. If you were anybody else, Michael, I'd entreat you to exhibit it."

"What do you make of it?"

Anxiety lent to the question significance.

"I say it's magnificent. But the child? Did she come to you in your dreams?"

"Yes, in my dreams. Now, tell me," his voice became very insistent, "is there happiness in that face?"

Téphany hesitated.

"Why, yes," she said presently. "Well, I am not sure. The shadows have touched her; she's in shadow, and I don't

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seem to see her quite plainly; not yet——" she peered into the picture. "Happiness, you say? She has been happy, but——"

"Go on——"

"She looks out of the shadow——"

"Into the sun?——"

"I don't know, I——"

"Speak out, candidly!"

"She looks into deeper shadow. Yes, I'm sure of that. Oh, it's terribly sad, this face. You present pathos. Michael, it's the most pathetic thing I ever saw."

"The light is bad," said Michael.

He pulled up a blind and altered the position of the easel.

"There, that's better. Look again!"

Téphany looked.

"I declare the expression has changed," she said, after a long pause. "I seem to detect a smile."

"What sort of smile?"

"It is derisive."

"What? A child's smile—derisive?"

"My dear old Michael, the derision in a child's smile is the most amazing thing in the world. And you've painted it."

"No, no; it's not derision."

"It may be wonder. If this child lived—if she grew up——"

She paused. Michael had turned his back, and was looking out of the window. Téphany divined that he was profoundly moved, in pain possibly. She divined also that he wished her to go, to go—and to come back. Obeying this instinct, she moved to the door.

"When may I come to see you again?" she asked, pausing on the threshold of the studio.

"Come to-morrow, same time." His voice was harsh and strained. "I shall have something to show you, something I wish you to see."

Téphany descended the rickety stairs, and plunged with relief into the sunshine of the street below.

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Once outside she breathed more freely, marshalling her unruly thoughts into something which at least approximated to order. Michael, she decided, was in straits, whirling to what? His nights—he said—were never good.

Ascending the stairs which led to her room she met Yvonne, who stopped for a word.

"Ah, my child," said she, shaking her capable forefinger, "it is time indeed you came back here. You are thin—much too thin; but I, mark you, am going to put on sound flesh."

"I saw Michael Ossory this morning and last night."

She beckoned the woman who had befriended both Michael and herself into her room.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked.

Yvonne shrugged her shoulders.

"He looks horribly unhappy. And there is something on his mind. One might help him, if one knew, if one had a hint——"

Yvonne's face became wooden. Then she said sharply: "My child, I do not meddle with what does not concern me.'

"There never was a woman like you, Yvonne. All the same, tell me this, I'm not a sieve, you know: Did he ever paint a child, a girl, in what used to be the old courtyard behind this house."

"Eh?"

Téphany repeated her question, adding: "I recognised the courtyard at once, and I should have recognised the child's face, had I ever seen it."

"What was the child like?"

Téphany began to describe it; then, foundering in a sea of vague adjectives, she clutched at a piece of paper and a pencil.

"There, there," said she, "that will give you a faint idea—eh?"

Yvonne's face softened, then it became rigid, as she returned the sketch.

"I never saw that child in my life."

"Nor in your dreams? Téphany hazarded, remembering Michael's words.

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Yvonne flushed scarlet as she said angrily: "I have given you good advice in the past. The less you see of Monsieur Ossory the better."

She bustled out of the room, frowning and growling to herself.

"One thing is certain," Téphany reflected. "Michael has offended Yvonne. She hates him; I saw hate in her kind eyes; and there was a time when she would have cut off her hand to do him a service." Then she remembered the sudden flush. "Good gracious!" she muttered, "the face of that child *has* come to Yvonne in her dreams."

CHAPTER V

THE MASK

J'entendis le rossignol de nuit
Chanter le chant du Paradis!

After another delightful afternoon spent in rambling amongst old haunts, Téphany slept as soundly as before; but her sleep was not dreamless. The face in the picture came to her—as she had felt that it had come to Yvonne—with the strange smile curving the lips that shone red out of the shadows. The dream was singularly vivid, but not disagreeable. The child, it is true, eluded her, played hide and seek with fancy, luring her on to follow and then fading, vanishing. . . . Upon one of these occasions, even as Téphany grasped the shadow, a strain of music floated to her ears, and a voice, the voice of the child (she never doubted that), sang sweetly and clearly three verses of a song. When she awoke, Téphany could remember nothing save the sweetness and clearness of the child's voice. In a dream these crystalline notes had filled her with delight; awake, the pleasure lingered, suffusing itself genially, like the glow which succeeds a fine sunset.

"In my dream," said Téphany, "she was calling me."

When she presented herself at the studio, Michael opened

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the door. From his appearance it was quite evident that he had passed a wretched night. The sun fell upon a haggard face, dishevelled hair, and tired eyes.

"You are late."

"It is just ten," said Téphany gravely.

"Well, come in—come in!"

The irritation in his voice, the restless hands, the weary eyes deeply impressed Téphany. Michael crossed the studio and disappeared into a small room beyond, a sleeping-chamber. Téphany felt an absurd wish to run away. She wanted to see the sun, to feel the strong west wind upon her cheek, to hear the familiar chatter of the street. . . .

Michael came back, carrying something white. At once his face reminded Téphany of another face. A scene took form out of the shadows of memory. She beheld the aisle of a great Gothic cathedral; the aisle and little else save the twinkling lights of the high altar beyond; for it was night. The huge pillars soared into mysterious darkness, out of which floated the notes of an organ. Far away the choir chanted a Latin hymn: a solemn invocation. Presently, out of the darkness, light drew near and nearer; a procession of priests and acolytes bearing tapers. Last of all came the arch-priest carrying a crucifix in his hands. The crucifix contained a precious and holy relic. Upon this the gaze of the man who bore it was fixed in an expression so rapt that Téphany had felt constrained to turn aside her eyes.

And now, in the cool grey shadows of the studio, Téphany saw the same concentrated expression upon the face of her old friend.

"Take it!"

Téphany held out hands to receive a plaster mask.

"Why, why, this," she examined it attentively, "this is the child grown into a woman. What a lovely creature!"

"Ah, you see it, the beauty, the perfection of form. Well, what else do you see?"

"You must give me time."

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Téphany stared at the mask, while Michael gnawed his moustache.

"There's a look of Titian's *La Gioconda*."

"Ah! you have recognised that. I'm glad I asked you to come. If you see that——" he broke off abruptly, and then continued: "Turn it very slowly, so that the light falls on the left side of the mouth. There, there! Now she looks different—eh?"

Such anxiety underlay the sharp "eh" that Téphany hesitated before she replied slowly: "I don't see *La Gioconda* now."

"The smile is still there?"

"Yes, but it's the smile of the child: a derisive smile."

Michael made no reply. Téphany, glancing keenly at him, said interrogatively: "She is a girl?" As Michael said nothing, she continued, speaking half to herself: "One cannot mistake those contours, and the plaster always shows the lines unless—I take it for granted this is an original mask, taken from—yes, I am sure of that—taken from a living face."

"You are sure of that—eh?"

"No; not quite sure; one would like to know. Where did you get it?"

"In Paris," Michael answered curtly; then he added in an indifferent tone: "After all, if you have seen *La Gioconda*, you have seen what I wanted you to see. I am satisfied. You had better bid me—good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"I cannot give you my confidence, Téphany. It would be well for me if I could."

He spoke so sadly that Téphany felt her curiosity oozing from her, leaving behind the desire to befriend and comfort an unfortunate fellow creature. Her voice had a warmer tone as she murmured: "I do not ask for your confidence. Give me as much or as little of it as you please. But if I can help you in any way, let me do so." She paused; then she touched Ossory's shoulder, and, with something of her old expansive-

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ness and sympathy, burst out: "You want a friend, Michael, take me."

"Without explanations?"

"Certainly."

Michael hesitated.

"I'm sure you want a friend," Téphany repeated.

"Want a friend? My God!" He controlled himself with a tremendous effort. "Yes, I want a friend," he repeated quietly. "Why, the mere sight of one, after these years——" He added almost in a whisper, "I had made up my mind not to speak. Yesterday, in the chapel at Trémalo——"

"You—you were in the chapel?"

"Yes; I saw you and recognised you. Well, I accept your offer of friendship, Téphany. While you are here—you will be leaving in a few days, I suppose?" She made no answer, and he continued: "While you are here, think of me kindly, and come to see me sometimes."

She held out her hand, which he gripped. As she left the studio the last thing she saw was Michael standing with his profile sharply defined against the grey wall, staring at the mask.

Next day Mary Machin arrived. With her came an air, an atmosphere of comfortable English conventionality which Téphany inhaled greedily. Mary, however, was not quite as enthusiastic about Pont-Aven as she might have been. When Téphany led her into the Bois d'Amour and said: "There! Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" Machie stuck out a dubious under lip. She had seen prettier spots in England and Wales. And the Brittany landscape was, well, disappointing. The best parts of it, for instance, reminded her of Scotland with the tops of the hills sliced off.

"I should like to pinch you, Machie," said Téphany viciously.

"My dear," Machie smiled pleasantly, "I know that this is the loveliest spot in all the world to you. Why, I used to think St. George's Road, where we lived when I was a child,

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the finest street in London." Then, with a change of voice and manner, she murmured: "I suppose you have heard nothing of Mr. Ossory?"

Her soft blue eyes met Téphany's with a deprecating interrogation.

"Michael Ossory is living here," Téphany replied.

"Oh!"

"He has changed a great deal; in fact I did not recognise him."

"Téphany!"

"Changed in every way," said Téphany, almost with violence. As Machie slipped her hand into hers, she added quietly: "It was not—money; he appears to be fairly well off; a woman came between us."

"Oh!" said Machie again. "Has there been an illumination?"

"A few sparks; but now, Machie, the flame is out, quite out, you understand. We have met, and we shall go on meeting as friends."

"You have told him of your success as a singer?"

"Not a word. How could I? As an artist he has failed."

Téphany closed her lips resolutely, as Machie leaned towards her and kissed her in silence.

A couple of days passed without incident. Carne and his friend Keats made themselves agreeable after the easy and free fashion of Bohemians, and certain expeditions to "Pardons" were planned.

"I had no idea there was so much to do and see here," Mary declared.

"To see?" Téphany smiled. "Ah, well, Machie, the things really worth seeing in Brittany are not easy to see. It takes years to see them."

"And some of them I don't want to see," Mary declared with emphasis. "Last night, when you were writing, those Americans told me ghost stories. Positively I was frightened out of my life when I went to bed. Mr. Carne says that Fantec, the porter, saw his dead wife regularly every night for a week."

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"Fantec is too fond of cognac."

"Perhaps he was driven to the abuse of it," said Mary solemnly. "My dear, I must tell you his story. Perhaps you know it?"

Téphany shook her head. It seemed that Fantec had lost, some six months previously, a young and pretty wife. Upon her death-bed she had made her husband promise to bury with her the clothes she had worn upon her wedding-day—a not uncommon request. Such clothes are beautifully fashioned, particularly the aprons, which descend as heirlooms from mother to daughter. Fantec's wife owned such an apron; a gossamer cambric affair, exquisitely embroidered with silk. Fantec could not bring himself to sacrifice this valuable garment. Accordingly, he substituted an inferior apron. That night the spirit of his wife stood beside his bed and pointed a menacing finger at the ancient oak armoire where the apron lay hid. Fantec endured these visitations for a week; then, crazy with terror, he obtained leave from the authorities to exhume the coffin. The apron was placed in it. The spirit ceased to visit him.

Mary sighed as she finished her story. "The worst of it is," she added, "that I think the whole thing rubbish, and yet here, somehow, one is impressed by it."

"You have felt that?" Téphany murmured.

Mary blushed. "My dear," she whispered, "I was so absurdly impressed by it that I—fool that I am—asked Fantec this morning if the story were true. He confirmed every word of it, most solemnly, and showed me the chest where he had hidden the apron. He also confided to me—this is between ourselves—that he is so frightened of being alone at night that he is going to marry again."

"Oh, Machie," said Téphany, "I am glad I brought you here. Whenever I feel nervous I shall ask you to tell me about Fantec."

That afternoon, while Mary was sketching one of the mills

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below the bridge, Téphany climbed once more the stairs leading to Michael's studio. He was painting furiously, working without brushes, using a couple of palette knives. He jumped up at the sight of his visitor.

"I thought you had chucked me," he said.

"Perhaps I wanted to let you cool down," she suggested.

He began to talk of his work, with an animation and fluency which reminded Téphany of the old days. Presently, wishing to amuse him, she told him about Mary Machin and Fantec. When she ended with a gay laugh, he growled out: "Perhaps she did come back." Then, without noticing her raised eyebrows, he added: "For that matter, I have had experiences, more than one. There was the case of Harbottle. He was at Gérome's with me, my intimate friend. We shared the same rooms. One summer, Harbottle went to Norway, and I to Gretz. I give you my word that I was painting hard, not thinking of my friend. But I woke in the middle of the night and saw his face."

"Yes," said Téphany, thrilled more by the narrator's manner than his words.

"I saw his face distinctly. It was—hideous. Swollen, discoloured, with ejected eyes and protruding tongue. Next morning I told myself that I had been tormented by a nightmare. The fact remains that, four days before I saw the vision, my poor friend met his death by drowning, and at the moment, approximately, when his face was seen by me, the body was found in a fiord by the search party. . . ."

Téphany said nothing; Michael concluded harshly, imperiously, as if he wished to impose his beliefs on his companion:

"I say, that the dead are continually about us. More, their presence affects us for good or ill. They inspire great thoughts, great deeds sometimes, and sometimes, Téphany, they inspire crime."

"Michael, you oughtn't to think of these things. I'm sorry I told you about Fantec, I——" She ceased speaking

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for Michael was not listening. He had hurried into the inner room and returned with the mask in his hand.

"Forgive me," he muttered. "You know that I have always been the bond slave of my impulses. The other day you saw derision in this face; now I want you to examine it in different lights. Sit where you are. Now—now—what do you see?"

His anxiety struck Téphany as being pathetic. She remained silent, gazing at the white plaster, no longer quite white, she noticed: slightly yellow, as plaster becomes when exposed to the air and sunshine. Téphany jumped to the conclusion that the cast had been taken many years before. The girl, if she were still alive, must now be a woman; and if she were dead—Michael's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"I'm glad you're taking time to answer my question. I want you to take time. As a favour to me, interpret, if you can, that expression."

Téphany blinked and rubbed her eyes. The mask as she now saw it appeared radiant. This, of course, was an effect of light and shadow. Without speaking, she rose and stared at the face from half a dozen different points of view.

"It's wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"I will tell you this," he said abruptly. "The girl from whose face this was taken is dead."

"Poor thing!" Téphany murmured.

"Why do you say that?" He was becoming excited. "Why do you say that, Téphany? It may be better for her that she is dead. She died young." He hesitated, struggling, evidently, between a passionate desire to speak and a reserve which he deemed inviolate. Finally, the words broke from him: "It is a death mask, Téphany, do you understand?"

"Oh! I could not have believed it possible, because——"

"Yes, yes——"

"Because even the plaster seems to be alive. The expression has changed again and again in the last two minutes. What do I see?" His excitement, the excitement of the

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Celt so contagious, so overpowering, communicated itself to her. "I see a sadness which clutches at the heart. She must have suffered—cruelly—*Michael!*"

The suffering she spoke of seemed to have transferred itself from the face of the dead girl to the living man. Téphany was sensible that she had plunged a knife into the heart of her old comrade. So distressing was this conviction that she dropped back into her chair, quivering with pity and dismay. Michael's face hardened.

"You have intuitions," he said slowly. "I knew it."

"But I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

"You have not changed, Téphany!"

The blood rushed to her throat and cheeks. She felt the warm tide mounting to her head, choking and strangling her. He had loved her once; and she had loved him. But he had changed; and so had she. The blood ebbed again. Michael, at all events, had not perceived her confusion, for he had turned his back. At the moment he seemed to be busily engaged in criticising his unfinished sketch, as if he were trying to fetter a rebellious mind to the pigments on the canvas. When he turned round he had become cool and calm. Téphany attempted to cicatrise the wound she had made.

"I spoke of sadness and suffering, Michael; but from here, where the light is best—and—and plays least tricks—I affirm, yes, affirm—positively——" she spoke deliberately, picking her words as a traveller may pick the stepping-stones in a raging torrent whereon he sets his feet, "that joy dominates the anguish. Oh, yes—it is unmistakable. At this moment the face glows with peace, patience, one might almost say triumph."

At each word the man, steadfastly regarding her, seemed to grow younger and happier. The change was so startling as to be uncanny. Again Téphany asked herself the inevitable question: "What was this girl to Michael?"

"Thank you," he said quietly. Then, lifting the mask very tenderly, he carried it back into his bedroom.

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When he returned he displayed an interest, for the first time since they had met on the quay, in the change which the years had wrought in her.

"You are no longer the ugly duckling," he said. "And the fine bird wears fine feathers. Has Miss Lane been left a fortune? Téphany of Pont-Aven was poor."

"I have enough for my wants," she replied indifferently. Desiring to tell him everything, she was sensible that a recital of triumph would destroy the frail thread which still held them together. Let him suppose that she had inherited rather than earned the wherewithal to buy pretty frocks and hats. He began to talk, rather disconnectedly, of life in England as it is lived in the country by people of moderate means. Téphany had heard him hold forth on this subject before. She smiled to notice how little his views had changed.

"I complain of the stupidity of the men and women," he said. "As for the men, I suppose it's a physiological fact that the blood which ought to nourish the cells of the brain is used up in digesting their enormous meals. I thought of living again in England after——" He hesitated, stammered slightly, and began another sentence. "I t-tried it for a time, but I had to come back here. But I go away in the summer. A month from now Pont-Aven will be overrun by trippers. Throw a stone out of this window and you will hit not a Breton, but a Briton."

"Did you try living in London?"

"London? Bah! I can't breathe in London. The struggle, the ignominious struggle for existence chokes me. The ugly, unhealthy faces torment me. The failures are whining; the few successful ones grin superciliously. Oh, those successful ones! What a fool I am to talk like this! You are saying: He has failed; he is whining; he envies those he abuses."

"No, no," said Téphany gently.

"I might have succeeded," Michael continued; "it is my own fault—remember that—my own fault that I am obscure. But if I had succeeded, if I were rich, I think I should live

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here in Brittany, because I love the place and the people. And even now, to-day, after what I have suffered and gone through, I can get more pleasure out of a bit of colour, out of one glimpse of a curling emerald wave before it breaks into foam, than I could find in all the cities of the world."

He became silent, compressing his lips. Téphany, realising that the man was actually suffering from the silence he had so long imposed upon himself, said quietly:

"In the old days you raved about form, Michael; now it's colour."

He snapped at her bait, and spoke most interestingly of colour and curious effects obtained by the use of certain pigments. It became evident that he had studied his subject exhaustively: experimenting with patience and ardour. Listening to him, conscious that the man had sacrificed, or at least had subordinated, personal ambitions to his desire for a wider and deeper understanding of his art, Téphany felt an immense pity flooding her heart. Very dimly she apprehended the truth that her old friend stood self-revealed as one of the very few who dare, knowingly, to abandon what the world calls substance for something ideal, ephemeral, to be seen, to be touched, but never to be captured.

"As for form," concluded Michael, "to you, Téphany, I will say this: I pursued it till it became my slave. I can draw anything I can see, but the colour in the simplest object defeats me."

"You succeed sometimes," she objected. "That child in the courtyard, for instance——"

"Oh—that?"

Her curiosity, rapidly becoming inordinate, impelled her to mention the child, through whom she might learn more of the girl, the woman.

"Yes—that. It is the best thing I have seen of yours: one of the best things I have ever seen anywhere."

He drew in his breath with a sharp gasping sound.

"If you had known—well, yes, you are right. But I

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thought I told you it was not painted from life. I painted it from memory."

"Your memory is strong."

"Strong?" He echoed the word fiercely. "Yes, you may call it that."

"May I look at it again?"

Growling something she could not quite understand, Michael pulled out the canvas and set it on the easel.

"This is the face of the mask?"

She had put the question before, but it will be remembered that Ossory had not answered it.

"I painted an imaginary child from the cast."

"I have never seen that coif."

She flushed slightly, expecting a scathing rebuke.

"It is a Vannetais coif," said Michael.

"I saw the child last night," said Téphany.

"What? You *saw* her?"

"In a dream."

"Well, tell me about your dream. A good many people believe in the reality of the dream life, in the wandering of the disembodied spirit. Why, I myself—tell me about your dream."

"The girl played hide and seek with me, luring me on to follow her, as if she wished to get me alone."

"Go on!"

"Finally, I lost her, but I heard her singing. That, Michael, was the most vivid part of the dream. I heard her song most distinctly, so distinctly in fact that I think I——"

"Well?"

"I think I could hum it."

"I wish you'd try. I have a reason."

She hummed the air of the song, wondering whether the beauty of her voice would appeal to him. But the first bars of it had hardly passed her lips before he held up his hands with an ungovernable gesture of astonishment.

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"Great heavens! you heard that? Is it possible?"

Téphany stopped singing. With a tiny shrug of her shoulder and a droop of her lips which signified disappointment and a sense that she had befooled herself, she said contritely, "Michael, you must forgive me. I played a trick on you. I did hear that song in my dream, and most vividly, but I heard it first from you."

"From me?" He stared at her stupidly.

"Yes. After you left me that first night, you whistled the air, which struck me as something totally unlike anything I had heard before."

"I see. It's a folk-song from the Morbihan country. The Vannetais women sing it."

He spoke quickly and with assumed carelessness, as if he were trying to obliterate what had gone before. Téphany swooped upon the truth which had leaked from his too eager lips. So then, some girl, some woman, who had played a stupendous part in the drama of Michael's life, had come from Le Morbihan, possibly from Vannes. Yet the cast came from Paris. Her eyes sparkled.

"The Vannetais women? You know, Michael, that my mother came from Vannes. And I have planned an expedition there, to find out, if I can, more about her."

She saw that he was eyeing her furtively, with a distrust which hurt. In an instant she fathomed his thought. He knew that he had betrayed a part of his secret. And the proposed visit to Vannes, which, indeed, Mary Machin and she had determined to pay, troubled him, nay more, alarmed him. Then the expression, so curiously compounded of annoyance and apprehension, faded, as he said lightly: "Vannes is a dear old place, but very, very unfragrant. And, after all these years, do you think it likely that you will find out more than you know already?"

Téphany realised that he had set his strong will against the proposed visit. Instantly, she defied his power, rising in arms against his lack of confidence in her, against this deliberate

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attempt to block her path. But she answered, as carelessly as he:

"Probably not." Then some imp constrained her to add: "But one never knows. Searching for one thing I may find another."

She let her eyes meet his frankly, as if she wished to warn him that his desire to thwart her had quickened a desire as potent, on her part, to oppose him.

"True," he replied harshly. "But before now, simple people hunting for a needle in a bundle of hay have laid hands upon a viper."

"How am I to take that, Michael?"

"As you please. I will make my meaning plainer, if you like. Your mother, whom you can scarcely remember, is of the past. If you are wise, Téphany, you will leave the past alone, particularly," his voice was threatening, "particularly the past of others."

CHAPTER VI.

PÈRE HYACINTHE

Si je rejoins Jean-Pierre
Au dernier rendez-vous,
En me mettant en bière
N'enfoncez pas de clous;
Car ma pauvre âme en peine
Reviendra parmi vous.

TÉPHANY left the studio convinced that Michael loved her no longer. But when she tried to analyse her own feelings, she confronted vague, impalpable subtleties which defied intelligence. She knew, now, that she had remained faithful to the Michael of her youth. Even after her letters were unanswered, during that miserable season when she told herself that he had abandoned her, she still cherished the hope that he would come back, that he would write to explain, that, in the end, it would

Google

be well with both of them. And during the years that followed, those laborious years when she was concentrating all energies upon her training as a singer, she thought continually of Michael and herself as two bodies whirled asunder by some mysterious force, but destined to come together again in obedience, perhaps, to the same inscrutable power. This cherished conviction stood between her and the many men who had desired to marry her, this and one other thing potent to keep a woman bond to the memory of a lover who has forsaken her. Of the men aforesaid, none was to be compared with Michael in mind or body. Henry Lane had remarked once that if Ossory had not been a painter, he must have proved a poet. Gérome, to whom Lane was speaking at the time, replied, with greater insight into his favourite pupil's character and temperament: "My dear fellow, if our friend were not a poet, he would not paint as he does." Looking back, Téphany saw clearly that Michael, as poet and painter, had won her heart. Now, another Michael, a different man, was challenging her sympathy, her pity, her friendship, but not her love.

Dominating these reflections, or shall we say rather percolating through them, was the further conviction that an identity between the old and new Michael could not be established. She had caught, it is true, glimpses of the strong, ardent youth who had picked her up in his arms and strained her to his breast, but these glimpses had but served to increase rather than diminish the size of the gulf which yawned between them.

She had moments, too, when she whispered to herself that it would be wise to return to Daffodil Mansions. Yvonne had warned her, Michael had warned her—to leave the past alone. But some spirit within bade her remain. A fellow creature was drowning in front of her eyes. Prudence, experience, modesty in her own powers, and a score of less obvious considerations told her that she might lose her life in attempting to save his; and yet it seemed to be predestined that she should make the attempt.

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Upon the day after the events described in the last chapter Téphany met the curé of Pont-Aven; not the dear old man who had baptized her and listened to childish confessions of innumerable peccadilloes, but a stranger, père Hyacinthe. Obeying an impulse, Téphany entered into conversation with him. An offer to subscribe to a local charity challenged the village priest's attention, an attention which Téphany's personality soon quickened into a lively interest. The curé was of a type happily not uncommon in Finistère. Like most Breton priests outside of the big towns, he was born of the people, although he had received an admirable education at a theological college. But under his soutane throbbed the big heart, the sturdy muscles, the intense vitality and virility of a son of the soil. Téphany recognised this, with keen appreciation of such qualities.

For the first few minutes the talk fluttered about the changes in Pont-Aven. Téphany asked questions, M. le vicaire answered them. Then, an odd sparkle in the shrewd hazel eyes, a genial smile, the subtle assumption of a fatherly manner, told Téphany that she had been identified as the daughter of Henry Lane.

"You know who I am, Monsieur?"

"Yes." He added with a pleasant laugh which tempered the rebuke: "I thought you would have come to see me, my daughter, before this."

Téphany felt that her cheeks were hanging out signals of distress, but her voice was calm enough as she replied: "I understand you perfectly. But I no longer belong to your Church."

"You have ceased to be a Catholic, Mademoiselle?"

"I cannot call myself a Roman Catholic," she answered gently.

The curé opened his wide mouth and closed it. He had tact. With a humorous shrug of his broad shoulders, he murmured: "I am not unprepared for this. Yvonne told me you had spent the last ten years in England."

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Téphany broke the ice which had formed between them with a smile. The curé's expression when the word "England" fell from his lips indicated accurately enough his limitations.

"You won't refuse English money?" said Téphany.

"I would accept alms for my poor people from the king of the cannibals, how much more from a young and charming lady. All the same, we must have some talks, you and I."

"Many, I hope," said Téphany, gravely.

As père Hyacinthe went his way Téphany reflected that here was a man who might help her. She thought with pleasure of his large sinewy hands, his square massive head. Head and hands indicated grasp, tenacity and power.

That evening Mary Machie and she were sitting in the big salon of the annexe with Carne and Keats. Carne was holding forth. Téphany listened half smiling, because in Carne's voice she caught echoes of what Michael had said long ago. Like Michael, the Californian seemed to have made a special study of the province, although this was his first visit to Pont-Aven.

"I met the curé to-day," said Téphany.

Carne had plenty to say about père Hyacinthe. Mr. Keats, too, put in a word:

"A good fellow, that. The big square peg in the big square hole. Of course the day of these fellows is drawing to a close."

"Just so," said Machie, nodding.

"I don't agree with you, Mr. Keats," Téphany said, with a slight emphasis. "The day is dawning. Their interference in politics has brought upon them heavy punishment—and I, for one, don't regret it. Now, they will attend to what really concerns them, to what they thoroughly understand. What threatens the soul of the province is not rationalism, nor Freemasonry, as some of the priests would have us believe, but drink. Let the priests fight that!"

"I'll step off my perch," said Keats cheerfully. "You've forgotten more about Brittany than I ever knew, Miss Lane."

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"I know something of Bretons. I've seen very little of Brittany."

Carne began to talk of Tréguier, the Léonnais country and Lower Brittany. He had attended most of the great "Pardons," had paid a pilgrimage to Sainte Anne d'Auray, had sketched the huge menhirs and dolmens of Locmariaker. Téphany listened, on edge to ask a question, and yet shrinking from the first plunge. Finally, she said carelessly: "I dare say you sketched the different coifs?"

"Some of them, Miss Lane."

"This Pont-Aven coif is the prettiest I have seen," said Keats.

Carne considered.

"Well, I don't know. The coif the girls wear at Arles, in Provence, is quite charming. This Pont-Aven coif is rather too much of a good thing, eh?"

"You like the simpler forms?" said Téphany.

"Yes, I do, Miss Lane. I like to see a girl wearing a coif, not a coif wearing a girl."

"May I see your studies?" said Téphany, with a slight flush.

"They're out of sight," observed Keats, enthusiastically.

"They are," said Carne, "but I'll fetch them."

Presently he returned with a large portfolio, containing some drawings. Téphany looked at one after the other, very slowly and carefully. Half way through the portfolio, she said: "Oh, this is a very pretty coif."

"That? Why, let me see, where did I do that? Of course, Port Navalo. I'm not likely to forget Port Navalo. Yes, as you say, Miss Lane, a very pretty coif, not unlike the Auray coif. You know there is a symbolism about these coifs. An interesting subject that."

Mary Machin begged him to go on. While he spoke Téphany sat gazing at the study of the girl from Port Navalo, who wore the identical coif of the girl whom Michael had painted in Yvonne's courtyard. But, according to Yvonne,

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who was a stickler for the truth, the girl had never stood in the courtyard. And Michael had said that the picture was painted from the mask. In exasperating contradiction to these statements rose the conviction that the girl's face, so remarkable, so perplexing in its expression and chameleon-like power of changing that expression, had haunted Yvonne's dreams. Téphany felt more or less certain that Yvonne had seen the picture, possibly the mask, and that she had reason to connect one or the other with some lamentable knowledge concerning Michael. These thoughts ran through her mind, while she listened to Carne's incisive, high-pitched voice.

"I have noticed," he was saying, "that the coif gives one a fairly accurate notion of the character and temperament of its wearer. The absolutely plain cap, for instance, bare of riband or frill, a mere bit of linen, is worn by the woman who works like a man in the fields, who has little vanity, no imagination, and no sense at all of what is beautiful. Millet put just such caps on the heads of his models. One could hardly conceive his peasants in the dainty, fluttering head-dress the girls wear here."

"That's right," said Keats, admiringly. "You're great this evening, Clinton. Isn't he, Miss Machin?"

"Please go on," said Mary. Carne had curly hair and a well-cut profile; young men with curly hair were very attractive to her.

"What I've said would strike any one," Carne admitted, with becoming modesty. "It's the A B C of the thing. But when we come to the ornamented coifs, it's not so easy to interpret them. Now the coif on the head of that girl, Miss Lane, the Port Navalo girl——"

"Yes; what do you make of that?"

"It's rather a long story."

"So much the better," said Miss Machin. "I like long stories. I like long novels, such as Sir Walter Scott wrote."

Thus encouraged the Californian continued fluently:

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"I said just now that I was not likely to forget Port Navalo, and to explain that coif I must tell you why. I spent last summer on one of the islands of the Gulf of Morbihan, the Ile aux Moines; but I explored all the queer country about the gulf. Port Navalo is a fishing village, perched on the extreme point of the peninsula which faces Locmariaker. Between Port Navalo and Locmariaker is a narrow channel known as La Jument. When the tide is ebbing or flowing strongly La Jument becomes one of the most fearful races in the world. And what makes the place so awful and yet so fascinating is the fact that on a midsummer's day, when there's no wind and the gulf is like a mill-pool, La Jument seems to be possessed of ten thousand devils. At high tide and low tide the channel is not much more interesting than a canal. Then the boats sail up and down it in perfect safety. While you are doing this the change comes. The quiet water begins to bubble as if it were a sort of chalybeate spring; then it swirls; then it boils; then it transforms itself into a raging rapid, like the Niagara rapids—and from the same cause. Behind this narrow channel is the Atlantic, in front the Gulf. When the tide is ebbing, all the water in the Gulf has to pass through this Devil's Gate, when the tide flows the Atlantic drives these millions of tons of water back again. See!"

"I'd like to see it," said Téphany.

"From a safe place," added Mary Machin.

"I was describing the race in midsummer weather. Now conceive of it when a storm is raging."

"I'd rather not," said Miss Machin, with a shudder.

"It's horrible then," said Carne, in a voice that thrilled. "It's appalling, Miss Machin, blood-curdling! And, remember, La Jument, which yearly swallows up scores of lives, is set in the heart of Lower Brittany. Within two hundred years—I had this on high authority—human sacrifices have taken place near Locmariaker. The peasants are Druids still. Now what sort of effect would such a natural phenomenon as this awful race

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have on their minds? You can all make a guess, a faint guess, at the terror it inspires in credulous superstitious souls, when I tell you that I," he laughed grimly, "an up-to-date Westerner, not easily scared, could never look at the thing without shuddering. . . ."

"I shan't sleep a wink to-night, but please go on," said Mary Machin.

"Every stick and stone in that country has its story," Carne continued; "and take it from me that the peasants and fisher-folk believe these stories, although they say they don't. But, apart from their superstition, they are a gay, pleasure-loving people, quite different, for instance, from the sort of men and women one finds near the Pointe du Raz.[1] Now, don't laugh, but my contention is that if it were not for La Jument and those horrible menhirs and dolmens, the Morbihan coifs would be as flamboyant as the coifs here and at Quimperlé, but the women don't dare to indulge in silk and streamers. What follows? Their fancy, which is exquisitely graceful, finds expression in delicate hemming and embroidery. You get the simple lines, rigidly restrained, as in this coif, and you will find in the girls, what you see in their head-dress, a sort of shy, restrained fascination, nothing to catch the eye at first sight, but something which allures tremendously. It's not easy to express what one means. But you're the daughter of a painter, Miss Lane, and you paint a bit yourself. Well, you know the delight of finding colour in semi-tones, in soft greys, which melt and shimmer into all the tints of the rainbow? Yes. Whistler ought to have painted some of those girls. I tried and missed what I was after. I don't know enough yet, but I'm going back. I've been giving you an a lecture."

"Clinton can keep it up all night," said Johnnie Keats.

Carne laughed, collected his studies, thrust them into the portfolio, and took his leave. Mary Machin said to Téphany:

"We must go to Port Navalo?"

"Perhaps," Téphany answered.

[1] Pointe du Raz guards the terrific Baie des Trépassés.

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During the week that followed, she saw but little of Michael Ossory, being unwilling to visit his studio till she had resolved certain problems sorely perplexing her. They met twice, however, upon the old Concarneau road, where Ossory happened to be painting each morning. Téphany introduced Michael to Mary Machin, uncomfortably sensible that he might play the bear. To her relief, he behaved with courtesy.

"My dear," said Machie, afterwards, "he is the most interesting man I ever met who wears a beard. If he would shave, really, I——"

Téphany interrupted her.

"Machie, will you do me a favour? Please don't speak to Mr. Ossory of Port Navalo, and don't ask me any questions yet."

At table d'hôte, Miss Machin told Clinton Carne that she had met the Hermit.

"And if he'd only shave—— He is so very much in the rough."

"I've met him too," said Carne.

"Have you?" said Téphany, eagerly; then, checking herself, she added quietly: "Have you talked with him?"

"He was extremely kind, and a remarkable draughtsman. I was struggling with a foreshortened curve, and in despair, when he passed me. Somehow I seemed to feel that he sympathised. He stopped for an instant, and I had time to growl out something. He looked me square in the eye; then he said most civilly: 'May I show you how to do that?' His tone of assurance rather struck me, because I had come to the conclusion that there were just about four men in Paris, and four only, who could tackle that curve. 'I shall be much obliged,' said I. With that he took my palette, picked out a whacking big brush, and went to work. In one minute the trick was done. I tried to get him to talk, but he bolted. And ever since I've been asking myself, why the dickens he ain't at the top of the ladder?"

"Ossory looks at me," said Johnnie Keats, "as if he knew exactly the all sorts of a fool I am."

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Everybody laughed except Téphany. She was angry with herself, because the recital of this tiny incident revealed the Michael whom, the day before, she was trying to forget.

In the afternoon of the same day she took a cheque to the curé, who looked at it in astonishment, confounded by the amount.

"You give me twenty-five hundred francs for my people?"

"They are my people, too, my father."

"True, true!" He put the cheque into a much-frayed pocket-book, slightly frowning, as if puzzled. Then, with the touch of humour which had so pleased Téphany when they first met, he added, chuckling: "It is strange that I should get two cheques from," he paused, and his genial smile took all the sting out of the next word, "from heretics."

"Two?"

"Monsieur Ossory, the English painter, is very, very generous, although, to be sure——"

"Although——"

"I am indiscreet, Mademoiselle." Then as Téphany shook her head, he added: "That is to say sometimes, but you won't betray me. Monsieur Ossory is very generous, as I say, which is the more remarkable because I am told that he is far from rich; but the money which he gives me must be spent as he directs."

Téphany perceived that he had something to tell, and, under slight pressure, might tell it. She wondered if a man of honour of her own class would use pressure. She was very human, as you will find out when you know her better. She nodded, with a delicate gesture of interrogation.

"My old people, who have worked hard all their lives and who can work no longer, have the first claim upon our charity—is it not so? Obviously. But Monsieur Ossory won't give a sou to me for them."

"Oh!" Téphany exclaimed. She knew now that she was on the brink of discovering another clue to the mystery which lay between Michael and herself. Her pride urged her to step

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back. During the past few days, ever since, in fact, her last visit to the studio, she had told herself that a self-respecting woman must respect others. Michael had refused to give her confidence; nay more, he had warned her against curiosity. When he bade her leave the past alone she vowed to herself that she would obey him. And yet, she had been unable to withstand the temptation to listen to Clinton Carne; and now she was equally unable to turn her back on père Hyacinthe. She had the grace to blush, as she asked:

"To whom, then, does he give his money?"

"It is given to girls."

"That is certainly odd," Téphany murmured, with a little gasp.

"What I have told you is between ourselves, Mademoiselle. For the rest, it is not so odd after all, Monsieur himself said to me that the lives of the young are often spoiled for the lack of a little money, and the lives of the old have been lived." He sighed, and his shrewd eyes softened, becoming sombre and full of shadows. Looking at him now Téphany saw that he was a Breton indeed under his soutane. Upon the impulse of the moment she leaped barriers.

"My father," at the tone of her voice the Breton vanished, the priest, alert, inviting confidence, strong in his power to comfort and advise, smiled paternally, "it must have struck you that Monsieur Ossory, who helps others, needs help himself."

"Do we not all need help?" he asked keenly.

"Ah, yes; but he—in particular——" Her voice faltered.

"You know him well, Mademoiselle?"

"I knew him long ago, very well indeed. He was my father's friend and mine." She spoke warmly of Michael's kindness to her when she found herself an orphan. The curé nodded sympathisingly. "And now," she concluded, "I come back after ten years, and I am told by—by—I will be quite frank—I am told by Yvonne, who was once his friend, that he is lost—her word. *Lost!*"

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They were sitting in the small reception-room of the presbytery, the same room wherein Téphany had been prepared for Confirmation. It had changed but little. The walls were whitewashed as of yore, the chairs were uncomfortably hard; but the view from the window revealed a tiny garden, gay with geraniums, roses, and some tall nodding hollyhocks. The garden symbolised the beauty of the world outside; the flowers might be compared to ephemeral joys, innocent and sweet, but destined to wither and decay within a few brief hours.

The curé hesitated; when he spoke his manner had changed subtly. Téphany realised that she had led him out of familiar channels into unknown waters. He had always dealt, sturdily and capably, with his like, peasants and fishermen. To such a man Ossory must seem a creature of another world. For an instant she feared that the priest would ascend his pulpit, and proclaim his gospel in obvious time-worn phrases. Her respect for him expanded enormously, her belief in his goodness and sympathy became impregnable, when he answered with humility:

"My daughter, if I could see my way, or any way, to help our friend, I should place myself at his service. From the day when we first met, some years ago now, he has had my prayers. Well, I," his voice became virile, infused with an extraordinary virtue, as he concluded, "I know that some prayers are answered, and perhaps for him the prayers of his friends are the only help they can offer."

Téphany twisted her slender fingers.

"Let us assume," she said abruptly, "that you and I divine that a shadow—ah! why should we veil our words?—let us assume, you and I, his friends, that some sin," her voice sank to a whisper, "stands between him and us——"

"Go on, my daughter."

"And if it be so, if one's intuition is not at fault, if this barrier shuts him from us, ought we not to pull it down, to destroy it—if we can?"

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"That is well said; but how do you propose to pull down, to destroy what is invisible?"

"We must see it first," she murmured.

The curé rose from his chair and walked to the windows. Téphany was glad that he had taken time to weigh his answer. She wondered whether he guessed the little that she had left unsaid. Presently he turned, and faced her.

"I am not quick," he said. "I do not shoot my bird on the wing, you understand, but I have had experience, and I am patient. But you," again his voice softened delightfully, "are young and impatient. Yes, yes; that is so natural. And then, again," Téphany could see that he was laboriously fitting himself into her shoes, "you are a visitor to Pont-Aven; you are leaving soon, may be, and if you are to pull down walls, granite walls," he added with a shrewd allusion to the almost indestructible walls of the Province, "you wish to go to work at once. Is it not so?"

"Yes; you read me easily, my father."

"No, no; I cannot read you easily; it is doubtful if you can read yourself—*easily*. But this is plain to me: you ask me to help you to discover some secret which our friend has chosen not to reveal to us? You ask me to join you, first of all, in a hunt for some hidden sin—your own word, my daughter. Having found this sin, we unite to destroy it. Put bluntly, I am a blunt man, that is what you ask?"

"It sounds very dreadful," said Téphany; "and I think the case might be stated less bluntly. Yes; I ask your help to find, if it be possible, the brave, the gallant man whom Yvonne says is lost."

"You move too fast. Do you think that you and I can destroy a sin, my daughter?"

"The sin itself, of course not."

"Or its effects?"

"You force me to confess how badly I have worded my thoughts. The sin and its effects cannot be destroyed by human hands; but the barrier, the shadow—my first word was

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after all the right one—the shadow which sin casts and which pride intensifies does vanish, not always, but often, often, beneath the light of knowledge. To know all is to pardon. And if one knows nothing, what can one do?"

The curé smiled; then he murmured: "I am sorry, very sorry, but I cannot help you, my daughter."

"You can at least do this," said Téphany, driven to the wall: "you can tell me frankly whether in your opinion I am justified in trying to find out all I can by fair means."

"By fair means?"

"I know already two facts of importance. These facts will lead me on to others. In a word, I can advance, knowing that not very far away is the truth, or I can turn my back on Pont-Aven for ever."

Her voice must have told the reader of many hearts that the issues at stake involved as much to the woman who stood before him as to the man whose salvation, perhaps, hung upon the answer he was entreated to give. Again he walked to the window and gazed out into the gay little garden beyond. It seemed to Téphany an eternity before he came back and took her hand between his large rough palms.

"You are a good woman," he said gravely, "good and pure." He stared hard into her eyes; but she met his glance without wincing. "You ask me a question which a wiser man than I would find hard to answer, but I am going to answer it according to my lights."

"One moment," said Téphany. He saw that she was trembling violently, that her eyes were wet. "Before you speak I wish to say this; many women ask lightly for advice, meaning to take it or reject it according as it pleases them. I—" she controlled herself, raised her head, and spoke proudly, without a quiver of voice or lips—"I am not one of those women, my father. I have asked for your advice because I—mean—to—take—it."

(*To be continued*)

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	Page
THE FASCINATION OF PARLIAMENT——MICHAEL MacDONAGH	1
LORD BYRON AND LORD LOVELACE——JOHN MURRAY	19
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL——X	41
ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICS AS INSTRUMENTS OF EDUCATION——THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN	47
SOCIALISM AND THE MAN IN THE STREET—— W. R. MALCOLM	62
FROUDE AND FREEMAN——RONALD McNEILL	79
A FORGOTTEN PRINCESS——REGINALD LUCAS	92
A PILGRIMAGE TO CANOSSA——REGINALD HUGHES	107
BY AN IRISH STREAM——"LEMON GREY"	119
ON THE LINE	130
A FACE OF CLAY—CHAPS. VII.–X.——HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL	138

No. 65. XXII. 2.—Feb. 1906

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (JANUARY).

A Note on the Political Situation—E.

Brains and Bridge—Basil Tozer

Bulgaria To-Day—Lady Thompson

Relics—Eveline B. Mitford

Among the Félibres in Provence—Constance Elizabeth Maud

Latin America and the United States—"Investor"

An Irish Experiment—Shan F. Bullock

The Black Sea—Sven Hedin

Indian Feudatory States and the Paramount Power—F. Loraine Petre

The Story of a Devonshire House

A Face of Clay—Chaps. IV.-VI.—Horace Annesley Vachell

The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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THE FASCINATION OF PARLIAMENT

AT the General Election was witnessed the old and familiar, but ever curious and interesting, spectacle of about twelve hundred men—varying so much in consequence, ability, position and temperament that they may be said to reflect, collectively, the very image of the Nation—engaged in wooing the constituencies which have at their disposal the 670 seats in the House of Commons. How comes such a strange thing to pass? What are the irresistible allurements that compel this large body of men, the majority of them actively engaged in business or professional life, to spend their money and time, their strength and temper, in order that they may be given the chance of making a gift of their professional capacity and business experience to the Nation, expecting in return neither fee nor reward?

Let us hear Macaulay on the subject. Writing to his sister Hannah (subsequently Lady Trevelyan) on June 17, 1833, after a few years' experience of the House of Commons, he says:

> I begin to wonder what the fascination is which attracts men, who could sit over their tea and their book in their own cool, quiet room, to breathe bad air, hear bad speeches, lounge up and down the long gallery, and doze uneasily on the green benches till three in the morning. Thank God, these luxuries are not necessary for me. My pen is sufficient for my support, and my sister's company is sufficient for my happiness. Only let me see her well and cheerful,

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and let offices in Government and seats in Parliament go to those who care for them. If I were to leave public life to-morrow, I declare that, except for the vexation which it might give you and one or two others, the event would not be in the slightest degree painful to me.

Sir George Trevelyan, in his "Life of Lord Macaulay," not only corroborates his uncle as to the mystery of the charm of the House of Commons, but gives us, from personal experience also, a more forbidding description of what he calls "the tedious and exhaustive routine" of an M.P.'s life during the Sessions of Parliament:

Waiting the whole evening to vote, and then walking half a mile at a foot's-pace round and round the crowded lobbies; dining amidst clamour and confusion, with a division twenty minutes long between two of the mouthfuls; trudging home at three in the morning through the slush of a February thaw; and sitting behind Ministers in the centre of a closely packed bench during the hottest week of the London summer.

If this were all that was to be said of Parliamentary life it would, indeed, be difficult to understand why a seat in the House of Commons should be regarded as an object to be sighed for, and schemed for, and fought for, and paid for, by thousands of very astute and able men. The constituencies are not engaged at the General Election in fastening this burden upon unwilling shoulders. How incomprehensible, then, is the action of those who, having had experience of the hard and thankless lot of the Member of Parliament, its mental strain, its physical discomforts, yet labour unceasingly, night and day, during the month of the General Election to induce the electors to send them back again to the dreary round of routine tasks at Westminster. Indeed Macaulay himself felt keenly the loss of his seat for Edinburgh in 1847, though at the time he was absorbed in his "History of England"; and in 1852, with his great work still uncompleted, he was delighted to be returned again to Parliament by his old constituency. But the truth is, we have been given only the dark side of the picture. There is a silver lining also to the cloud. The life of

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a representative of the people, as we shall presently see, has its compensations.

Still, the tribulations of an M.P. are undoubtedly many. There are, to begin with, the torments of the post. Cobden, in a letter to a friend, early in 1846, when his name as the leader of the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was in all men's mouths, gives us an interesting glimpse into the contents, half laughable and half pathetic, of the letter-bag of an M.P. He says:

> First, half the mad people in the country who are still at large, and they are legion, address their incoherent ravings to the most notorious man of the hour. Next, the kindred tribe who think themselves poets, who are more difficult than the mad people to deal with, send their doggerel and solicit subscriptions to their volumes, with occasional requests to be allowed to dedicate them. Then there are the Jeremy Diddlers, who begin their epistles with high-flown compliments upon my services to the millions, and always wind up with a request that I will bestow a trifle upon the individual who ventures to lay his distressing case before me. To add to my miseries, people have now got an idea that I am influential with the Government, and the small place-hunters are at me.

Cobden enclosed a specimen of the begging-letters he was accustomed to receive. It was from a lady asking him to become her "generous and noble-minded benefactor." As she desired to begin to do something for herself, she hoped he would procure her a loan of £5000 "to enable her to rear poultry for London and other large market towns." In another letter, written July 14, 1846, after the taxes on bread-stuffs had been repealed, and the Corn Law League disbanded, Cobden says:

> I thought I should be allowed to be forgotten after my address to my constituents. But every post brings me twenty or thirty letters—and such letters! I am teased to death by place-hunters of every degree, who wish me to procure them Government appointments. Brothers of peers—aye, "honourables"—are amongst the number. I have but one answer for all: "I would not ask a favour of the Ministry to serve my own brother." I often think what must be the fate of Lord John, or Peel, with half the needy aristocracy knocking at the Treasury doors.

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Things have but little improved, if at all, since the time of Cobden. The ordinary elector fails to see that his representative deserves any gratitude or thanks for his services in Parliament. On the contrary, he thinks it is he who is entitled to some return for having helped his representative to a seat in the House of Commons in preference to another who was equally eager for the honour. The spectacle of so many men competing for the voluntary service of the State in the capacity of a Member of Parliament cannot but make the ordinary elector feel that he is conferring a favour on the particular candidate for whom he votes. This being their state of mind, constituents are naturally exacting. As the representative, on the other hand, desires to retain his seat, he cannot afford to ignore a letter from even the humblest and obscurest of the electors. The General Election may come round again with unexpected suddenness, bringing with it the day of reckoning for the Member. Then it is that the voter, however humble, however obscure, can help to make or mar the prospect of his return to St. Stephen's. But constituents will unreasonably persist in asking for things impossible. In the post-bag of the representative appointments are greatly in demand. There was a time when the M.P. had some patronage to distribute in the way of nominations to posts in the Customs, the Excise and the Inland Revenue, for which no examination was required, should the Party he supported be in power. But that good time, or bad, is gone and for ever. The throwing open of the Civil Service to competition has deprived the M.P. of this sort of small change, which he once was able to scatter among the electors so as to reward past services and secure future support. Now he has absolutely nothing in his gift, except, perhaps, a nomination for any vacant sub-post-office in his constituency. Yet numbers of the electors still imagine there are many comfortable posts which are to be had by their representatives merely for the saying of a word to some Minister. An example of what the M.P. has occasionally to put up with is found in the following blunt and abusive

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epistle, sent by a disappointed office-seeker to the man he says "he carried in on his own shoulders" at the last election:

DEAR SIR,—

You're a fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the money either, but you could hev got it for me if you wasn't so mean. Two pound a week ain't any moar to me than 40 shillin's is to you, but I objekt to bein' maid a fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin', a feller here wanted to bet me that You wouldn't be in the House more than a week before you made a ass of yourself. I bet him a Cow on that as i thort you was worth it then. After i got Your Note sayin' you deklined to ackt in the matter i driv the Cow over to the Feller's place an' tole him he had won her.

That's orl I got by howlin meself Hoarse for you on pole day, an' months befoar. I believe you think you'll get in agen. I don't. Yure no man. An' i doant think yure much of a demecrat either. I lowers meself ritin to so low a feller, even tho I med him a member of parlerment.

Electors also argue that as M.P.s are law-makers they should be able to rescue law-breakers from the clutches of the police. Accordingly there are appeals to have fines imposed on children for breaking windows remitted, and even to get sentences of penal servitude revoked. The respectable tradesman on the verge of bankruptcy, who could be restored to a sound financial position by the loan of £100, sends many a cadging letter. He usually declares that he not only voted for his representative, but attended every meeting that gentleman addressed in the course of the election. The best reply the M.P. could make to such an attempt to fleece him is to advise his correspondent to attend more to business and less to politics; but he probably never makes it, for he can rarely afford to speak out his mind to a constituent. Inventors are also of the plagues from which the M.P. suffers. The man who has discovered the secret of making soap out of sawdust writes glowing letters about the fortune to be made if a company were formed to work the process. Almost every post brings bottles of mixtures and boxes of lozenges, calculated to transform the harshest voice into the clearest and mellowest. "Send me a testimonial," said the maker of one mixture,

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"that, after you had used my specific, the house was spell-bound by the music of your tones." Tradesmen are also most importunate. Quite recently the announcement of an interesting event in the family of a Member appeared in the Press. Next day a van pulled up at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament. It contained three different kinds of perambulators; and the tradesman who brought them was extremely indignant because the police refused him admission to the House to display their good points and advantages to the happy father. Poets ask for subscriptions to publish their works, or, enclosing some doggerel verses as samples, appeal for orders for odes for the next General Election.

If you would quote in the House a verse from my volume, "Twitterings in the Twilight," what a grand advertisement I'd get! [wrote one rhymester to his representative]. You might say something like this: One of the most delightful collections of poems it has ever been my good fortune to come across is Mr. Socrates Wilkin's "Twitterings in the Twilight." Could the situation in which the Empire finds itself be more happily touched off than in the following verse of that eminent poet?—and then go on to quote some lines from my book, which I enclose.

Members who are lawyers and doctors are expected by a large section of their constituents to give professional advice for nothing. If one of these unreasonable persons has a dispute with his landlord as to the amount of rent due, or finds it impossible to recover a debt, he expects, as a matter of course, his representative, if a gentleman learned in the law, to help him out of his difficulty; or, if a doctor, he favours him with long and incoherent accounts of mysterious complaints from which he has suffered for years. The M.P. is also expected to throw oil on disturbed domestic waters. Here is a specimen of a communication which is by no means uncommon:

Dear Sir,—

Me and the wife had a bit of a tiff last Saturday night, and she won't make it up. If you just send her a line saying Bill's all right, she will come round. She thinks such a lot of you since you kissed the nipper the day you called for my vote.

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But pity the poor M.P. who receives such a letter as the following:

HONOURED SIR,—

I hear that Mr. Balfour is not a married man. Something tells me that I would make the right sort of wife for him. I am coming to London to-morrow, and will call at the House of Commons to see you, hoping you will get me an introduction to the honourable gentleman. I am only 30 years of age, and can do cooking and washing.

AGNES MERTON.

P.S.—Perhaps if Mr. Balfour would not have me, you would say a word for me to one of the policemen at the House.

During the evening the Member who received this strange epistle cautiously ventured into the Central Hall, and, sure enough, espied an eccentric-looking woman in angry controversy with a constable, who was trying to induce her to go away. But she refused to leave, and ultimately found a sympathetic companion in the crazy old lady who has haunted the place for years in the hope that some day she will induce the Government to restore the £5,000,000 of which she declares they have robbed her.

The Member of Parliament is liable to receive other communications of even less flattering and more exasperating character. Bribes are occasionally dangled before him through the post. Will he allow his name to be used in the floating of a company, or in the advertising of some article of common use or patent medicine? Will he use his influence in obtaining a Government contract for a certain firm? If he will, there is a cheque for so-and-so at his disposal. In a recent debate in the House of Commons on the payment of Members, Mr. John Burns evoked both laughter and applause by reading his reply to an offer of fifty pounds if he obtained for a person in Belfast a vacant collectorship of taxes. "Sir," replied Mr. Burns, "you are a scoundrel. I wish you were within reach of my boot."

But the sane and the righteous give the M.P. more annoyance than the knavish and the crazy. Think of the numerous

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local functions—religious, social, and political—to which he is invited. When a meeting is being organised in the constituency, naturally the first thought of its promoters is to try to get the Member to attend. The more conspicuous he is in Parliament, and therefore the more likely to attract an audience, the greater is the number of these invitations, and the more widespread is the disappointment and dissatisfaction among his constituents if he fails to accept them. He is expected to preside at the inaugural meetings of local amateur dramatic societies and local naturalists' field clubs; and "to honour with his presence" the beanfeasts of local friendly associations. The literary institution, designed to keep young men out of the public-houses, must be opened by him. He must attend mixed entertainments of a political and musical character, at which his speech is sandwiched between a sentimental and a comic song.

But perhaps the Member of Parliament is most worried by the appeals to his generosity and charity which pour in upon him in aid of churches, chapels, mission-halls, schools, working-men's institutes, hospitals, asylums, cricket and football clubs, and in fact societies and institutions of all sorts and sundry. Of course it is only natural that if money be needed for an excellent local purpose the local representative should be included in the appeal. In some constituencies, however, many of these calls on the purse of the representative can only be described as barefaced extortions. Not long ago, Mr. Robert Ascroft, one of the Members for Oldham, in his annual address to the electors, made a remarkable disclosure of the rapacity with which the M.P. is often preyed upon by constituents. He said:

> In my hand I hold a roll of paper, which is nearly twenty feet long, and it is covered with the names of applications for subscriptions since I became your member. The late Mr. Fielden, a week before Parliament rose, while we were sitting having a chat in the House of Commons, said to me, "However do you manage in Oldham?" And I replied, "As well as I can." He remarked, "Would you believe it, the first twelve months that I was elected I was asked to give"—and the sums were mentioned—"no less than £27,000."

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Now [continued Mr. Ascroft] I simply mention this because I made a rule to send a cheque when I could afford to send it. But I am not an African millionaire, and I have no shares in Klondike. Therefore you must please to understand that when I do not answer these letters, and do not enclose a cheque, it is for the simple reason that I cannot afford to do so. I think that it is time one ought to speak out, and though one, as a Member of Parliament, is willing to do one's share for every good work in the constituency, do not forget that there are other men in the constituency, and of great wealth, from whom you ought to get a thousand times as much as you ought to get from me.

If a Member of Parliament should refuse to help his constituents in providing themselves with coals, blankets, footballs, cricket-bats; big drums, billiard-tables, church steeples, sewing-machines, he is set down as mean; and numbers vow he shall not have their votes at the General Election. The representative is, by all means, to be commended in resisting these illegitimate demands. But there is something to be said for the constituents. Surely they may very properly ask, "From whom can we more reasonably seek aid for our deserving local charities than from our Member of Parliament?" They recall to mind his accessibility and graciousness while he was "nursing" the constituency. Was he not ever ready to preside at the smoking-concerts of the Sons of Benevolence, to sing songs or recite at the mothers' meetings, to hand round the cake at the children's tea parties, to kick off at the football contests? Did he not regard service in the House of Commons more as a distinction and privilege than as a public duty? His speeches also are remembered.

Did he not tell the electors from a hundred platforms that for all time he was absolutely at their service? Did he not come to them literally hat in hand begging the favour—mind you, "the favour"—of their vote and influence? Yet to this cynical end has it all come, that badgered by requests for subscriptions to this, that or the other, he replies—to quote the prompt, emphatic and printed answer which one representative has sent to all such appeals—"I was elected for —— as Member of Parliament, not as Relieving Officer."

In the House of Commons itself some disappointments

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also await the M.P. The motives which induce men to seek a seat in Parliament are, perhaps, many and diverse, but there is no doubt whatever that the main reason is an honest and genuine desire to serve the State and promote the happiness of the community. In the first flush of their enthusiasm after election our representatives zealously set about informing themselves of the subjects that are likely to engage their attention in Parliament. They soon find, however, that to do this properly would leave them very little time for anything else. The breakfast-table of the M.P. is heaped every morning during the Session with Parliamentary papers, consisting of Blue Books, Bills, reports, and returns. Blue Books —ominously ponderous and portentously dull—are by universal admission not attractive reading, yet eighty of them are, on an average, issued every year, demanding the attention of the conscientious representative. The Bills are more inviting perhaps, embodying, as they do, the fads and hobbies of the 670 Members of the House of Commons. About three hundred of them are introduced every Session. After the first reading they are printed and circulated among the Members, who are expected to make themselves acquainted with their provisions. Most of the representatives, perhaps, give up the task in despair; and instead of attempting to arrive at independent conclusions by personal investigation and study, they rely on their political leaders to direct them on the right path in regard not only to the measures dealing with the main public questions of the day, but to the Bills of private Members. But it is not all plain sailing even when that lazy course is adopted. "The worst effect on myself resulting from listening to the debates in Parliament," writes Monckton Milnes, "is that it prevents me from forming any clear political opinion on any subject."

So supreme has the Ministry become in the House of Commons that the power of the private Member to initiate and carry legislation has been reduced to a nullity. Only the Bills of the Ministers have any prospect of reaching the Statute Book. That is a cruel disappointment to the M.P. who desires

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to be a real legislator and thinks he has an infallible scheme for putting straight some twist in the scheme of things. The M.P. who aspires "the listening Senate to command" also soon discovers that the opportunities for discussion and criticism are outrageously restricted in the interest of the Government. Perhaps he has devoted days to the manufacture of flowers of rhetoric for his speech in a great debate. Night after night he sits impatiently on the pounce to "catch the Speaker's eye," but fails to fix the attention of that wandering orb; while he hears his arguments and his epigrams used by luckier men, who had probably got them from the same shelf of the library; and the debate is brought to an end leaving him with a mind oppressed by a weighty unspoken speech. Then his constituents say unpleasant things because they do not see his name in the newspaper reports. They think he is neglecting his duty, or else he is a foolish "silent Member." There only remains for the representative the cold consolation of the old saying that "they are the wisest part of Parliament who use the greatest silence"; or the opinion of his leaders, should his Party be in office, that he is the most useful of Members who never speaks, but is ever at hand to vote when the division bells ring out their summons.

The man who always votes at his Party's call and never dreams of thinking for himself at all is to be found no doubt in the House of Commons. But to many an M.P. it must be a very sore trial to find his opinions often dictated by his leaders and his movements always controlled by the Whips. Party discipline is severely strict, and violations of it are rarely condoned. The speech of the Member, sufficiently sincere and courageous to take up an attitude independent of Party in regard to some political question of the day, is received with jeers by his colleagues, and, what is, perhaps, more disconcerting, with cheers by the other side. Such a line of action is often conclusive evidence of a good patriot. But he who takes it is commonly regarded as a crank and a faddist, and his only reward is to be "cut" by his Party. On the other hand, there are representatives of the people to

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whom the House of Commons is but a vastly agreeable diversion. Imagine the feelings of such a Member when, on a night off, a strongly worded and heavily underscored communication from the Whips demanding his immediate attendance at St. Stephen's is delivered to him at some inopportune moment, perhaps as he is just sitting down to a pleasant dinner or is leaving his house for the Frivolity Theatre. If, prone as he is to yield to the temptations of the flesh, he should ignore this peremptory call of Party duty, like the crank, he is held guilty of a grave breach of discipline. His past services in the division lobby—on nights when the proceedings in the House were a regular lark—are forgotten. He gets a solemn lecture from the Chief Whip on the enormity of his offence. Worse still, his name is published in an official "black list" of defaulters, or he meets with a nasty little paragraph exposing his neglect of duty in the local newspaper which most widely circulates among his constituents.

And yet, with all his attention to the desires, the whims, the caprices of his constituents, with all his surrender of private judgment to his leaders, of personal pleasures to the Whips, what M.P. can confidently feel that his seat is safe? It is hard to get into Parliament. To remain a Member is just as difficult. The insecurity of the tenure of a seat in the House of Commons is perhaps the greatest drawback of public life. Many a man with ambition and talent for office does years of splendid service for his party in Opposition. The General Election comes; his party is victorious at the polls. But he himself has been worsted in the fight; and he has the mortification of seeing another receive the portfolio which would have been his in happier circumstances. To such a man, with his keen enjoyment of the delights and exultations of the Parliamentary career, life outside the House of Commons must be barren and dreary indeed. Yet never again may he cross its charmed portals.

But, happily, now that the litany of the tribulations and disappointments of a Member of Parliament is exhausted, there remain to be told many countervailing advantages and

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delights which must make a seat in the House of Commons an object greatly to be coveted and well worth the physical labour, the mental worry, the demands on the purse, which its attainment entails. There is the gratification of having won the trust of a large body of the public. There is the sense of power and influence of the legislator. The glittering letters "M.P." after his name are not only a source of natural pride to the representative, but a mark for the deference of others. They add, moreover, to his social consequence. Doors of circles hitherto closed to him are open wide. Even his business is advertised. When we see the name of the Member for Bubblington we inevitably think of his soap. To the lawyer a seat in the House of Commons means briefs. "I wrote books for twenty years and was nobody," said an author. "I got into Parliament and became somebody."

The House of Commons has been called, as every one knows, "the best club in London." But it would seem as if that opinion were no longer entertained. It is said that the House has become a collection of men differing too widely in social rank, pursuits, ideas and principles for it to be properly described as a club. Yet there is no doubt whatever that in regard to one of the purposes of a club, that of ministering to the personal needs and comforts of its members, the House is far better equipped now than ever it was in its socially selected period, before the Reform Act of 1882. At that time hungry Members were able to obtain but a steak or a chop or a pork pie at Bellamy's. Now they have an elaborate restaurant managed by a Kitchen Committee very properly subsidised out of the public funds. It is said that an excellent meal of three courses can be had for a shilling; and that to realise what may be obtained for five would stagger the imagination of a gourmand. No wonder the Kitchen Committee were able to boast that as many as 105,054 meals were served during the Session of 1905. Even the secrets of the cellars have been disclosed. There is the "Valentia Vat," holding 1000 gallons of the rarest Scotch whisky, which was gaily "christened" a few years ago. About five hogsheads of the spirit is consumed

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every Session. But our representatives are not stimulated by Scotch whisky alone. We are told that the cellars also contain 1000 dozen quarts of champagnes and 1500 dozen of clarets. In fact, nothing is left undone to provide for the creature comforts of our law-makers at St. Stephen's.

In the old House of Commons, which was swept away by the great fire of 1834, there was but one smoking-room. What it was like Macaulay describes in a letter to his sister, dated July 23, 1832: "I am writing here at eleven o'clock at night," he said, "in the filthiest of all filthy atmospheres, in the vilest of all vile company, and with the smell of tobacco in my nostrils." In the Palace of Westminster to-day there are half a dozen rooms devoted to the enjoyment of tobacco. The engaging spectacle to be witnessed, by all accounts, in the chief smoking-room any night of a Session suggests the question: Is there any reality in party conflicts? Political opponents who have just been raging furiously against each other in the Chamber are to be seen exchanging their real opinion of policies, questions and personalities, with mutual frankness and confidence over coffee and cigarettes. Political animosity in the House of Commons thus ends serenely in a cloud of smoke! Then there is that most agreeable of all the adjuncts, the Library. It consists of five pleasant rooms overlooking the river. The bookcases are of carved oak; the volumes are beautifully bound; Members move about silently, for all sound is deadened by the thick carpets, and the atmosphere is delightfully pervaded with the aroma of Russia-leather. The books are about 40,000 in number, mainly historical, constitutional, legal and political, just the works, in fact, where Members are certain to find the necessary material for confuting each other's arguments.

The Ladies' Gallery, and the development of the Terrace from a lounge for Members, which was its original purpose, into an exclusive society resort, have added greatly to the attractiveness of the House of Commons. They explain the remarkable expansion, within recent years, of what may be called the fashionable side of Parliament. It must not be

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supposed that this admission of ladies into Parliament by a side-door unknown to the Constitution has had the effect of making Members neglectful of their duties. On the contrary, the social functions now so common at St. Stephen's during the Session keep Members, and the young Members especially, regular in their attendance, or at least always within hearing of the division bells. In the years when St. Stephen's was practically inaccessible to the fair sex, when the Ladies' Gallery was rarely visited, when there was no "Tea on the Terrace," and when a woman dined there at the peril of her reputation, the young Members were to be found, during the Session, more constantly in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia than on the benches of the House of Commons.

Moreover, many Members of Parliament derive pleasure and excitement even from the experiences which I have set out in the record of their worries and vexations. Their correspondence, with all its manifestations of strange phases of human nature, is a source of entertainment to some, and it ministers to the sense of self-importance of others. There are Members who give an ear of affable condescension to eccentric frequenters of the Central Hall, such as the mad engineer with his scheme for uniting Ireland with Great Britain by a bridge thrown across the Channel *via* the Isle of Man, thus settling for ever the Irish difficulty. They have a smile of welcome and a hearty handshake for all and sundry. There are Members to whom the pressing invitations to attend bazaars, flower-shows, tea-meetings, smoking-concerts, cricket and football matches, are flattering testimonials to their popularity, and who find a rare delight in accepting them. At the last General Election one candidate issued a very interesting card in support of his appeal for a renewal of the confidence of the constituency. It set forth, not the admirable measures he had advocated by his voice and supported by his vote, not the nefarious schemes he had helped to defeat, but the meetings and dinners and flower-shows he had attended on the invitation of electors. Here it is:

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1. Political meetings held in every corner of this great division Irrespective of party, at the request of his constituents:	53
2. Concerts and dinners	38
3. Friendly Societies meetings	18
4. Bazaars and flower-shows	23
5. Athletic meetings	4
	136

If you think Mr. ——'s efforts, as detailed above, a fulfilment of his pledge to serve the constituency to the best of his ability, please do not fail to record your vote in his favour.

For the young and ambitious among Members of Parliament there is the dazzling prospect of office. The possession of any post in the Administration, even the humblest, carries with it a seat on the Treasury Bench, cheek by jowl with eminent statesmen whose names are household words in the land. It carries also the right, when addressing the House, to stand before the famous despatch-box, to lean elbow on it, and even to thump it, as a relief to the feelings in the very passion of the argument, as it has been thumped by Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Arthur Balfour. It is true that keen and fierce is the competition for the higher offices in the Administration. The House of Commons, supreme as it is, is weakly human. It is by no means free from the unamiable weakness of intrigue and envy and greed; and the qualities of strength of will and tenacity of purpose are, indeed, necessary in the ambitious young Member if he is to escape being pushed aside in the race for office. Once on the Treasury Bench, however, he has won half the battle for a post in the very hierarchy of the Administration, with a seat in the Cabinet.

But the number of men in the House of Commons without social or political ambition is remarkably large, men who are absolutely unknown outside their constituencies. They are in Parliament mainly for their health. During the day they are engaged in the direction of great industrial and commercial

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undertakings or the management of banks, and in the evening they go down to St. Stephen's, which they rightly regard as the most interesting place in the world, for that rest and solace which comes with change of scene and occupation. Many old men, who have spent themselves in trade or finance, take to politics in the evening of their days as a mild relaxation and a means of prolonging life. There is a story told of a great merchant who, when he left for ever his desk in the City, after an association of half a century, found the separation a terrible strain, and seemed likely to pine and mope his way to an early grave. His medical adviser recommended him to take to politics as a hobby, and to find a seat in the House of Commons as a distraction to relieve the monotony of his existence. But the old man did not like the suggestion. He knew nothing of public questions. The financial intelligence was the only portion of his morning paper which he had carefully studied for fifty years. "If you do not go into the House of Commons you will have to go to Paradise," said the doctor; "it is the only alternative." "Then I will choose the House of Commons," said the old City man with a sigh of resignation. To sit silently on the green benches during a debate, save when they cheer a supporter or roar at an opponent, and to walk through the division lobbies, as directed by the Whips, amply satisfy the desire of such men for political thought and labour. It is a soothing existence. They seem to grow younger every day of their Parliamentary life. Disraeli once said to a friend who had just entered the House of Commons: "You have chosen the only career in which a man is never old. A statesman can feel and inspire interest longer than any other man." A seat in the House of Commons does not, of course, make one a statesman. But, as a general proposition, there is much truth in Disraeli's saying. Old men find the fountain of youth in the halls of Parliament.

In truth, Parliamentary life has a fascination which few men, having once breathed its intoxicating atmosphere, can successfully withstand. Its call is irresistible.

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I am going into the wilderness to pray for a return of the taste I once possessed for nature, and simple, quiet love [wrote Cobden from a retreat in Wales, in July 1846, after the object of his Parliamentary career, the repeal of the Corn Laws, had been achieved]. Here I am, one day from Manchester, in the loveliest valley out of Paradise. Ten years ago, before I was an agitator, I spent a day or two in this house. Comparing my sensations now with those I then experienced, I feel how much I have lost in winning public fame. The rough tempest has spoiled for me a quiet haven. I feel I shall never be able to cast anchor again. It seems as if some mesmeric hand were on my brain, or that I was possessed by an unquiet fiend urging me forward in spite of myself.

If the House of Commons may no longer be described as the pleasantest club in London, it is the highest and most dignified legislative assembly in the world; and, however disappointed a Member may be in his dreams of political ambition and social success, there remains for him the consoling thought that he has the honour of serving the State, of helping in the management of national affairs, of guiding the destinies of a mighty Empire. No wonder that most Members quit that exalted and historic scene reluctantly and with the deepest regret. They pine to return to it again, should that great misfortune befall them of being rejected from further service by their constituents at the General Election. Complacently to settle down to the humdrum of private life is for them impossible. Even the old war-worn agitators who have voluntarily resigned, long for the shoutings of the rival political parties and the trampings through the division lobbies. Hannah Macaulay relates that in 1880, while staying at Highwood Hill, the guest of William Wilberforce, she got a letter from her brother, enclosing an offer to him from Lord Lansdowne of the seat for the pocket borough of Calne. She showed the communication to Wilberforce. "He was silent for a moment," she writes, "and then his mobile face lighted up, and he slapped his hand to his ear and cried, 'Ah! I hear that shout again! Hear, hear! What a life it was!'"

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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LORD BYRON AND LORD LOVELACE

LORD LOVELACE has written and published a book, called "Astarte," dealing with the much-vexed question of Lord and Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh. I use the word "published" advisedly, for although the book is not easily accessible to the public, it bears a notice stating explicitly that it has been published and that a few copies have been sold. It has been largely distributed, and is now widely known.

"Astarte" is, in fact, both a Philippic and an Apologia, and it is difficult to discern which is the dominant motive. My remarks here will be confined to that part of the Philippic which deals with members of my own family.

It is well known that from the time of Lord Byron's death in 1824 onwards, my grandfather and my father had been collecting manuscript materials connected with the poet, with a view to preparing and publishing some day a final edition of his works. They were on terms of friendship with certain members of Lord Byron's family, who were constantly applying to them for pecuniary assistance. This assistance was liberally and frequently granted, sometimes in the shape of a gift, sometimes by the purchase of papers and letters. The contemplated work was always regarded as a labour of love and a monument to Lord Byron: in no sense as a profitable enterprise from a financial point of view, which in truth it could hardly be, if done in a worthy manner.

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The enterprise might have been put off till the Greek Kalends had not the late Mr. Henley undertaken to edit Byron's works for another firm. One volume of this work only was published, but Mr. Henley had decided to proceed, and I was thus compelled to enter at once upon a task which I regarded as a duty handed down to me.

In 1896 I asked Lord Lovelace to become the editor of this edition, and to this request he gave a ready and most friendly consent. For many months we were in close correspondence on the subject: all proofs of the first five volumes were submitted to him, and many of them were carefully revised by him. In 1899 some coldness on his part was visible, of which I could never explain the cause, and in the autumn of the same year he suddenly ceased all communication except through his solicitors.

No reason has ever been given for this sudden breach of friendship, and of promises; and my repeated requests for some explanation have not even been answered.

I have no idea what is the cause of Lord Lovelace's alienation from me; I presume, however, that "Astarte" is the result of it.

Lord Lovelace's attacks are directed *inter alios* against my grandfather, my father, and myself. I will take these attacks in order.

My grandfather is described throughout as "One-eyed Murray," a phrase applied to him by Hazlitt. One-eyed he undoubtedly was, for, as is well known, one of his eyes was accidentally destroyed by his schoolmaster with a sharp penknife while he was correcting an exercise. Although no one would be surprised at Hazlitt using a bodily misfortune as a weapon of reproach, I confess it surprises me to find such methods still employed by one in the position of Lord Lovelace.

I cannot pretend to repeat all the epithets bestowed on "One-eyed Murray" by Lord Lovelace. So I will content myself with a few, taken almost at random.

He and Moore are described as "the pawner and receiver

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of the Memoirs," and as possessed of the "vulgarity of a tradesman and the dishonesty of an adventurer" (p. 12).

One-eyed Murray was a trade blend of Lord Eldon, Mr. Wilberforce, and Bowdler. His prejudices were immovable, but the omnipotence of professional interests drifted him into violent fluctuations of conduct.

Lord Byron did not stop at goading Murray from faint friendship into alarm, resentment, and ultimately revenge. In 1816 Murray was handled with strange and savage insolence, as if he were the lowest of blacklegs, by his dangerous patron. It seemed like madness, and perhaps was. But Murray was a long-suffering tradesman. Under his smug acceptance of kicks behind, crass malevolence grew apace, but was not allowed to interfere with business (p. 17).

Murray gratified his taste at no greater cost than becoming a sort of by-word for affectation, cant, hollow professions, trimming, fickleness and effeminate imbecility (p. 20).

One-eyed M. was above all things a bookseller, and in no danger of becoming a martyr to any abstract principle. His ostentatious Toryism, prudery, and godliness were the servants, not the masters, of his worldly interests. His shop was his altar. From head to hoof he was saturated with the rank unction of trade, steeped to the lips in its slime; slippery, oily, and maleficent, he believed himself to be honest (p. 21).

Murray's hollow professions—soon belied by his acts—were a mode of evading the irresistible. He ran away as he could . . . but his instinctive hypocrisy compelled him, without pause, towards his design by a circuitous course of least resistance (p. 26).

The worst letters of Lord Byron that could be begged or stolen were included [in Moore's Life]. . . . The best letters were not accessible to thieves (p. 26).

The two principal criminals had burst—Moore in 1852, after lasting for years in a fatuous condition; Murray in 1843 (p. 51).

The foregoing extracts are but a sample of what is contained in the book, and pages might be filled with similar comment.

My grandfather's reputation as a publisher, and the story of his friendship with Lord Byron, have long been, and still are before the world in full detail. To say that resentment, crass malevolence, revenge, ever had place in his mind in regard to Lord Byron is a statement which is ludicrous in its inaccuracy. The dealings of my grandfather with Byron have been judged by the educated public long ago, and I leave the matter in their hands.

I will call only one witness on my side:

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I can never think of [my grandfather] without remembering your grandfather, who was no mere fine-weather friend of mine, and an edition of Byron coming from strangers would not be so true a memorial.[1]

This was written to me by Lord Lovelace on May 18, 1897, at a time when all the evidence on which the foregoing attack is based was available, and was indeed ancient history; what has altered his opinion since then I do not know.

I would call special attention to the evidence adduced by Lord Lovelace to discredit my grandfather. His principal witnesses for the prosecution are Hazlitt and, of all people, the discredited Medwin! Moore is called in for this purpose, but in other respects is called a highwayman, an adventurer, and generally a worthless reprobate; Shelley is useful, but even he must be taken with caution, when he does not say what is expected of him;[2] Scott's article in the *Quarterly* is cast aside on the wholly gratuitous assumption that it was so much edited by Gifford that it cannot be counted as Sir Walter's. Scott was not so edited, and I possess several MSS. of his articles as evidence of this fact. Moreover, the article referred to (on the third canto of Childe Harold, and other poems, *Quarterly Review*, vol. xvi.) is included, without a suspicion as to its genuineness, in the collected edition of Sir W. Scott's prose works, and was gratefully acknowledged by Byron in his letter to Sir Walter from Pisa, January 12, 1822.

Not one of the many favourable things which Byron wrote of and to my grandfather is alluded to by Lord Lovelace. It is only in his splenetic moods that he is cited.

Lord Lovelace indulges in violent invective against those who collected and published Lord Byron's letters, but he apparently forgets that this collection was avowedly going on, and the publication was contemplated in Lord Byron's lifetime, and that he not only openly sanctioned it, but actually took

[1] Compare with this a passage on p. 19 of "Astarte": "fair-weather friendship slipped into ill-concealed dislike."

[2] "The crass and egregious suggestions of Shelley in a letter to Peacock which became a favourite quotation for credulous ill-wishers" (p. 12 *note*).

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considerable pains to give a list of persons from whom such letters were likely to be obtained. (See his letter to my grandfather from Ravenna, September 28, 1821.)

I now come to my own father.

Lord Lovelace, in arguing that my grandfather must have been aware of the relations between Lord Byron and his sister, as now maintained by Lord Lovelace, adds:

> The true story of Mrs. Leigh must have been known to the son of this "one-eyed M.", for he used to talk about it very freely when Robert Browning came to live in London after Mrs. Browning's death. This was soon after 1860. Later on Browning observed an inexplicable but complete change in that same Mr. Murray's language. He systematically contradicted what for a considerable time he had openly asserted. Browning could not account for this singular conversion of black into white. "One-eyed M." himself probably was one of his son's sources of information.

Of my father's opinions I can speak with confidence and at first hand, for he often discussed the subject with me. I doubt if he knew Browning until after 1876, he certainly did not know him well till after 1880, and I can assert that my father never believed in the story of Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh, and was too honourable a man to have concealed his belief from me had it existed.

> The bookseller left a duplicate of himself who carried on the shop, and kept up a whole collection of prejudices and grievances. It was a monomania with this second edition of the worthy tradesman, that Lady Byron had baulked him, or the business into which he had entered, of £2000, which for some mysterious reason she was expected to pay as a reward for a deed executed without her knowledge or consent. The younger Murray was, according to his own statement, present at the burning of the memoirs. His childish aversion to Lady Byron hardened into a veritable detestation, which furnished the substance of the pages published in 1869 and 1870 under cover of the editor of the *Quarterly Review* and of Hayward.
>
> It may be that such feelings were not cherished till Murray junior's death in 1892, but they were only tacitly recanted, if at all (p. 41).

Whatever faults (if any) may be laid at the door of Lord Lovelace's literary style, ambiguity as a rule is not among them, but I confess that the last sentence of the foregoing extract is unintelligible to me. I cannot understand how

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my father could cherish the feelings, or recant them, after his death.

The "childish aversion" for, and "veritable detestation" of, Lady Byron are, however, in truth the baseless fabric of a vision. They never existed in my father's mind, and the attribution of them to him would be wholly amusing were it not for the painful ingredient of the attack upon a man who cannot now answer for himself.

My father lived for many years, till the day of his death, on terms of friendship with Lord Lovelace (then Lord Wentworth) and his sister, Lady Anne Blunt. I have many letters from both of them to him, but will only quote two passages illustrating the relations which existed between them. Lord Wentworth wrote to my father:

February 20, 1884. — I am to be balloted for at the Athenæum on Monday the 25th. I have experienced so much kindness from you at all times that I should neither wish to give you any trouble nor doubt your kind willingness to support me if you should happen to be among those there. I only write because you might not have heard of my candidature.

In 1886 my father had had an engraving of a miniature of Ada Lady Lovelace made for her son, and Lord Wentworth wrote on December 5, 1886:

The lovely engraving of the little picture of which I am so fond is indeed a kind and welcome surprise, and will constantly remind me of the share my mother had in the three generations of hereditary friendship which (amidst the vicissitudes of more than seventy years) are so pleasant to look back to, with the feeling, too, that we may look forward to a future indefinite continuance of it.

Fortunately there are many persons still living who knew my father well, and I confidently appeal to their recollections of one who was at least incapable of a mean or ungentlemanly act, who never did and never could stab a friend in the back.

Once more I would remind my readers that all the evidence on which the charges against my father and grandfather are based was in Lord Lovelace's hands when he wrote the foregoing letters, and many others of a similar kind both to my father and myself, and when he was willing to solicit and accept

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favours from my father. Whence then has this root of bitterness sprung up?

The remarks on my father recall an incident which had almost passed from my memory.

My father owned a large bundle of letters from Byron to Mrs. Leigh, which came into his possession in a manner which I will describe later. Lord Lovelace knew of these letters, and was very anxious to see them. My father allowed him to do so, and on July 16, 1888, he came to 50 Albemarle Street and sat from 11.15 A.M. till after 4 P.M. studying them.

I remember, now, as if it were yesterday, my father coming into my room and saying, "I see Lord Wentworth is making careful copies of those letters. I never gave him permission to do that, and I am afraid I must go and stop it. It is a most painful and disagreeable thing to do, but I want you to come with me as a witness." I did so, and Lord Wentworth had then and there to tear up his copies.

In searching through my father's papers for the purpose of preparing this reply, I came across a long memorandum recording this incident, in my father's own handwriting, and I quote a passage from it:

> All Byron's letters written to Mrs. Leigh after he left England were shown to Lady Byron, who kept copies of them, now in Lord Wentworth's possession. My letters of that period are included in the number, but many of them are mutilated and contain erasures. Lord Wentworth's copies supply these gaps. It is evident that Byron wrote some of these letters with the knowledge that they would be read by Lady Byron. Lord W. showed me some of the missing passages; in one Byron says: "She has broken my heart, and I feel as if an elephant were sitting on it," or words to that effect.

Lord Wentworth desired to possess these originals and my father recognising this natural wish, gave him and his sister a considerable number of them. I do not know on what basis the selection was made, but I do know that the recipients appreciated my father's generosity in making this gift.

Before passing to that part of the book which deals with myself I must pause to touch on a very important incident, in which both my grandfather and my father are implicated.

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The burning of the Memoirs is frequently referred to in "Astarte." The main incidents are familiar to every one and I need not dwell upon them here.

Lord Lovelace writes:

> Without Lady Byron's consent or knowledge, or even suspicion, Murray arranged with Mrs. Leigh the hangman's work of burning the Memoirs (p. 20).
>
> Nothing was done for Lady Byron by either Murray or Moore, but blackmail was expected from her, as if a sacrifice had been made for her sake or benefit. A story was invented that she had offered £2000 reward for the perpetration of the crime, and afterwards broke faith and refused to pay up. . . . This fiction, accompanied by other misstatements concerning Lady Byron or Colonel Doyle, may be found in a letter printed with the signature John Murray in the *Academy* of October 9, 1869 (p. 20).

The passage in the *Academy* referred to is this:

> The following persons were previously consulted as a matter of courtesy, and were present at the burning. Mr. Hobhouse, as executor and friend of Lord Byron; Colonel Doyle, as a friend of Lady Byron (who had actually offered £2000 for the MSS., which she did not pay); Mr. Wilmot Horton, as a friend of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh; my father, and Mr. Moore who alone for some time opposed the destruction.

This I believe to be the sole ground on which the suggestion of "blackmailing" Lady Byron is based.

After the destruction of the Memoirs, a question arose among the representatives of Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh whether the £2000—the sum returned by Moore to my grandfather—ought to be reimbursed to Moore by Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh.

I have the correspondence between Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton and Mrs. Leigh on this subject, including the following minute:

July 11, 1824.

> A letter to be written to Lord Lansdowne by Mr. Wilmot Horton requesting him to read the correspondence carefully and then to pronounce whether Moore ought, or ought not, in equity to receive the money back again from Murray.
>
> Mr. W. H. is to state that this reference is made to Lord Lansdowne at the special request of the family of the late Lord Byron and under the advice and sanction of Col. Doyle and Dr. Lushington.
>
> If the money is paid back to Moore by Murray, Lady Byron will

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immediately advance it herself with the understanding that Mrs. Leigh is to pay one-half of it in the following manner:

By the payment of an annuity to Lady Byron for seven years of about £170 per annum and by insuring her life to the amount of half the sum, viz., £1000, to be paid as a security to Lady Byron in the event of Mrs. Leigh's death previous to the discharging the debt. Lady Byron would not have wished to pay any part of this sum, if the money had to be paid by the family of Lord Byron to *Mr. Moore*, but as it is intended that the money should be paid to Mr. Murray she lays in her claim to pay half, which claim on her part has the entire concurrence of Col. Doyle and Mr. W. Horton.

This memorandum is signed by Mr. R. W. Horton, who at the same time wrote privately to Mrs. Leigh offering to lend her the £1000 himself.

My grandfather had neither part nor lot in this transaction, and whatever the decision, it made no difference to him, as he was in any case to recover the £2000 paid for the Memoirs.

And so this figment of blackmail on Lady Byron, and of my father's resentment at his business being defrauded of £2000 absolutely falls to the ground.

Owing to bickerings on the part of Moore, the whole question of my grandfather's conduct was again formally submitted to the Marquis of Lansdowne for an authoritative decision in 1825, and on July 25 of that year he wrote:

Bowood.

Dear Wilmot,—

I am much obliged to you for sending me a copy of the letter which you find yourself under the necessity of writing to me on the subject of the Byron MS. with a view to ascertain whether any observations I might offer would render any alteration expedient in the terms in which it is conceived.

Although I cannot conceal from you that it is with regret and surprise that I have received the intimation of the view taken of the transaction in its present state by the parties concerned, I am not aware that it is in my power to say anything that should lead to any material change of expression.

There is a sentence towards the end of the letter which I could wish to have altered (or it would require explanation of considerable length in my answer) which seems to imply that I have been authorised to act in this business on the part of Mr. Moore, and that I had pressed the refusal, &c., the fact being that I never asked or obtained any authority from Mr. Moore to act on his behalf, and that I merely stated my conviction from what I perceived

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of his sentiments and feelings that no consideration or advice would induce him to receive it back directly from Mr. Murray; the only opinion I gave was that such being the state of his feelings he could not be required by the family to receive it in that particular mode, and in that opinion, qualified as it was, you will probably recollect I was particularly influenced by the fact which was stated to me and remains uncontradicted, of Mr. Murray not only having received the *principal* during what is described to have been a scene of some confusion, but having subsequently and upon reflection reminded Mr. Moore of the interest and received that also.

I think I fully admitted that Mr. Moore was entirely mistaken as to the bearing of the legal instrument, the terms of which therefore cannot occasion any alteration in an opinion founded upon all the circumstances of the case taken together, and upon the conversations stated to have taken place between Mr. Murray and Mr. Moore.

If Mr. Murray, in his recent conversation with you, has alluded to a supposed condemnation of his conduct by me pronounced at the University Club, I should hope he also mentioned a letter subsequently written by me to Mr. Hobhouse (who had mentioned to me what you now mention), which I had every reason to believe at the time did satisfy, and ought to have satisfied, him on that subject.

In that letter I stated myself fully convinced of his honourable and disinterested conduct in the proceedings, after attentively considering his statement, a conviction which I retain now, though I have been only since made aware of the only circumstance in that conduct, to which I have before alluded, which appears to me an act of inconsistency.

I will add nothing further (as I must write again when I receive the letter) than that, if this apprehension of Mr. Murray's as to the inference which might be drawn from his conduct formed the only obstacle to the repayment to Mr. Moore in the mode suggested and there was a real disposition to effect it, nothing could be more easy than to guard, in the mode of doing it, against that consequence.

I am, always yours truly,

LANSDOWNE.

On receiving this letter Mr. Horton wrote to my grandfather asking categorically if it was true that he had applied to Moore for interest after the burning, and on August 5, 1825, my grandfather wrote:

My answer to the following question put to me in your letter, viz.:

Did you make an application to Mr. Moore for interest upon the principal repaid by him to you, at a period subsequent to the payment of that principal?

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Is:

That the interest was paid at the same time that the principal was forced upon me by Mr. Moore and his friends, and that I *never* made any application to Mr. Moore for either interest or principal.

Which view are we to adopt of my grandfather's conduct; Lord Lovelace's, based on an acquaintance with only a part of the existing documents; or Lord Lansdowne's, based on a careful investigation of first-hand evidence?

But enough of the Memoirs. I have several unpublished letters and documents bearing on the subject, but my answer is already growing longer than I could have wished, and I must now turn to events in which I have personally played a leading part.

Lord Lovelace's method of dealing with the living differs from that which he adopts towards the dead: my name is not mentioned, but I am there all the same.

In 1896 the edition of Byron edited by the late W. E. Henley was announced. I saw the announcement with great regret, for I knew that even he could not produce a really good work without the documents which I possessed, while it would seriously interfere with the prospects of the edition for which my grandfather and father had been collecting materials for over sixty years. I did not wish to bring out my edition then, and when it was prepared I was anxious that it should be done deliberately, and above all with the general sanction and approval of Lord Byron's living descendants, with whom I was on terms of personal friendship; but, as I have already stated, my hand was forced.

On Easter Day, April 5, 1896, Lord Lovelace wrote to tell me that a well-known man, a M.P., a friend of his and of Mr. Henley's, was anxious to come and see me about the rival editions. "He was lamenting the possibility of two hostile editions which must injure each other considerably, and prevent the attainment of a really good and final edition." He asked if I would grant an interview to this friend, and added: "I did say to him, though it was hardly necessary, that I felt I must avoid any appearance of encroaching either on your time or your freedom of action." I saw the friend and after-

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wards went to see Mr. Henley; but no basis of amalgamation could be arrived at, so I determined to go on.

On May 12, 1896, I wrote to Lord Lovelace and asked him to become the Editor-in-Chief of the new edition. On the 18th he replied:

I shall be very glad if my co-operation can be of any use to the object we both have so deeply at heart, and so far as my very limited abilities will take me, there is no work to which I could devote my time and my thoughts so gladly as this labour of love and justice towards my grandfather. I can never think of him without remembering your grandfather, who was no mere fine weather friend to mine, and an edition of Byron coming from strangers would not be so true a memorial. I am, however, going abroad almost immediately till the end of September; I will try and call on you before I leave. After my return in October, I shall be free to give whatever time is likely to be necessary.

Believe me, ever yours very truly,

LOVELACE.

On June 1 I wrote telling him that Mr. Coleridge was engaged on the preliminary work of collating, &c., and that I hoped that this would almost be completed by the time he returned. I continued as follows:

Not only will your name, as associated with the new edition, arouse especial interest among the reading public and be a guarantee that it is authoritative, but your advice as to what should be published and what omitted will help to relieve me of a responsibility which I feel that I have inherited and which has caused me much anxiety.

If you will allow me to announce your name as editor of the new Byron, we will do all in our power to relieve you of the mere drudgery of the office, and to execute for you such work as can be done by subordinates and amanuenses.

I believe I understood you rightly when you said that you were disposed to allow us to include in the work such unpublished letters and fragments of Byron as you may consider suitable for publication.

To this he replied from Innsbruck, June 7, 1896:

. . . *Of course you make any use of my name that seems desirable.*[1] I am rather sorry I came abroad without leaving accessible such manuscripts of the poems as I possess. I do not know that they are very important. The principal ones are a copy of "The Giaour" and one of "Lara," besides a number of shorter ones—Hebrew melodies, &c.

[1] The italics are mine.

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With regard to unpublished letters and fragments that belong to me or depend on me, so far as they contain matter that ought to be published at this period of time (rather an important reservation) they may certainly be included. My only doubt is whether their quantity and quality would be worth so considerable a sum as you are inclined to think. I rather think the greater part of the best materials I have got could not be published to every one's satisfaction till a hundred years from the events to which they relate—say a hundred years from the time Lord Byron went abroad for the last time. Then I think anything that it would be a pity to suppress for ever had better be published. But I have not any fixed determination as to that. In deciding what may be published now I am anxious to secure unanimity of opinion among those who are acquainted with the materials. Those who are of one opinion should keep an open mind, to listen to the opposite view, and may sometimes be convinced the other side is right.

When it comes to the actual consideration, letter by letter, of what to include and what to postpone, we must bear in mind, on the one hand, to make your new edition of the prose works good enough to last another twenty years, and also give as little regret as possible; for though twenty years is a long time out of any one's life—and it is very doubtful whether I, at least, shall live to see it—you will, I hope, yourself, then, both as an individual and an institution, fill up the last gaps. Though I may not live to see this, a great responsibility will rest upon me which causes me also much anxiety.

I hope in the next years to put together my grandfather's unpublished letters, and, what is still more difficult, such documents written from an adverse point of view to him as I may be able to make up my mind I ought to produce at the same time.

Believe me, ever yours very truly,

LOVELACE.

I give these letters *in extenso* because they set forth in full detail the conditions on which Lord Lovelace definitely undertook the editorship of my edition of Byron.

There follows a long series of letters, all in the same friendly tone, describing the available MSS. which he proposed to include in the work; approving of specimen pages; revising the prospectus which bore his name as editor, and adding to it; welcoming the co-operation of Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, "whose skill and experience will be of the greatest value in editing the letters" and asking about matters connected with the revision of the proofs.

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On February 5, 1897, he wrote criticising Moore's choice of letters to be published:

Your position is a little different by the fact of your grandfather having trusted Moore—as I think—more than was justified by the result. . . . *I do not seek to impose my own views altogether, or indeed at all, beyond being personally committed to anything specially distasteful.* I should have liked best to make an entirely new selection of old and new material fittest to last for future time, *but I know it is impossible*, and only seek to make what can be done the best that present circumstances allow. *Only there is a line outside of which Lord Byron's descendants must not be caught by critics badly disposed towards them or their ancestor*, and I think it would be rather better, both for you and the subject, that I should be free to avow to the world that I cannot absolutely identify myself with Moore in taste or discretion.

February 25, 1897.—I have not quite finished the first proofs, so I have not begun the revised ones you have just sent me.

February 28.—I am sending back the revised proofs, having carefully gone through all your notes.

March 23.—I quite understand that there must be a limit to the sacrifices you make to the object we both have in view.

On November 9, 1897, Lord Lovelace writes:

I am very glad to hear that Mr. Prothero is willing and able to do so much, and indeed I am sure far better than I can. . . . I admit that such a work as I should wish is quite impossible without use of Lady Dorchester's papers, and I do not wish to stand in the way of the plan now suggested, and will continue to give the utmost assistance in carrying it out, but perhaps it may be well to consider whether, to the public, Mr. Prothero's name had not better be given as responsible for the principle adopted about the letters, rather than mine, feeling as I do some regret that circumstances force the publication of letters which I think were wrongly included. . . . I see the force of Mr. Prothero's objection to anything that would raise a presumption that Lord Byron's friends do not dare to publish his letters.

January 14, 1898.

Are you including in the early letters those from B. to his sister, which Lady B. describes as "by no means sensible, but interesting from their affectionate character"? *I see no objection, though I should not wish to be responsible for them.* . . . I meant also to write a short preface to submit to your criticism for the first volume of poetry—this I will try and do if you think desirable.

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This preface was written, was submitted to Mr. Prothero, Mr. Coleridge, and myself, and approved—nay welcomed—but was afterwards withdrawn, as were so many other of Lord Lovelace's promised contributions. It is now embodied in the pages of "Astarte."

All continued to go on smoothly, so far as I was aware, until February 1898. On the 21st Lord Lovelace wrote:

> I am very uncomfortable at seeing myself now advertised as editor, as I thought that project had fallen to the ground when you found it necessary to press on with the publication of letters—including not a few which I must have excluded if I had had a voice in the matter. I thought you also felt it impossible to entrust any share of power to me such as would have frustrated what you found indispensable. For the public it ought to be enough that I am allowing quite as much use of material (without any of the responsibility of selection) as I could have done at the present time if in the office, and I do not like the use of a word that would give any idea that I had actually done any of the work or altogether adopt the plan of it.

This letter is important as giving us the first hint (1) that there was any idea of the "project having fallen to the ground," or (2) that Lord Lovelace had had no voice in the matter. There had been friendly differences of opinion, and the usual give and take, but his opinion had been followed whenever it was possible, and his constant delays had been borne without complaint.

The correspondence went on steadily till the autumn of 1899, exhibiting some differences of opinion and many friendly remarks, but a constant desire on the part of Lord Lovelace to recede from the promises of assistance which he had given, until in September we were told to communicate with his solicitors only, from whom we received definite instructions to suspend the printing of all materials given us by Lord Lovelace in accordance with his promises.

I wrote to Lord Lovelace on hearing of this from Scotland, as follows:

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WARTHILL, ABERDEENSHIRE, *September* 2, 1899.

DEAR LORD LOVELACE,—

I hope that the letter which I wrote to you in July, in reply to your letter from abroad to my brother, duly reached you. I left London last week for my holiday, and have just heard from my brother that he has received a visit from your solicitor, Mr. Francis Smith, with reference to future publication of letters in your possession.

I have no written statement from Mr. Smith, but only a memorandum of his conversation with my brother.

Mr. Smith's visit would naturally appear to indicate a wish on your part that our communications should now be carried on through a legal intermediary, but I cannot bring myself to believe that this is really your wish, or that you would suppose that I regard any assurance given in legal form as in any degree more binding on me than the personal assurance, which I have repeatedly given, that my chief desire and aim has always been to bow unhesitatingly to your wishes in every instance in which they have been communicated to me.

In regard to the letters about which you wrote to my brother in July, they were printed from copies in your own handwriting, given by Lady Anne Blunt and yourself to my father as some recognition of certain documents which he had the pleasure of handing over to you. This favour was all the more appreciated by him in that it was unsought and unexpected. The circumstances in which they were given appeared to preclude all shadow of doubt as to their genuineness, or as to their being intended for use in his long-contemplated edition of Lord Byron's works.

Every word which we have published (and these letters along with the rest) has been submitted to you in proof, as being the easiest and most convenient form of reference, and every extract or comment to which you have expressed objection has been cancelled or altered in accordance with your wish. My object in recalling what has passed, or in recapitulating the lines on which we have hitherto acted, is merely to ask you—as I now do most earnestly—to tell me in what I have transgressed, and to afford me definite instructions (either directly or through your solicitor, whichever may seem the most convenient or desirable method) as to the course which you would desire me to pursue in the future.

I admit, with the deepest regret, that I have done wrong, for I have failed in a very honest endeavour to act in accordance with your wishes, but in asking you to accept my apologies for this failure I would beg you to tell me what my mistake has been, that I may do my utmost both to make reparation for the past and to avoid such transgressions in the future. I am not aware that the materials for the future volumes contain anything coming from your own or Lady Dorchester's collections, but when I return to town I will assure myself on this point.

Believe me, yours very truly,

J. M.

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To this letter I received no reply, nor have I from that time forward received any direct communication from Lord Lovelace.

In my last letter to him, and on a previous occasion, I alluded to Lord Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh. These allusions require a few words of explanation, which I quote from an unpublished Preface written by Mr. Prothero for vol. iv. of the letters.

> The whole of the Augusta Leigh correspondence was at one time in the possession of Mr. Murray's father. In 1849 Mrs. Leigh deposited with the late Mr. Murray, in a sealed box, as security for a loan of £600, all the letters from Lord Byron to herself. Mrs. Leigh died in 1851 without having redeemed these letters. In 1864 her daughter was anxious to recover the correspondence, but could not repay the loan. Mr. Murray therefore, without breaking the seals of the box, remitted the debt and returned the letters to Miss Leigh. She on her part executed a formal document giving a list of the letters and promising that, if published, they should only be published through Mr. Murray. At a later date some if not all of the letters were sold, a large number being bought back by Mr. Murray. A considerable part of these letters he subsequently gave to Lord Lovelace, who thus owes his possession of any part of this correspondence to Mr. Murray's generosity to his family or himself.[1]

As each successive volume of Lord Byron's Poems and Letters was published, and this extended over a period of five or six years, I sent to him a copy of the *édition de luxe* and of the ordinary edition as a gift. After the whole set was complete, the twenty-six volumes were returned with a brief note written by an amanuensis stating that they were sent in Lord Lovelace's absence or they would have been returned sooner.

I will now take some of the specific statements in Lord Lovelace's Preface and "Repudiation" and compare them with the facts.

[1] Lord Lovelace's singular lack of generosity is shown by his allusion to this transaction on p. 128. He there makes no mention to my father's remission of the debt of £600 due by Mrs. Leigh to him, although he has been told all the circumstances.

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Preface, viii. Nothing has appeared [during the last fifteen or twenty years] that I should have sanctioned or condoned.

As will be seen by the foregoing correspondence, Lord Lovelace himself accepted the post of editor of my edition and revised a considerable part of the proofs. I have these proofs and his letters with his MS. corrections.

In the absence of acknowledged power to prohibit I did not care to examine.

Lord Lovelace did not ask for full power to prohibit; he did examine, and a good deal was "prohibited" by his desire.

I am not familiar with things published about [Lord Byron] for some fifteen or twenty years past . . . it is unnecessary for me to investigate the character of books made up by strangers with uncertain ingredients, therefore I do not read them.

Dear Mr. Murray,—I have now to thank you for the second of your very handsome volumes. *I have not been able to read them through, but am much struck with the mass of interesting information which the knowledge, industry, and judgment of the editors has* (sic) *brought together.* The outside also, and especially as of course ought to be the case of the quarto issue, has been made by you as attractive as possible.

Lord Lovelace to J. M., May 17, 1898.

viii. On receipt of applications to edit poetry or prose of Lord Byron, I intimated that I would endeavour to deal with the materials that might be forthcoming if they were placed unreservedly in my hands.

The foregoing correspondence shows that Lord Lovelace made no such stipulation—indeed he expressly admitted that it was not practicable.

Of course I declined to engage myself specifically whilst unacquainted with the MSS. which must have been submitted to me before I could formulate a scheme.

Lord Lovelace did not sign and was never asked to sign a formal deed. He did engage himself specifically, and I have already shown how he kept his engagement.

Everything he asked to see was shown to him unreservedly.

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p. 334. It has been reported that passages purporting to be extracts from Lord Byron's letters to his future wife, Miss Anne Isabella Milbanke, have been printed, and that they were attributed to me. But I never made any such extracts.

I have these extracts in Lord Lovelace's own writing. On most of them the word "extract" is also written by him.

They were given by him, unasked, to my father, as some recognition of his gift to Lord Lovelace of the originals of the Leigh letters. No suspicion of the genuineness of these extracts was then suggested by him, and the nature of the gift precluded all suspicion of such an idea on his part. Their genuineness is not denied in his book.

Had these fragments belonged in any way to me they would have been governed by *my refusal to allow any of the correspondence I had inherited from ancestors to be included in a printed collection* decided upon by a business firm (the Messrs. Murray) with solid inattention to my emphatic dissent. This final and explicit refusal and prohibition by me was recorded in writing on March 11, 1898, but long before this I had declared that I would never sanction a work that included either any letters at all of Lord Byron's earlier than 1812, or the numerous letters of later date that are intrinsically worthless.

Lord Lovelace at first promised to contribute some of his MSS. to the work; afterwards he withdrew from his promise, as the foregoing correspondence shows. Far from solid inattention to his wishes, a good deal of material was omitted in deference to his wish.

He never declared that he would not sanction a work including letters before 1812.

After the preparation of our work had made some progress, he said he would prefer to omit the early letters, but from the first admitted that we must decide this point, and in fact he assented without consenting.

I never knew much about the publisher's scheme referred to or had access to the materials out of which it was constructed.

Until Lord Lovelace requested that no more proofs were to be sent to him, proofs of everything were sent to him by the printer at the same time as to Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Prothero.

He was consulted about every step in the proceedings, and was shown everything he ever asked to see.

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Other absurdities have been circulated orally and in a shape not tangible enough to be dealt with so definitely.

If I remember right there was a suggestion that I had assisted to prepare for the Press compilations of Lord Byron's letters. I did no such thing. Some printed sheets were at one time sent to me and by two different and mutually hostile firms of publishers, but I did not look at these proofs further than a few hasty glances, and made one or two energetic but futile protests against what little I did see. I made no friendly suggestions and never changed from a neutral attitude which was quite unmixed with benevolence.

Lord Lovelace revised and sanctioned the prospectus which bore his name as editor; the specimen pages were submitted to him and approved in a long and very friendly letter; all proofs of the first five volumes were sent to him until he asked that this should cease, many months later. I have the proofs with Lord Lovelace's MS. corrections, as returned to me by him. I also have many of his letters making friendly suggestions and corrections. His benevolent attitude will be seen from the letters quoted above. I have many more of the same kind.

His repudiation of his previous promises does not cancel their existence.

Considerations of space forbid my wandering into other topics on which I might say a good deal. Gifford, Hayward, Croker, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and Sir William Smith, amongst others, come under the lash, and to inquire into all these charges would involve a book almost as large as "Astarte."

Had Lord Lovelace these violent resentments against Moore (and his biography), against my grandfather, and my father in 1897? The evidence and Sir Leslie Stephen's opinion of December 18, 1887, were then in his hands; if so, how could he write to me as he did? If not, whence this change?

There is one opinion expressed by him (on p. 68) with which I fully agree. It is that: "The only knowledge to be gained out of . . . incautious letters is the old but rarely learnt lesson of the extreme danger of communications with those who say what they do not mean, and mean what they do not say."

I have only been able to deal with some of the more

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salient attacks on my grandfather and my father, and if I have in any way succeeded in throwing the strong light of fact into the dark covert of reckless accusation, I would ask my readers to believe that I could treat every charge brought against my family in the same way if space permitted.

If Lord Lovelace had desired merely to arrive at the truth, he would have come to me, for he knows full well that I possess papers without which he could not and cannot arrive at the whole truth. I am therefore forced to the conclusion that a Philippic and not an Apologia was his aim.

I do not know the reason of his change of attitude towards myself; I cannot even conjecture a cause sufficient to account for the perversion of friendship into bitter resentment. His personal opinion of myself is a matter of supreme indifference to me, and a man who has spent years of labour and research in an endeavour to prove, against his own grandfather, a charge which was gradually fading from the public memory, is one whose praise must always be regarded with suspicion.

To Lord Lovelace's Apologia; to his desire to exculpate his grandmother, I desire to refer only with profound respect; every one must sympathise with this laudable desire, but I am confident that he has exaggerated both the charges, and the interest which the public takes in Lady Byron. For every single living person who had ever heard of those charges there will be hundreds who will now take a prurient curiosity, not only in them but in much besides which had better have remained secret.

He has felt the pain of having to make such an Apologia himself, but has disregarded the certainty that the introduction of much irrelevant matter into his book would force the same painful duty on others.

I have declined more than one advantageous offer to publish a new Life of Byron, because it seemed to me impossible to bring out such a book without prying into questions which had better be allowed to pass into oblivion. I had hoped that in future Byron would be judged by his works and

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not by his private life, and I have received from all parts of the world testimony to the increased interest in and admiration of Byron's writings which have been aroused by my new edition. I cannot conclude my defence better than with a quotation from a MS. poem in my possession:

> Think ye to tear the laurel from his brow;
> To him ye had not dared the thought avow. . . .
> To Byron's name a cenotaph refuse,
> Reserve it for the sager laureat Muse;
> Your pious zeal should decimate the crowd
> To whom immortal honours are allowed.
> In Milton mark the regicidal stain,
> And banish Dryden, profligate, profane. . . .
>
> O could I bring to light the unconfest,
> The deep dread secrets of the human breast,
> How many hearts a kindred pang must own
> And who would feel in grief, in guilt, alone!
> Judge not but weep for one who never knew,
> The blessings that descend on some like dew:
> Stern o'er his childhood Calvin's spirit lowered,
> And every hope of mercy overpowered.

These verses were written by Lady Byron on the refusal to place her husband's statue in Westminster Abbey, and were sent by her to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Leigh, in a letter, dated Clifton, September 28, 1828, beginning, "My dearest A.," and ending, "Yours most affectionately, A. I. B."

JOHN MURRAY

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LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL[1]

FORTUNE is never so cruel as to those who have seemed especially her favourites. A few times in every century a man is chosen from his fellows; all good gifts are his in profusion; fame comes freely to him; whatever his hand touches turns to gold; he knows all the ways and by-ways of success: then there is a mistake, a step too far has been taken. The goddess suddenly withdraws her patronage; then failure! Just such a favourite and plaything of fortune was Randolph Spencer Churchill. Up to a point the skies shone on all his efforts. There were battles to be fought; but their trend was always towards victory. At an early age he was an accepted leader. A stripling was admitted to the council of the chieftains. Then the point allowed by Fortune having been reached there was decline—rapid decline, full of rebuffs and disappointments—ending, after years of loneliness and bitterness, in breakdown and death.

I have vivid recollection of the first and last times that I saw Lord Randolph Churchill. The contrast was significant, poignant, pitiful. The first was in 1887, after the opening of the People's Palace by Queen Victoria. The royal procession was returning through Stepney, along the Commercial Road. In a carriage immediately after it came Lord Randolph Churchill. He was no longer a member of

[1] "Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. (36s. net.)

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Lord Salisbury's new government; but was still at the height of his fame. His personality was already deeply impressed on the minds of the democracy. The crowd knew him, and—on that day—in that year of jubilee, the roar of applause that greeted him almost equalled the welcome to the Empress-Queen.

The second occasion was in May 1898. The Home Rule Bill was being mercilessly forced through the House of Commons by the ruthless use of the closure, despite all efforts and arguments of a powerful minority. Randolph Churchill, finally reconciled to his Party after years of misunderstanding and difference, rose from his place on the front Opposition bench, to protest against the abuse of the new weapon. The force and confidence of the old days were gone: it was difficult to recognise in the bearded man who stood there excitedly banging the table, while the words jerked spasmodically, laboriously, from his lips, the Randolph Churchill who, at the head of a little party of four, had audaciously and successfully braved the full force of the Liberal Party in its earlier day of power.

His career falls naturally into three divisions. There was the period of promise, when he was the happy free-lance of the Conservatives, the maker and leader of the Fourth Party. Then, the brief time of responsibility in office. Lastly, following his resignation, the years of political solitude, restlessness, and decay. In all these phases, despite outer seeming contradictions, the man was consistent, true to his own progressive ideals. He was the first and the last of the Tory Democrats. And how near he came to the possibility of great power! What might have happened if he had been a little less masterful, a little more patient, can only be left to conjecture. However, history has to do with what men have done, not with what they have omitted to do. Had Randolph Churchill been less precipitate and more pliant, so that he and Lord Salisbury could have worked together in a ministry, he might be remembered now as an effective and successful statesman. As it is——

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Let us make some examination of this man of meteoric career and melancholy destiny as he is presented to us in his son's admirable biography,

The child is father to the man. The Eton boy was true parent to the Parliamentary free-lance. How vividly some member of the "old gang," smarting under his irreverent raillery and mocking nicknames, would see the Randolph Churchill he knew in this amusing school-day story. There was a certain spacious fruit-garden, celebrated for the size and flavour of its strawberries, which disappeared, as strawberries do, when boys are about.

> As a consequence Mr. Austen Leigh was despatched to watch, and, if possible, to catch the offenders *in flagrante delicto*. That representative of the highest Eton authority very soon flushed a large covey of juvenile depredators. All of them, however, got away except Randolph Churchill, who jumped as far as he could towards the road with his pursuer close upon him. They both fell together into the ditch, Mr. Austen Leigh uppermost. Lord Randolph seeing that any further attempt at escape would be useless, crawled out, much scratched and bruised, into the middle of the road, where, incensed at his own discomfiture, he deliberately sat down, crossed his legs, glared at Mr. Leigh, and with all the vehemence of enraged fourteen exclaimed, "You beast!"

Is not that indignant small boy precisely the same person as he who dubbed Mr. Chamberlain "a pinchbeck Robespierre," and Mr. Gladstone "an old man in a hurry"; who invented innumerable epithets which "stuck"; who lavished ridicule on his political opponents, and even more profusely on those of his own party whose ponderousness and self-sufficiency blocked the way of progressive Conservatism?

Lord Randolph Churchill's advance was rapid. He had the good fortune to enter the House of Commons early, through a pocket-borough; he made a wise and happy marriage; and had many useful and admiring friends. Fortune gave him generously of her very best. What was next needed was an effective position in Parliament; and that he made for himself. The history of the Fourth Party has now been told, told not only by Mr. Winston Churchill but by Mr. Harold Gorst, the son of its second ablest member—a man who has had more

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than his fair share of the ingratitude of political life. Here was one of the smallest organisations ever constructed for a particular purpose; yet entirely successful in fulfilling that purpose. Its object was not only to trouble and oppose Mr. Gladstone's ministry, but, through example and insistence, to impart some energy and enterprise to the official Opposition, then, as led by Sir Stafford Northcote, effete enough! Lord Randolph, and the notable three who, by criticism and obstruction, worked with him, found their opportunity. Many of the Conservative leaders frowned upon and ignored their efforts; and even on some occasions, through the mouth of their official chief in the Commons, directly disowned them, but they kept to their self-imposed duty, like inspired statesmen, or wilful schoolboys, and worried the Government—and incidentally their own leaders—with splendid effect. Lord Salisbury openly sympathised with them. The Earl of Beaconsfield, who, remembering his own early struggles, had faith in the power of youth, gave them hearty benediction. There was plenty of good encouragement to go upon.

Randolph Churchill was equally successful outside Parliament. He became an effective platform speaker, attacking men and movements with vituperation and ridicule, hurling rhetoric at opponents with all the audacity and ability of confident genius. He had a keen scent for the ludicrous, a keen tongue for expressing it to others. He pestered solemn importance with stinging phrases, and set the world laughing at the objects of his irreverent satire. Yet he could be serious, too, when the cause called for it, and in his best days, when the purpose required it of him, was an orator.

The test of success in politics, however, is office: the light of more than one effective free-lance has been extinguished by an under-secretaryship. The fall of Mr. Gladstone's government in 1885 brought in Lord Salisbury's "Ministry of Caretakers," in which Lord Randolph Churchill became Secretary of State for India. He was then thirty-six; and *ex officio* had to preside over the Council of India—a body of fifteen elderly

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men of very high distinction and reputation. Lord Randolph himself described his first experience in that function. "I felt," he said, "like an Eton boy presiding at a meeting of the Masters." He went to the ordeal untried and proved himself no mere irresponsible free-lance. He passed through the test of office with complete success. He was painstaking, eager, quick to discern the merits or weakness of a case, prompt to promote reform. Sir Arthur Godley contributes to this book a glowing tribute to Lord Randolph's qualities as administrator; just as, a little later, Lord Welby praises his faculty for finance and belauds his skill as Chancellor.

Randolph Churchill, during his few months of office, was put to a severe test in two difficult and responsible departments; and, so far as the experiment went, did well. His budget was democratic enough and most far-reaching in its principles; yet he induced the Government which, as a whole had little sympathy with his liberal ideals, to accept it generally. "But you should have seen their faces." He was, however, baulked in a comparatively small matter: looking at the details of dispute now we cannot think Churchill anything but wrong in the attitude he took up. Yet, as Mercutio would say, it served. He resigned, not in the most fortunate manner; and—the only Chancellor who never presented a Budget to Parliament—willingly passed from that position of responsibility which he had reached after so much pains to a place in the background, where, for his seven remaining years of life, he wrought, and watched, and spoke, his usefulness blunted, often in bitter antagonism to his Party, frequently in unpopularity, and alone, eating his heart out in failure. He had had his hour—an hour so brilliant that the after years were all the more dull and clouded in contrast with it.

It is unlikely that men will ever agree in anything approaching exactness as to Churchill's character. Those who knew him well liked him; those who knew him very well loved him; yet no one could know him really well enough to

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prevent misunderstandings and, on occasion, bitterness. Many who knew him but slightly disliked him. He had manners which could on occasion be decidedly disagreeable; and many stories were floated which told of acts of rudeness done by him, and—what is worse—forgetfulness of services rendered.

Sir John Gorst certainly at one time, and not without some justification, considered himself badly treated; while Louis Jennings died heart-broken, after giving himself with devoted loyalty to the service of his friend. But when a man has lived, served, and died, it is best only to remember his more generous aspect. Randolph Churchill was not far from being a great man. He was, during the few years allowed him, a real power, though in large part a wasted power in the political world. His life is a standing illustration of the irony with which the gods regard ambitious man. So many gifts, so much force given for—what? That is the lasting riddle. Is the reward of such ambition only dust?

There can be nothing but cordial praise and admiration for this biography, the tribute of a son. It is written well, in good spirit, and with surprising self-suppression. Naturally, Mr. Winston Churchill is his father's advocate; but certainly no living person can be wounded or aggrieved by the manner in which he has championed the cause. A noble monument to a father, it will, in no small measure, add to the fame of the son, being a brilliant contribution to modern political history.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICS AS INSTRUMENTS OF EDUCATION[1]

Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. *Then* he comes to understand how it is, that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival.

THE quotation is probably well known to many of you, though all may not recollect where it is to be found. It occurs in Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent." It is not unfitting, perhaps, that an Oxford man like myself, in speaking of the ancient classics, should have recourse to one of the most eloquent voices and profound natures that Oxford has ever produced, one to whom literature appealed most deeply, and not least deeply in its educational aspect, and who was one of its sanest judges.

[1] An Address delivered to the Modern Language Association on December 21, 1905.

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But, indeed, I might find many witnesses, from many countries and creeds.

The present age makes great claims upon us. We owe it service; it will not be satisfied without our admiration. I know not how it is, but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience. They are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live.

Such is the pronouncement of Matthew Arnold.

His father, taking a wider range, dealing less with style and more with substance and spirit, had written before him no less impressively.

In point of political experience, we are even at this hour scarcely on a level with the statesmen of the age of Alexander. Mere lapse of years confers here no increase of knowledge; four thousand years have furnished the Asiatic with scarcely anything that deserves the name of political experience; two thousand years since the fall of Carthage have furnished the African with absolutely nothing. Even in Europe and in America it would not be easy now to collect such a treasure of experience as the constitutions of 153 commonwealths along the various coasts of the Mediterranean offered to Aristotle. There he might study the institutions of various races derived from various sources: every possible variety of external position, of national character, of positive law, agricultural states and commercial, military powers and maritime, wealthy countries and poor ones, monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies, with every imaginable form and combination of each and all; states overpeopled and underpeopled, old and new, in every circumstance of advance, maturity, and decline. Nor was the moral experience of the age of Greek civilisation less complete. This was derived from the strong critical and inquiring spirit of the Greek sophists and philosophers, and from the unbounded freedom which they enjoyed. In mere metaphysical research the schoolmen were indefatigable and bold, but in moral questions there was an authority which restrained them: among Christians the notions of duty and of virtue must be assumed as beyond dispute. But not the wildest extravagance of atheistic wickedness in modern times can go further than the sophists of Greece went before them; whatever audacity can dare and subtlety contrive to make the words "good" and "evil" change their meaning, has been already tried in the days of Plato, and, by his eloquence, and wisdom, and faith unshaken, has been put to shame.

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So speaks Dr. Arnold.

Let us turn to a very different authority.

Rousseau is accounted the most modern, the least classic, the most independent and individual of writers. He is the arch-anarch, the originator of the Romantic upheaval in European thought and letters. Yet the celebrated return of Rousseau to Nature is a return to Plato.

> Would you form a conception of public education [he writes]? Read the Republic of Plato. It is not a political work, as those think who judge of books only by their names. It is the finest treatise on education that has ever been written.

One more quotation, and I have completed my array of testimony. This, the utterance of the late Mr. Frederick Myers, bears rather on the language of antiquity than on its ideas.

> No words that men can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer. For in them it seems as if all that makes life precious were in the act of being created at once and together—language itself, and the first emotions, and the inconceivable charm of song. When we hear one single sentence of Anticleia's answer, as she begins:
>
> οὔτ' ἔμεγ' ἐν μεγαροῖσιν ἰὼκοπος ἰοχέαιρα—
>
> what words can express the sense which we receive of an effortless and absolute sublimity, the feeling of morning freshness and elemental power, the delight which is to all other intellectual delights what youth is to all other joys? And what a language! which has written, as it were, of itself those last two words for the poet, which offers them as the fruit of its inmost structure and the bloom of its early day! Beside speech like this, Virgil's seems elaborate, and Dante's crabbed, and Shakespeare's barbarous. There never has been, there never will be, a language like the dead Greek. For Greek has all the merits of other tongues without their accompanying defects. It has the monumental weight and brevity of the Latin without its rigid unmanageability; the copiousness and flexibility of the German without its heavy uncommoness and guttural superfluity; the pellucidity of the French without its jejuneness; the force and reality of the English without its structureless comminution.

Such are a few out of the many testimonies which might be cited as to the value and potency over the mind of the Greek and Roman classics. Could any similar claim be put forward for the modern classics? Can they in particular take the place

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of the ancient as instruments of education? Can they teach the same moral and mental lessons, exercise the same elevating and formative influence on the style, and on that which we all know is the style, the man himself? It is a question of present and pressing importance.

The monopoly of the ancient classics has been broken into. What some might call "their ancient solitary reign," even in their most "secret bowers," is molested and disturbed. Utilitarianism, the self-consciousness and the self-confidence of the modern spirit, both combine to aid the substitution of the modern for the ancient tongues in education.

"With all its obvious advantages," says Cardinal Newman, speaking of the current literature of our own day. But are its advantages so obvious? From the point of view of culture and education there are many obvious advantages attaching to the ancient classics. Greece and Rome offer to us two great compact literatures. In a sense, the two may almost be called one body of literature, so close is their alliance. They are the sun and moon illuminating us with a common light. Greece gives us examples, great examples, of almost every *genre*. Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Gnomic, Bucolic, Idyllic; Tragedy, Comedy, History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Critic, Logic, Physic—their very names are Greek. If anything is wanting in the oratorical, epistolary, or satiric vein, the deficiency is supplied by Rome. Again, every style and mood is represented by some author, by some great author. The classic, the romantic, the *précieux*, the decadent, the rude and primitive, the euphuistic and artificial, the simple, the elaborate, the laconic, the diffuse, the Attic, the Asiatic, the Corinthian, the Dorian, the turgid, the spare, the golden mean, of each and all, in the range from Homer to Nonnus, from Thucydides to Procopius, from Plato to Lucian, from Ennius to Apuleius, examples may be found, and examples so great, so well defined, as to furnish norms and canons. It is the same if we take the various departments severally, the grandiloquence of Æschylus, the perfection of Sophocles, the romance of Euripides, the grace of Lysias, the

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masculine reasonableness of Demosthenes, Isocrates' florid decoration, Theocritus' melodious murmuring, Menander's silver wit, the intellectual passion of Lucretius, the emotional and personal passion, the *odi* and *amo* of Catullus or Sappho, the worldly wisdom and the elaborated felicity of Horace, the easy *causerie* of Ovid. Each is an example in its way. They are firm standards, for they have

> Orbed into the perfect stars,
> Men saw not when they moved therein,

and become fixed constellations.

By them modern lights can be measured and estimated. They give us a base for literary triangulation.

Can we find parallels to them in modern literature? We can find parallels, perhaps, if we take all modern literatures, if we add to Shakespeare, Racine and Calderon, and Molière and Lessing and Goethe, if to Rabelais we join Heine, if with Bossuet we couple Burke, if we combine Froissart and Macchiavelli and Gibbon, Pascal and Addison and Ruskin in one list.

But we cannot get them from one modern literature alone, and it may be claimed that by learning the two languages, Greek and Latin, we get what would involve learning three or four modern languages. Nay, I may put it more forcibly. If I may assume that Latin is necessary for all really educated persons, then I may claim that by learning one additional tongue, the literary student will acquire an acquaintance with a wealth or variety of masterpieces which he could only acquire by learning two or three modern tongues.

Further, not only do Greek and Latin furnish a fixed standard, but they also furnish a common standard. Without the classics, literary Europe would be broken into a set of provinces with no *lingua franca*, no common international heritage. This criticism, indeed, applies to the whole classical tradition, the whole of our envisagement of Greek and Roman antiquity.

The great names and events, the great characters and situations of antiquity stand out detached, and even denuded,

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sifted, concentrated, by time. Much they have lost, but something they have gained, by the falling away of local and temporal detail and environment.

We do not know too much about them, as we do about so many things modern. The achievements of Marathon, of Salamis, of Cannae and Pharsalia, the characters and careers of Aristides, Alcibiades and Alexander, of the Gracchi, Catiline, Cæsar, Nero, Belisarius, of "Plutarch's men," as they are called, these are the commonplaces of all time.

And they start with the advantage of greater simplicity. I know not where this is so well put as in a short poem by a poet too little known, but of the highest culture, and at times singularly discerning, the late Lord Houghton. It is called "The Men of Old."

"To them," to these "men of old," he sings:

> To them was life a simple art
> Of duties to be done,
> A game where each man took his part,
> A race where all must run;
> A battle whose great scheme and scope
> They little cared to know,
> Content, as men at arms, to cope
> Each with the fronting foe.
>
> Man *now* his virtue's diadem
> Puts on and proudly wears,
> Great thoughts, great feelings came to them
> Like instincts, unawares;
> Blending their souls' sublimest needs
> With tastes of every day
> They went about their gravest deeds
> As noble boys at play.

Modern history, modern nations, have their great examples too, both good and bad, Charlemagne, Cœur de Lion, Hildebrand, Joan of Arc, Tell, St. Francis, Borgia, Elizabeth, Frederick the Great, Catharine the Great, Nelson, Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck.

But, again, they are sporadic, they are scattered up and

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down the nations, and even yet there clings to them something of national or ecclesiastical prejudice or association, a halo or a haze, which refracts our vision and affects our judgment.

So it is with the modern classics.

A few, the very greatest, have acquired the fixity of the ancients. Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, about these there is no doubt.

But if they are as great as the ancients, they do not replace the ancients, or enable us to dispense with them, any more than Canova, or Thorwaldsen, or Rodin himself, even were their genius yet greater than it is, could enable us to dispense with Pheidias and Praxiteles. This is in the nature of things. There is only one Homer. There can never be another. The miracle of his poems generation after generation of scholars have endeavoured to explain, but vainly. A miracle it is. They combine primitive naturalness with consummate art, absolute freshness with absolute finish. I quoted Mr. Myers just now about the language of Homer. The same paradox is to be found in the substance. The character of Achilles, his almost savage fury, yet his heroic knightliness; his splendid imperiousness, yet his artistic self-restraint and magnificent compassion; or, again, the maidenhood of Nausicaa, her girlish grace and her royal dignity, natural as Pocahontas or Ayacanora, yet as true a lady as any out of the most glittering court of chivalry's most golden day: is there anything like it elsewhere? I have a very faint idea of the "Nibelungenlied" or the "Chanson de Roland," but I believe it is only here and there that they rise to anything like this symmetry and harmony, this fusion of strength and beauty, of force and form.

Can we get the same effect from the other greatest of the great, from Dante, from Shakespeare?

Dante would not have thought so.

> Mira colui con quella spada in mano,
> Che vien dinanzi a' tre si come sire,
> Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano!

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Much we get from Dante that we do not get from Homer, lessons of civil virtue and high philosophy, and faith higher still, but not just what Homer gives.

And Shakespeare, much again we get from Shakespeare, abundantly much, that Homer has not. But there is not even in Shakespeare's native wood-notes wild, that purity, that clarity, that youthful bloom, that divine simplicity which mark the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is the renascence of the world we feel in Shakespeare, in Homer it is the nascence. Often, too, in Shakespeare is found that renascence element of the extravagant and the "conceited" which made Matthew Arnold say that "Homer was as far above Shakespeare as perfection above imperfection."

Virgil, again, the inspired country-carrier's son, the Celtic provincial swept into the spreading citizenship of the newly founded empire of Rome: Virgil, in whom all the old lore of woodland, lake, and mountain, is brought into touch with the last word of the science and mysticism of the Pagan world as it trembles on the threshold of the new era, "le tendre et clairvoyant Virgile," as Renan writes; "qui semble répondre comme par un écho secret au second Isaïe"; Virgil, that strange, pensive spirit, yearning for immortality "tendens manus ripae ulterioris amore," proudly patriotic and imperial, yet feeling the pathos of the conquered, and steeped in the tears that lie so close to every mortal action, can we get the effect of Virgil anywhere but in Virgil? Again we must say "No." Something of it we may get in Tasso or in Tennyson, and much we may find in these that is not found even in Virgil, but just Virgil, "No."

Or Plato, the only philosopher, as it has been said, who possesses a really great style, the greatest prose-poet of the world, whose philosophy incarnates itself with form and colour, and speaks in a living voice: Pascal, Berkeley, Kant, Coleridge, Ruskin, all have Platonic elements, but in none of them, nor in all, can we find all that is in Plato.

Or take History. How many styles the ancient classics offer, and what signal specimens of each! There is the prattling

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chronicle of the born story-teller Herodotus, which yet contains far more of art than appears upon the surface, and the shrewd, cynical, political philosophy, the scientific logicality, the intense dramatic skill and glow of Thucydides. Do you remember how the poet Gray writes about the description of the Retreat from before Syracuse? "Is it or is it not," he says, "the finest thing you ever read in your life?" There is the smooth, insinuating ease of Xenophon, or again the masculine and military brevity of Cæsar, his own war correspondent, the decorative, Rubens-like pictures of Livy, the pungent epigram of Tacitus.

Partial parallels doubtless we may find in Froissart, in Macchiavelli, in Gibbon, but we must travel from land to land to find them.

Yet, as has been already implied, the modern languages and literatures have also their character, their wealth, their force, above all their individuality.

Culture needs, then, both, alike the ancient and the modern. If from the Greek and Latin languages and literatures we can draw the lessons we have indicated, from the modern tongues we can learn lessons, too. From French we can get lucidity, logic, lightness, *justesse*, *finesse*, *verve*, *plaisanterie*. How many good qualities there are so peculiarly French that there are for them only French names! From Italian come lessons in flexibility and music, from Spanish in humour and dignity. German can show us sincerity, depth, thoroughness, science, and scholarship, piety both of the heart and the head; our own rich literature, poetry, colour, the play of free individual and free national life, masculine force, public sense, patriotism.

So with the writers. What lessons may not be learned, not to recite again the authors already named, from the great French tragedians, from the French critics, from Montaigne and La Bruyère, from Villon and Ronsard and Béranger, from Boileau and Voltaire, from Hugo, and Leconte de Lisle, from the great preachers and *savants*, from Bossuet and Buffon; or, to turn to other nations, from the scholarly philosophy of Lessing, the scholarly piety of Herder, from the

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mockery of Heine, the melancholy of Leopardi, from Milton and Dryden, from Burns and Wordsworth, from the "rainbow radiance of Shelley and Byron's furious pride"!

They are classic these moderns. It has long ago been admitted; I need not labour the point to an audience like this. But why are they classic? For the same reason as the ancient are classic.

Many here will remember how, in that beautiful, central, magistral essay entitled "What constitutes a Classic?" Sainte-Beuve quotes Goethe. When these two agree in an opinion there is not much room for a third.

> For me [says Goethe] the poem of the Nibelungen is as much classical as Homer, both are healthy and vigorous. The writers of to-day are not romantic (he uses the word in a temporary and limited sense) because they are new, but because they are feeble, sickly, or even sick. The ancient masterpieces are not classical because they old, but because they are energetic, fresh, and lively.

What is the moral? That if we are to give a classical education in the modern languages, it is the strong modern classics, to a large extent the great, difficult, distant, modern classics, we must employ, not the feebler and more fleeting and easier authors.

They have their natural advantages, these modern classics. They come home to the modern mind. They have for it an appeal, an allure, all their own. The great classics of antiquity are unrivalled. But to appreciate them requires, excepting for the rare genius of a Winckelmann or a Keats, an immense effort, a long labour.

To lure forward the sluggish or inattentive mood of the average boy or girl, of the ordinary "average sensual man," the modern writers, speaking the language of their own day, are far more potent.

I am under no illusion. There are "many men, many women and many children," to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, in England at any rate, whom no classic, ancient or modern, will attract. Poetry has for them no voice, for they have for it no ear, as some have no ear for music.

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But there are many more for whom the modern classics may do much. If there are hundreds who may learn, and learn to love, Greek and Latin, there are thousands who may learn, and learn to love, English, French and German. Teach them first their own tongue. Be it remembered that the Greeks learnt no other. The French, the most literary of modern nations, till the other day learnt no other. Teach them next some one other great European language and literature. Begin, if you will, with easy and familiar pieces. But sooner or later in all these languages let the real classics be taught, and taught as classics by scholars or the pupils of scholars. Use the same methods which have proved successful in giving the highest education in the ages gone by, only making sure that they have really proved successful.

Let there be at the top of your profession real scholars, real *savants*, vowed to learning, transcribing, commenting, correcting, comparing editions, ransacking libraries, sifting glosses, drudging in dictionaries and grammars, thinking nothing too small or irksome, like Browning's grammarian, giving their lives to settle the business of a particle.

Let us honour these *savants* even if we have not time or means, or ability, to follow their example ourselves.

Let our millionaires found professorial chairs for them, no less than for the ancient tongues, or for the abstruser and less lucrative portions of natural science. Let them have their learned societies and their erudite journals. Let them seek and discover the *vraie vérité*, in philology and philosophy; without this, the study of modern language in its more ordinary walks will have neither dignity nor the best educational value. Let us beware, of course, of those very dangers, those defects of its qualities, which too often have impaired the effectiveness of classical education in the past, formalism, convention, dry-as-dust pedantry, abstraction from living human interest. Do not let modern literature and modern languages throw away their natural, their obvious advantages.

They are living languages, and can be taught as such.

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Our pupils must learn to speak as well as to write them. But not merely to speak nor merely to write them for business purposes.

Let our teachers aim at teaching style as well as knowledge. Do not count this as of little importance. If Buffon's celebrated phrase, which I have quoted already, is true, and "the style is the man," or essentially "of the man," then let us remember that if we can teach, can modify, the style, we are teaching, modifying the man himself. And there is no doubt that it is so. The conscience and the taste of the real scholar find their reflection, if not always clearly, in his character.

> And more—think well! Do well will follow thought,
> And in the fatal sequence of this world
> An evil thought may soil thy children's blood,

And since thought and words are most subtly connected, and expression reacts on ideas and sentiments, we cannot be too careful of expression.

Who shall say how much of the superiority of the ancients depends on the immense pains which they took with their expression?

Plato wrote the opening words of his "Republic" over and over and over again, many times. At the age of eighty he was still polishing up his dialogues. Isocrates spent ten years on one, by no means lengthy, composition. Demosthenes, as both the legends and the more sober stories about him show, took similarly infinite trouble with expression, with the cadence and rhythm, almost with every syllable of his great speeches.

Julius Cæsar wrote a treatise on the correct use of Latin while engaged in conquering Gaul. The advice of Horace as to the "nine-years pondered lay" is proverbial.

It is here that French can help us so much. The French are the only modern people who really, as a nation, take pains about writing, who have a national sense of style, a national conscience as regards solecisms. Is it not significant that they

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are the only modern nation, perhaps the only nation, that has ever legislated about grammar?

In England and in Germany there are cultivated classes, there are literary coteries. We have, in poetry especially, poets who are consummate and careful artists: Chaucer, Spenser, Milton before all, Pope, Gray, Keats, Tennyson; but we have, too, the caprice and the eccentricity against which Matthew Arnold was ever flashing the rapier of his raillery, we have the negligence of Byron, the lapses and *longueurs* of Wordsworth, the freaks and roughnesses of Browning.

Goethe, that noble and classic artist, a literature in himself, Goethe said that he had had nothing sent him in his sleep, no page of his but he well knew how it came there. Lessing writes prose like a scholar, and Heine with a brilliancy which reminds us that Paris was his second home. More recently, Helmholtz, Mommsen, not a few others, have written excellently, not to name the living.

But who can say that while it has made great advance and shows promise of yet more, the average German prose does not still need much improvement in point of arrangement and diction? It is to France that we and Europe turn for the model of lucid order and logical disposition, of crystalline form and brightness, of nicety and *netteté* of expression. *Le mot juste, une belle page*, these are ideals of every French writer, of how few English! Here and there a genius arises like that of Bunyan or Burns or John Bright, trained mainly on its own tongue—though Burns knew some French and some Latin—a natural genius, which expresses itself with incomparable felicity; but the majority of good European writers have been reared on the ancient or on the modern classics, practically on Greek and Latin, on French, or Italian.

And in truth, style could be taught through these last languages as well or nearly as well as, probably to many pupils even better than, through Latin and Greek. But the same steps must be taken to teach it, the same high standard must be set. The young classical scholar is asked not merely to

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compose in Latin and Greek, but to compose in various manners and styles, in the oratorical, in the philosophical, in the epistolary manner, in the style of Thucydides or Plato, of Cicero or Tacitus. He is required to write not only prose but verse, and in many metres, Hexameter, Elegiac, Alcaic, Anapaestic. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit.* It is thus that the fine flower of English scholarship is grown, thus that such a genius as that whose loss is so late and lamented among us, the genius of Sir Richard Jebb, with its Attic grace and lofty humanism, was prepared and polished and perfected. The modern language teacher, with his most advanced pupils, should aim at no less.

But he has a yet higher vocation. The old classical education, let it always be remembered, gave a training not only of the head but of the heart. It produced for several centuries in England, and indeed in Europe, a type of character with some defects but with many merits,—sage, sane, masculine, public-spirited. I see it passing away, or greatly narrowed in its influence, and scientific education more and more pressing in and spreading. For training in observation and reasoning from facts, scientific education is admirable. It gives what the classical education did not. For training in character, in patriotism, in heroism, it is not so potent. It requires them to be supplemented by a discipline in the humanities, if not the ancient then the modern humanities.

I hope and believe that an interesting and not inglorious future lies before the modern languages and literatures in the field of education. One obvious advantage they have. They are still alive, still growing, every generation adds to their wealth.

When, in the sixteenth century, that fine scholar and poet, Du Bellay, compared the forces of the old and the new tongues; when even in the eighteenth century, men in England and in France made the same comparison, the glorious and divine array of the ancients was nearly what it is now. How many great authors did that eighteenth century itself add to the host

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of the moderns, in England, in France, in Germany! How many more has the nineteenth added, in every country of Europe, and in America! Yet the ancients, as we have seen, can never pass away. Nay it is strange but true, that the rise of new modern types often make us understand and value the ancient more fully. Molière long ago taught the world a larger appreciation of Plautus and Terence. Racine and Goethe illustrate Sophocles. Lady Macbeth and King Lear make Clytemnestra and Œdipus more intelligible. Tennyson helps us to appreciate Virgil, and Ruskin reflects light on Plato. It may even be said that Ibsen has brought out with new force the realism in Euripides, so strong, so strange is the *solidarité* of humanity, and of its expression, the "humane letters."

All, then, who really love literature and wish to give their lives to it should study both. The teachers of modern languages in the future should, if possible, be brought up themselves with a knowledge of the ancient. If this cannot be, at least they should be scholars and humanists in their own tongues. Thus only will they be able to hand on to their pupils through either medium, the older or the younger, those high lessons, that discipline and culture and inspiration of the human soul, which mathematics and physical science alone, all potent and all necessary as they too are in their own region, cannot give, and with which our race cannot, and in the long run will not, be content to dispense.

T. Herbert Warren.

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SOCIALISM AND THE MAN IN THE STREET

"IN such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts: idleness, want, and cowardice; and for the rest carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full."[1] These are the words with which Froude sums up the conditions of English social life in the beginning of the sixteenth century; at the end of the period which has been called "the golden age of the English labourer in town and country."[2] In the country the labourer could earn the equivalent of twenty shillings a week. He had at least four acres of land with his cottage, while large ranges of unenclosed common and forest land furnished him with pasturage for his cow and pigs. The artisan was a craftsman educated in the "feat or mystery" of his craft and skilled in the use of its instruments. He was protected in his rights by the guild to which he belonged, and by the action of the law was guaranteed a living wage. In one direction the law was specially solicitous. Any attempt to introduce capitalism was strongly resented. "No manner of person shall take any several farms more than one whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks"[3]; "no person using the feat or mystery of cloth-making shall have in his house or possession any more than one woollen loom at a time—nor shall by any means take any

[1] Froude, "History of England," i. p. 46.

[2] Marx (Smart), "Capital," 692.

[3] Froude, i. p. 32.

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manner of profit by letting any loom"[1]; so that both in agriculture and in trade as many persons as possible should be in the position of farmers or manufacturers. The evident intention of the law was to create in the interest of the State a large class of prosperous and independent men working in their own homes and not labouring for others as hired men or journeymen. "Forasmuch as it is to the surety of the Realm of England" that the country "be well inhabited with English people for the defence as well of our antient Enemies"[2] as of other parties.

Home work still exists among us, but it is now regarded as the cause of the worst evils of our industrial system. It produces the "garret cabinet-maker," and "the sweating den of the little middleman" where the most wretched and ill-paid of workers are found. "It is the prevalence of home work which hinders the progress of the industrial evolution and keeps these backward industries from advancing to higher stages of organisation. Home work is therefore the real cause of sweating."[3]

Home work is a survival of a worn-out system which has been superseded by the factory. The outburst of energy and invention at the end of the eighteenth century, with the accompanying division of labour, extension of commerce and introduction of power-driven machinery, made it impossible for the home-worker to accumulate stock or acquire tools sufficient to maintain his independent position, and as plant, stock, and tools became the property of the capitalist, the power of the capitalist over the labourer increased, so that when in the beginning of the nineteenth century the reign of *laissez faire* took the place of the old mercantile system this power seemed to have become absolute. As a matter of fact the working class who were overborne in the first part of last century have been endeavouring ever since to go back upon the system of *laissez faire*, and have been making continuous advances since the passing of the Factory Acts. The political changes of the last half

[1] Froude, i. p. 58. [2] *Ibid.* i. p. 32. [3] Fabian Tract, No. 50, p. 7.

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of the century have made this easier for them and the insistence with which their claims are now being urged is only the natural outcome of increased political power. The Unemployed Act of last year and the appointment of the Poor Law Commission are premonitory symptoms of a coming discussion or struggle, whichever it is to be. And as people are now alive to the evils of our industrial system they are asking on all sides what is to be done? That there is no lack of counsellors does not make a decision more easy. The latest writer on the subject tells us that "the problem of riches and poverty is of the simplest."[1] Mr. John Burns, on the other hand, warns us against "social freaks, economic charlatans, and settlement quacks, each with his Morrison's pill,"[2] as well as against the late Government's Unemployed Bill, which he regards as among the obstacles to the real organic changes required.

The "essential reasonableness of English public opinion," however, will set a limit to any exaggerated or visionary proposals, for after all it is to the man in the street that the final decision must be referred. It is the habit of Socialist writers to speak of the profligate rich, the idle shareholder and *bourgeois rentier*, mannequins which they construct in order to pummel at their pleasure; but the man in the street, the average man, is neither profligate nor idle. He is honest and industrious, and endowed with the ordinary qualities which have made our country successful. He is at the present time more than ever perplexed over the problems of unemployment and poverty: problems which arise from faults in the distribution of wealth, and he is doubtful and hesitating as to the remedies to be applied. Parson Dale, in his sermon in "My Novel" pleading for sympathy between classes, exclaims, "I say also to the poor, in your turn have charity for the rich," and some consideration may be claimed for the perplexity and fear of untried remedies which make the owner of property advance at a pace unbearable to the impatience of enthusiasm.

[1] Chiozza Money, "Riches and Poverty," p. 327.

[2] *Daily Chronicle*, December 1, 1905.

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The reaction against the extreme doctrines of *laissez faire* is at the present moment strong, and there is a tendency to revert to older systems, especially in the matter of State control of industry. Can this reaction be carried so far as to reinstate the workman in a position as regards production analogous to that which he held in the sixteenth century, having regard to the altered conditions of to-day? Every one would gladly welcome any just and feasible plan of reinstating the working man in the possession of the means of production if this will cure the faults of the distribution of wealth and bring peace between employer and employed. But first of all the average man will probably inquire at what particular point in the distribution does the dispute arise? The followers of Marx would reply that disagreement arises about the division of the "surplus value": that is, the addition made by living human labour to the value of a commodity after replacing the cost of the capital consumed and the wages paid in producing it. In other words, the profit. Marx's view is well known. He holds that all value in a commodity is due to labour. For it is human labour, and nothing else, working upon a rude product of nature which produces the commodity, and which gives to the rude product its form and usefulness, and therefore its value. Capital which expresses itself in some form or other of goods is itself only labour crystallised, or, as Marx calls it, "congealed." The very machine which ousts the labourer is itself only a form of labour—labour congealed in the rude and valueless ore to which it has given form and utility. There is nothing novel in this. It is laid down by Adam Smith in the first sentence of his "Wealth of Nations." It is the clearness and vigour of his demonstration, and also his animus against the capitalist, which has caused Marx's book to be termed "the Bible of the working man." Marx was a "humanist" and an active revolutionary. He took part in the risings of 1848, and was in part the composer of the "Manifesto of the Communist Party"[1] published in that year,

[1] Rae, "Contemporary Socialism," p. 144.

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which declared amongst other things that the "*bourgeoisie* exploited the labourer of political power, and exploited him of property, for they treated him as a ware, buying him in the cheapest market for the cost of his living and taking from him the whole surplus of his work after deducting the value of his subsistence."

In 1852 Marx came to London disappointed and disenchanted by the failure of the revolutionary spirit, and began his great literary work. As he studied in the British Museum the reports of Government commissions and inspectors and read the horrors which were being perpetrated in the workshops and factories of the employers, a man with his antecedents would have been more than human if he had treated the capitalists with strict impartiality. Every one who looks on capital with complacency is attacked by him. Bastiat is a "bagman of Free Trade,"[1] Edmund Burke "a sophist and sycophant,"[2] Bentham "an insipid, pedantic, leather-tongued oracle of the ordinary *bourgeois* intelligence of the nineteenth century,"[3] and our friend the *Spectator* is a mere "Philistine paper."[4] It is only grudgingly that he will even allow the capitalist the function of a directing authority, making it a matter not of merit but of mere privilege. "The leadership of industry is an attribute of capital just as in feudal times the functions of general and judge were attributes of landed property."[5] He seems wanting in the historic sense. He does not trace the growth of the capitalist, as Adam Smith does that of the merchant in the Middle Ages, but brings him on to the scene like a stage fiend from a trap. He does not point out that the causes which produce the capitalist are inherent in human nature, for "the principle which prompts to save" is "a desire which comes with us from the womb and never leaves us till we go into the grave." This desire of accumulation is common to man with squirrels and bees, and is one of the instincts of nature for the preservation of the species, and

[1] Marx, "Capital" (Smart), p. 30. [2] *Ibid.* p. 312. [3] *Ibid.* p. 622.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 321. [5] *Ibid.* p. 323.

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it has to be taken with the fact that every man of full age and strength can by his labour produce more than enough for his own sustenance.[1] Man has invented the practice of exchange when he has a surplus. The lower animals have not; and from the instinct of accumulation and the practice of exchange is bred the capitalist. A journalist the other day visited the Pigmies and found their chief sharpening a spear blade on his nose. He was informed that spear blades were employed by these interesting savages as their money or medium of exchange; that when one of them by superior industry had accumulated a surplus of ground nuts or whatever might be in demand, he exchanged it for spear blades, and when he had a sufficiency of these he exchanged them for one or more wives, by the produce of whose labour he acquired more spear blades. We have in this exchange of spear blades into wife's labour-produce, and wife's labour-produce into more spear blades, a complete example of Marx's capitalistic formula: M—C—M[1] (money—commodities—more money) in a society that is as far removed from the factory system as can well be imagined. But Marx is not content with resolving all value into labour; he adds the corollary that the labourer is entitled to all the value, including all the profits, and treats the appropriation of profit by the capitalist as an act of spoliation. He has had many opponents, and naturally the corollary has excited the most lively criticism. The critics generally direct their attention to the relation between capital, value, and interest or profit, but they have not shaken the central position that all value is derived from labour.

The writers on the subject of capital and the capitalist's profit or interest have been very numerous. For the most part they seem to be engaged in vindicating the right of capital to earn interest, which had been denied by the canonists, rather than in considering the claims of labour to share in the profits. They occupy themselves with the meaning and functions of capital and its relation to interest, and in their desire to justify

[1] Rodbertus, quoted by Boehm Bauwerk, "Capital and Interest," p. 350.

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the taking of interest they have endeavoured to set up capital as an independent element of production. They have produced a dozen theories and a dozen definitions of capital, and almost as many of the origin and nature of interest. They have succeeded in showing that capital is in the highest degree useful to production. But, says Boehm Bauwerk, "I am much afraid that this is the only proposition on which our economists are quite agreed." [1] Nor is there much more agreement among the authors of interest theories from the "use" to the "Agio" theory. But though the writers have analysed it with the greatest nicety and copiousness, they have not shown that capital apart from the rude products of nature is derived from anything but labour, or that interest is anything but a form of payment made to capital by labour. For nature and labour "form the double source from which all our goods come, and the only source from which they can come." [2] Therefore, when capital is defined as "a group of products which serve as means to the acquisition of goods," [3] if the products are the result of labour acting on nature, so must capital be, and if "the much talked of and much deplored dependence of labourer on capitalist" rests on "the loss of time which is bound up with the capitalist process," [4] this can only mean that the labourer cannot get the fruits of his labour, because "the group of products" which would enable him to tide over the interval are in the hands of the capitalist, and if capital is important by reason of making possible "round-about production" (that is to say, production involving a number of successive processes extending over weeks or months), and if interest is the reward which capital receives in return for this service; if, in the language of the "Agio" theory, interest is explained by "a difference in value between present and future goods," [5] the follower of Marx may say that he agrees with the definition and recognises the importance of capital, but that he wishes to

[1] "Positive Theory of Capital," p. 74.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 79.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 88.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 83.
[5] "Recent Literature on 'Interest'" (Boehm Bauwerk), p. 6.

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transfer it from the hands of the private capitalist to the State in order that a portion of the interest may find its way into the pocket of the labourer.

The extreme complexity and subtlety of the arguments and the internecine strife of the philosophers over subjects which touch the every-day life of the practical man may account for the distaste which the man in the street shows for learned discussions contained in lengthy volumes about such things as capital, profit, and interest, or the principles of business generally, which he thinks he understands without them. To such an extent is this carried that when a dozen or so of eminent authorities explain their views on the question of Free Trade it is sufficient for their opponents in the Press and on the platform to stigmatise their utterance as the opinion of "professors." It is not easy at first to see why a man of conspicuous ability who has spent the best years of his life in acquiring knowledge of a subject should be debarred from expressing an opinion on that subject because he has received an honourable appointment on account of his knowledge. But the antipathy which commonly exists between the man in the street and the philosopher may, perhaps, be traced to the fact that while the philosopher is analytic and vocal, the man in the street is synthetic but inarticulate. The latter is doing while the former is talking, and the philosopher, as a general rule, only puts into form what the man in the street has already put into action. When we have been using our voices for forty years the philosopher informs us that we have been talking prose. When Adam Smith taught that wealth consists in goods, not in money, and denounced "the mean and malignant expedients of the mercantile system," [1] he put into words what the men of commerce were endeavouring to put into practice. When the House of Commons took the view that there should be "no interference of the legislature with the freedom of trade or with the right of every man to employ the capital he inherits or has acquired according to his own

[1] "Wealth of Nations," Bk. iv. c. 7.

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discretion," and the reign of *laissez faire* was inaugurated, the philosophic economists discovered that the law of supply and demand was a law of nature, and proclaimed it as a law of God; and when Marx by his analysis of capital brought out the oppression wrought by capitalists under this system he was only putting into the form of words what the philanthropist had put into practical shape in the Factory Acts. The man in the street is apt to resent the schooling of the philosopher, and may not recognise that analysis of the past is a useful guide for the future; while the philosopher may not be alive to the fact that the man in the street is his friend and patron. For after he has enjoyed a flight through the regions of speculative analysis he has to turn to this friend, who all the time has been at work weaving new problems and producing fresh provender for analysis. Were he not to do so the old theories might hold good, and the philosopher of to-day would no longer have the chance to criticise the philosopher of yesterday.

The man in the street accordingly is not very much interested by the various apologetic pleas which, whether under the name of the "Use Theory," the "Abstinence Theory," or the "Productive Theory," seek to justify the appropriation of profit by the capitalist. He does not see that they are needed. But he is impressed by the fact that the labourer's normal attitude as regards his employer is more or less one of antagonism, and in his practical fashion he is willing to consider any means of curing these grievances. He finds advocates of Socialism, trades unionism, legal enactment, and co-operation each ready with a remedy, and as he knows that he is master of the situation he will examine each with calmness and test it with deliberation. He is at one with the economists on "the only point in which they are quite agreed," namely, "that capital is in the highest degree useful to production," and he will be against any violent or sudden interference with this useful thing. He probably has a notion that the capitalist exists for the sole reason that he is useful to the community, like the feudal princes and nobles of the middle ages, who

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passed away when they ceased to be needed. If he has read his Adam Smith he will point out that the feudal lord was a judge in peace and leader in war; that he became so, because he alone could maintain order and execute the law within his demesne. That as a rule he was a worthy person who exacted his dues of "passage, pontage, lastage, and stallage,"[1] but who in return kept open the roads, repaired the bridges, and made it possible for the merchant to hold his fair; in a word, like the capitalist, rendered great service to the community. It was he who protected the merchant when he settled on the land, and by granting him freedom from dues invented the honourable name of "Free Trader," though by doing so he signed his own death-warrant, for in time, "having sold his birthright in the wantonness of plenty for trinkets and baubles, he became as insignificant as any substantial burgher or tradesman in a city."[2] Thus the feudal lord passed away, and so may the capitalist in course of time, but it will only be when the community no longer has need of him, and this will not be for some time yet; for if he is a necessity of the time his domain is to be conquered rather by peaceful penetration than by violent aggression.

The Socialist remedy, even if complete, has in the eyes of the man in the street the disadvantage of being too peremptory. That it "materially alters the institution of the family" and opens up "the deanery of Westminster" to "an avowed Freethinker" will not specially recommend it in his eyes, even though these alterations be part of the "merely humdrum programme of the practical Social Democrat of to-day," and do not involve "guillotining, declaring the rights of man, or swearing on the altar of the country."[3] But the man in the street will not be frightened by such generalities as "the common holding of the means of production and exchange,"[4] from allowing a municipality to own the waterworks or purchase its tramways if he finds that these essays in Socialism add to his comfort. He is

[1] "Wealth of Nations," Book iii. c. iv.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Fabian, "Essays in Socialism" (1889), p. 200.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 212.

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more likely to ask whether human nature under a Socialist *régime* will not remain what it is at present, whether the experiences of every-day life in business warrant him in thinking that it would be safe to entrust vast powers of promoting and directing commerce to fallible men in the expectation that the bureaucrat would be proof against the arts of corruption which influence other classes of human beings.

Nor is there anything in Socialism which is likely to endow Civil Servants with virtues they do not already possess. The country is fortunate in having in them at present a body of men of high honour and great assiduity, but it would be useless for any one who has worked in a Government office to deny that they have certain defects—want of initiative, timidity, a tendency to regulate action by fixed rules which produces the over-organisation known as "red tape." These defects may be more than compensated in some cases by the assurance of honesty and zeal, but they would be found fatal in cases where the stress of foreign competition requires audacity and invention. When, therefore, the Socialist writer says "there is no practical difficulty in the way of the management of the ordinary productive industries, large or small," and that "an able and highly trained manager can now be obtained for about £800 a year," [1] he has left out of the account the one thing needful —the moral quality: the energy, courage, and willingness to take risks which no education can give. As the man in the street is well aware of this, he will probably ignore all demands for State management based upon theory, and will content himself for the present in applying it to business, chiefly of a routine character, where the risks of failure are small; gradually extending the sphere as he finds he can do so with safety.

While Socialism does within its sphere reinstate the labourer in the position of producer by making him indirectly the owner of means of production, and handing back to him the profits of production, trade unionism is content with demanding a share

[1] Fabian, "Essays in Socialism," pp. 158–197.

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in the "surplus," leaving to the capitalist possession of stock, plant, and machinery as before. It leaves commerce free from the deadening influence of Government administration, and keeps open among the employers a corner for the man who has the indefinable sixth sense called business aptitude, a rare and priceless combination of resolution, enterprise, tact, and administrative power; but it retains the division of employer and employed into two camps with opposing interests, though not of necessity in active hostility. No one who has studied Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb's "Industrial Democracy" can fail to be struck with the degree in which trade unions, as they get older and more powerful, tend to change their attitude towards the masters from enmity to friendly agreement, or to note how the round-table conference takes the place of the strike, until the common rule established by collective bargaining becomes a treaty which is helped in its administration by the daily discussions of friendly agents and secretaries on both sides. If all the labour of the country were organised into unions as rich and powerful as those of Lancashire, the problems of employment would be infinitely easier to deal with. No one can question the usefulness and importance of these unions, nor can the majority of us wish to supersede their free self-governing organisation by any agency of the State; least of all would the unions themselves desire it if it be true that while the unionists of Northumberland and Durham are mainly Liberal and those of London Socialist, the unionists of Lancashire are largely Conservative.

"But the unskilled labourers, the operatives whose organisation is crippled by home work, and the women workers everywhere can never," say Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, "in our opinion, by mere bargaining obtain" [1] satisfactory terms, and to obtain for them a share of the "surplus" in the shape of better conditions of life and higher wages, their efforts must be supported by the strong arm of the law. The example of New Zealand and the Australian Colonies is cited to show that this

[1] Webb, "Industrial Democracy," Introduction to 1902 edition, p. xli.

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can be done with effect, while it has the merit of bringing special advantages to the weaker and less organised trades. The system has been for some years in force, and is stated to have hitherto worked well. In New Zealand the authority of the court in such matters has been gradually developed, so that now it has power to "extend an award so as to include any employer or union not a party thereto, but engaged in the same industry as that to which the award applied";[1] while in New South Wales the Court would appear to have even greater powers of imposing a "common rule" on an industry. Mr. Pigou in his work on "Industrial Peace" reviews the system of coercive intervention by the State, and discusses various objections which have been, or might be, made to it. The principal among these seem to be "the immense practical difficulty in determining the lengths to which extension should be carried; for the similarity between the products of different districts in an industry is often more apparent than real"[2]—especially in a country of highly specialised industries such as England. Again, serious difficulties seem to be contemplated in enforcing the court's decree amounting almost to civil war, when "police power, backed at need by military power"[3] must be called in. More serious still is the danger which Mr. Pigou points out that "the general political situation may be detrimentally affected"[4] by the suspicion of, and the actual existence of, political bias—for a suspicion in the minds of the people that their executive officers were influenced by political pressure, and that their judges were biased or corrupt, would outweigh almost any conceivable advantage. It is therefore not surprising that the utmost Mr. Pigou can say in favour of coercive reference of disputes to the decision of a court is "that, cautiously introduced, it offers a prospect of direct and indirect advantages sufficient to outweigh the dangers it threatens."[5] At the same time it must be borne in

[1] Pigou, "Industrial Peace," p. 176. [2] *Ibid.* p. 178.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 191. [4] *Ibid.* p. 204. [5] *Ibid.* p. 208.

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mind that "Wage Boards" with Parliamentary powers have been in existence in Victoria since 1896; that their powers have been greatly extended since they began to work; that they have succeeded in determining standard minimum rates of wages in numerous cases, and in oppressed trades, such as tailoresses and shirtmakers, have considerably raised them, and this without any diminution in the volume of trade, of employment, or of the employers' profits.[1] With such an example as this, the man in the street will certainly not refuse the method of legal enactment in the future, any more than when the Factory Acts were passed, as a protection for the oppressed and a means of dealing a blow at "sweating."

"Co-operation is a more seductive means of escape" from the evils arising from the faulty distribution of wealth, says Fabian Tract No. 15 (p. 8), though the author will have none of it. Mr. Rae in his "Contemporary Socialism" (p. 337) takes a different view. "If the general acquisition of private property," he says, "and not its universal abolition, is the demand of the working class ideal, then the business of social reform at present ought to be to facilitate the acquisition of private property," and his way towards peace lies in multiplying the opportunities of industrial investment open to the labouring class, and in enabling them to participate in industrial capital and to become capitalists as well as labourers. At least he regards this as the most obvious solution of the problem. If this could be brought about, the labourer would at last be restored to the possession of stock and plant, and by peaceful penetration into his domain might gradually supersede the capitalist. That this is no impossibility is shown by the fact that

> in the town and neighbourhood of Oldham there are 100 co-operative spinning mills, with a capital of close on £8,000,000. They are managed entirely by working men, their capital is contributed in £5 shares by working men, and they have during the last ten years paid dividends varying from 10 to 45 per cent. They are joint stock companies of working men, and they furnish to

[1] Webb's "Industrial Democracy," p. xxxix.

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working men in an effective and successful way that participation in the industrial capital of the country which is really wanted.[1]

Under this system room is left for individualism and the strife of competition which seems a necessary element of progress, at least so far as material wealth is concerned; while it gives the working man a voice and interest in the management of commerce and by bringing home to him the difficulties which the capitalist has to contend with, has had a moderating influence in the discussions between employer and employed.

The Fabian tract[2] says: "Even the most enthusiastic believer in the virtues of association will not expect salvation merely from a *régime* of joint stock companies." Why not? More unlikely things have happened. "What all the violence of the feudal institutions could never have effected the silent and insensible operation of commerce and manufactures gradually brought about," namely, the destruction of the power of the feudal lords, the capitalists of the day. The greed of the territorial magnates made them part with privileges which the industry of the burghers and artisans acquired without either knowledge or foresight of a social change.

> A revolution of the greatest importance to the public happiness was in this manner brought about by two different orders of people who had not the least intention to serve the public. To gratify the most childish vanity was the sole motive of the great proprietors. The merchants and artificers acted merely from a view to their own interest, and in pursuit of their own pedlar principle of turning a penny wherever a penny was to be got.[3]

To look for a social change from the prosaic action of the Companies Acts would be no more extravagant than to have expected one from "the pedlar principle of turning a penny."

The man in the street to whom all changes having as their object to reinstate the working man in possession of those

[1] Rae, "Contemporary Socialism," p. 338.
[2] No. 15, p. 9.
[3] "Wealth of Nations," Book iii. c. iv.

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means of production which have passed into the hands of the capitalist, or to give him a larger share in the "surplus" of production, must be referred, will probably decline to adopt any one remedy to the exclusion of all others. He will not be deterred by the rather vague term "Socialism" from trying "Socialistic" methods where they suit his convenience. He will acquiesce in the growing power of trade unions. He will approve of the "coercive intervention" of the law to protect the weak and oppressed, and he will look with complacency on the spread of co-operative industry. Nor does he think that the present *régime* is altogether to be despaired of when private capitalists inspired by Christian charity can produce such industrial organisations as the firms and model villages enumerated by Budgett Meakin and such industrial officers as the Social Secretary and the Welfare Manager.[1] He is not a pedant or even extremely logical. He is willing to try various methods, for "in the present situation of affairs variety of experiment is desirable, for only out of many experiments can we eventually discover which are most suitable to the conditions and fitted to survive."[2] He is master of the situation, and he knows it, for he is the doer of things, the great constructive force, and by virtue thereof is master of the world.

> The great words never were writ,
> The great songs never were sung;
> They that were greatest did their deed
> Without the pen or tongue.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Instead of the word—a deed,
> Instead of the song—a man!
> The things that are greatest were fashioned thus
> Since the world began.[3]

These lines are a hymn to the man in the street whose ascendency is gained by his daily toil. He knows his power

[1] "Model Factories and Villages," 1905.

[2] Rae, "Contemporary Socialism," p. 338.

[3] Harold Johnston, *Daily News*, October 7, 1905.

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and he knows his limitations. He will not be inveigled into any short cut to the promised land. He knows that the way is dark, the path uncertain, and the guides untrustworthy. As he cannot see beyond his nose he goes like a man groping in the night, putting forward first one cautious foot and then the other, making sure of his ground as he goes, not knowing whether the path is taking him towards Socialism or Individualism, nor greatly caring so long as he can make life more easy in its course. But he is well aware that he is the master. He pays the price and sits in the stalls while the Protectionist, Socialist, and Collectivist strive together on the stage for his edification and amusement, and as he contemplates their play he is apt to say to himself with Will Waterproof:

> Let Whig and Tory stir their blood,
> There must be stormy weather;
> But for some true result of good,
> All parties work together.

At least he can hope so.

W. R. Malcolm.

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FROUDE AND FREEMAN

WHEN Jowett said, "Froude is a man of genius; he has been abominably treated," he summed up the public life history of one of the most brilliant men of letters of the last generation. No biography was needed to persuade those who knew anything of Froude's career or writings how true were both assertions. And Froude had made it difficult—he hoped he had made it impossible—for any biography of him to be written. His own experience as Carlyle's biographer had been more than enough for him. It had convinced him that no just and discriminating "Life" of a public man could be published in England without giving offence in one quarter or another; and he wished to prevent the possibility of exciting afresh, in connection with a narrative of his own life, the angry and discreditable wrangles that had raged round the biography of his master. So he left instructions that the greater part of his papers should be destroyed at his death, and the injunction was, of course, scrupulously obeyed by his family.

But had Froude been a less modest man than he was he would have realised that however many letters and private memoranda might be committed to the flames, his desire that no biography of him should be written could not be long respected. Carlyle had cherished the same wish till reluctantly convinced of its impossibility; and although Froude was a star of lesser magnitude than Carlyle, he ought to have known that the same reasons which he himself sets out as imperative in

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the case of Carlyle would also in his own render unavoidable a biography of some kind. He had himself declared in an essay on the "Life of Macaulay" that "We desire to know, and we have the right to know, the inner history of every man who has played a distinguished part in life and has largely influenced either the fortunes or the opinions of his contemporaries." The judgment was scarcely less applicable to himself than to Macaulay. He had occupied too high a station in the republic of letters for curiosity to remain satisfied with what might be gathered from his published works about his thoughts and conduct in private life. He had been more or less intimate with all the best-known people of his time, with several of whom he was connected by blood or marriage; his letters were in the possession of many of them; his name would be found frequently in their correspondence and memoirs. He should have remembered that from such sources materials for a biography would be forthcoming, and have realised that sooner or later they were sure to be drawn upon for that purpose.

Under the circumstances an "authorised biography" of Froude there could not be; but from the scanty materials available Mr. Herbert Paul has written a brilliant sketch,[1] which, in spite of the disadvantages with which he had to contend, is a successful "attempt to tell the public something about a man whose writings have a permanent place in the literature of England."

Mr. Paul has wisely refrained from saying anything that need provoke a reopening of the defunct controversy over Froude's conduct as biographer of Carlyle—a controversy which, as Mr. Paul says, "flickered out and died an unsavoury death" twenty years after the Sage of Chelsea was buried at Ecclefechan. He makes no reference to the Wilsons, Brownes, *et hoc genus omne*, who have sought literary notoriety by defaming after his death a brilliant and conscientious man of genius. But he gives all the facts of the case clearly and

[1] "The Life of Froude." By Herbert Paul. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

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correctly, by which the curious in the future may judge for themselves how much truth there was in the preposterous pretence that Froude disobeyed Carlyle's injunctions, disregarded his wishes, blackened his memory, or was negligent in discharging his trust.

There was, however, an earlier and not less venomous attack on Froude, the true circumstances of which Mr. Herbert Paul has now for the first time fully disclosed; and they form one of the most curious, and, it must be admitted, one of the most discreditable chapters in the history of English literature in modern times. Not discreditable to Froude—far from it; but to his fellow historian and predecessor in the chair of Modern History at Oxford, E. A. Freeman. Those who have studied the charges preferred against Froude in relation to his "Life of Carlyle" must have been struck by the assumption underlying them that his inaccuracy and carelessness of truth as an historian had been already so completely demonstrated as to render superfluous any further proof of his general untrustworthiness. It was taken to be a matter of common knowledge, and any argument on the point was waste of time and breath. The "inaccuracy" of Froude was a characteristic of his work as unquestionable as the "obscurity" of Browning, or the irony of Swift. It was not a charge which the average reader, if he were bold enough to doubt its justice, was in a position to test for himself. The great "History," which "inaccuracy" was supposed to have made valueless, was a work in twelve large volumes, and it is not many who have the time or the ability or the knowledge which would enable them to investigate alleged errors in an immense book full of countless details of European diplomacy and intrigue in the Reformation period. Moreover, was it not enough that Freeman, whose scrupulous accuracy was popularly supposed to be as far beyond dispute as the weight of his historical erudition, had pronounced judgment and had found Froude wanting in all the qualities essential to the historian?

Freeman had declared that Froude "does not know what

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literary honesty and dishonesty are;" that his "utter carelessness as to facts and utter incapacity to distinguish right from wrong" deprived his work of "any title to the name of history" —and so on *ad infinitum* in the pages of the *Saturday Review*, which were placed at Freeman's disposal for the purpose of "belabouring Froude," as he himself described in private what purported to be a scholar's criticism of a fellow historian. One would have imagined, indeed, that some at all events, even of the least learned readers of the *Saturday Review*, would have had some qualms about accepting Freeman's violent diatribes as pure gospel. Some of the examples he gave in support of his attack were ludicrous on the face of them. It was absurd to suppose that Froude, who was as good a classical scholar as Freeman, could have broken down in construing a simple Latin sentence; that he could have been ignorant of an elementary point of law in the period covered by his history; or that he did not know what a Bill of Attainder was! It is surprising to think that the most casual reader can have been taken in by "criticism" like this, or by Freeman's ponderous "belabouring" of what were obviously mere misprints. "When Froude allowed *Wilhelmus* to be printed instead of *Willelmus*, Freeman shouted with extravagant glee," says Mr. Paul, "that a man so hopelessly ignorant of mediæval nomenclature had no right to express an opinion upon the dispute between Becket and the King." Froude was always a bad proof-reader—it was the most serious of his failings—and this pouncing on misprints as if they were substantial errors was a distinguishing feature of all the attacks made on his veracity and accuracy from first to last, as every one knows who has looked into the complaint against his editing of Carlyle's "Reminiscences." Nevertheless, as Mr. Paul remarks, "by dint of noisy assertion, and perpetual repetition, Freeman did at last infect academic coteries with the idea that Froude was a superficial sciolist." Mr. Herbert Paul has now shown how ill-qualified Freeman was for the task of correcting any mistakes which Froude may have fallen into—and mistakes, of course, there are in his history as in

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every other that ever was written. "If any one wishes to form a correct judgment of Froude as an historian he can scarcely begin better," Mr. Herbert Paul asserts, "than by reversing every statement that Freeman felt it his duty to make." One of the statements that Freeman "felt it his duty" to make was that Froude was incapable of research, and was hasty and superficial in consulting original authorities. He was the originator of the myth, as malicious as it was ridiculous, to which the *Times* gave renewed currency not long ago, that Froude spent no more than a single day in examining the Hatfield collection of papers. Mr. Paul is enabled to quote from Froude's correspondence with Lady Salisbury enough to show the thoroughness of his methods.

> I am unwilling [he wrote in March 1862] to trouble Lord Salisbury more than necessary. I have therefore examined every other collection within my reach *first*, that I might know clearly what I wanted. Obliged as I am to confine myself for the present to the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign, there will not be much which I shall have to examine there, the great bulk of Lord Burleigh's papers for that time being in the Record Office—but if I can be allowed a few days' work I believe I can turn them to good account.

A few days later he wrote that after examining the catalogue he found there were eight volumes of papers bearing on these ten years of history which he wished "to read through." Two years later, when dealing with another period, he again writes to Lady Salisbury:

> I cannot say beforehand the papers which I wish to examine, as I cannot tell what the collection may contain. My object is to have everything which admits of being learnt about the period—especially what may throw light on Lord Burleigh's character. I have been incessantly busy in the Record Office since my return to London [he says in another letter]. The more completely I examine the MSS. elsewhere the better use I shall be able to make of yours. I have still two months of this kind before me, and my intention was to ask you to let me go to Hatfield for a week or two about Easter.

In a word, no historian could be more thorough than Froude in his research of original documents. His assailant, Freeman, never attempted to use such stiff materials in preparing his

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own historical writings, and one of the most egregious of the many blunders he fell into headlong when presuming to correct Froude's "inaccuracy" was the result of relying on Camden—"who in Freeman's eyes represented the utmost stretch of Elizabethan learning"—whereas Froude had searched the manuscripts in the Rolls House, and had made no mistake whatever. Indeed, every chapter in the twelve volumes of Froude's "History" bears, as Mr. Paul truly observes,

> ample proof of laborious study. Froude neglected no source of information, and spared himself no pains in pursuit of it. At the Record Office, in the British Museum, at Hatfield, among the priceless archives preserved in the Spanish village of Samancas, he toiled with unquenchable ardour and unrelenting assiduity. Nine-tenths of his authorities were in manuscript. They were in five languages. They filled nine hundred volumes.

For the reign of Henry VIII. alone he read and transcribed six hundred and eighty-seven pages in his small, close handwriting. That there should have been errors in a work of this magnitude and complexity was of course unavoidable. But what did they amount to? In the twelve volumes there were five mistakes which Froude admitted required correction; and when preparing a revised edition as recently as 1890 he was "fairly astonished," as he wrote to Lady Derby, to find how little he would have to alter, although since the book was written "the libraries and archives of all Europe had been searched and sifted." "None of his mistakes were due to carelessness. They proceeded rather from the multitude of the documents he studied, and the self-reliance which led him to dispense with all external aid." And yet one of the minor historical writers of the present day, presuming on the idea that Froude's untrustworthiness was *res judicata*, has asserted that in traversing part of the ground where Froude had gone before, he had found him quite unreliable! In this instance the *odium theologicum*, which played so large a part in the dead set against Froude in his lifetime, had probably a good deal to say to the judgment, and at all events it is interesting to note that more competent critics held a very different opinion.

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Stubbs spoke of Froude's "History" as "a great book" and "a work of great industry, power and importance." Skelton bade his readers remember that Froude

> was to some extent a pioneer, and that he was the first (for instance) to utilise the treasures of Samancas. He transcribed from the Spanish masses of papers which even a Spaniard could have read with difficulty;

and the same scholar, whose speciality was Scottish history, says that

> only the man or woman who has had to work upon the mass of Scottish material in the Record Office can properly appreciate Mr. Froude's inexhaustible industry and substantial accuracy . . . his acquaintance with the intricacies of Scottish politics during the reign of Mary appears to me to be almost, if not quite, unrivalled.

Burton was not less emphatic to the same effect; and Freeman's learning and judgment, as Mr. Herbert Paul forcibly remarks, were to Burton's "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

But to appreciate the completeness of Freeman's discomfiture the reader should study the exposure which that quondam idol of Oxford suffers at the hands of Mr. Herbert Paul. Some of the great man's mistakes were amusing in themselves, and still more amusing from the presumptuous airs of superiority with which they were committed, in the belief that they were "belabouring Froude"; and the story loses nothing in the telling by Mr. Paul, whose pungent and epigrammatic pen evidently undertook a congenial task in describing the downfall of arrogance, and establishing the justification of a great man of letters whose temper was generally too proud and too calm to permit him to descend into the arena of controversy in his own defence. But Freeman was not merely unequal to the task of correcting Froude's work. He did not set about it in good faith. It was bad enough that a writer of his pretensions should persuade the public to regard the historian of the Tudors in the light of a dunce, while acknowledging in private that he himself was "profoundly ignorant" of the sixteenth century; it was worse

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that he should have done it to gratify personal spite. He "belaboured Froude" not because he loved historical truth and sincerely believed Froude to have outraged it, but because he hated Froude personally; and it is this fact that justifies one in calling his attack a discreditable chapter in the history of literature. On this point Mr. Herbert Paul leaves no shadow of doubt. The happy thought struck him of looking into Freeman's own copy of Froude's "History," which was to be found with the rest of Freeman's books in the Library of Owens College, Manchester, whither they had been transferred after the Professor's death. Mr. Herbert Paul can hardly have expected to find in the book such a tell-tale exhibition of its former owner's temper as was there disclosed—an exhibition of which it is difficult to say whether the vulgarity or the puerility is the more marked. Here are a few of the comments to be found in the margin of the pages, scribbled, not by an exceptionally silly schoolboy deserving the birch, but by a Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford: "*A lie*," "*Beast*," "*May I live to embowel James Anthony Froude*," "*Froude is certainly the vilest brute that ever wrote a book*." And yet the writer of these choice marginal notes vowed there was "no kind of temper" in his assaults on Froude; and his biographer, Dean Stephens, assures us it is quite a mistake to suppose "that his fierce utterances were the outcome of ill-temper or of personal animosity. He entertained no ill-will whatever towards literary or political opponents." Mr. Herbert Paul is to be congratulated on his discovery at Owens College, for it would be difficult to find a similar specimen in the history of literary criticism. But it is sad to reflect that the personal spite of this truculent Professor should have been able to tarnish for a generation the reputation of a more learned historian and an infinitely more brilliant writer than himself.

It is natural to ask what was the cause of the rancorous animosity that impelled the historian of the Norman Conquest to confide to his books his desire to embowel the historian of

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the Tudors. Froude's biographer supplies the answer to the question. Froude had given dire offence to two powerful sections of opinion, both of which found a representative and a spokesman in Freeman. These were, first, the party of the Anglican revival, which reached the zenith of its influence at Oxford about the time when Froude's earlier volumes were published; and, second, the Benthamite Radicals, whose political views were in the ascendant at the same time. Froude, whose elder brother had been a leading light among the Tractarians, made his *début* in literature as the pupil and assistant of Newman. Further study quickly convinced him of the historical and philosophical unsoundness of the principles he had set out to support, and he had abandoned—so far as was then legally possible—his deacon's orders, and had written a book the tone of which was held at Oxford to be too heretical to admit of the author's remaining a Fellow of his College. His "History" was a powerfully reasoned defence of the sixteenth-century Reformers, and the ecclesiastical policy of Henry VIII., whom the High Churchmen looked upon as an agent of Satan. It was not likely therefore that men who refused to acknowledge Milton as a poet because they disliked his theology, would tolerate the historian who at the height of the Tractarian movement proclaimed to the world in twelve volumes of exquisite prose the benefits conferred on mankind by the Protestant Reformation. At the same time the academic Radicals, then as always the slaves of formulas, failing to understand that it was love of liberty in its highest form that made Froude the eulogist of Henry and Thomas Cromwell, of Luther and Knox and Murray, and for this very reason had laid him under the Puseyite interdict, took offence because he appeared in their eyes to be deficient in enthusiasm for democratic shibboleths and to be the apologist of autocratic power. Both these offended parties found a champion in Freeman. He was, as Mr. Herbert Paul points out, "historically if not doctrinally a High Churchman." He "shared Gladstone's politics in Church and State," and his

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hatred of the Tory leader of his time "struck even Liberals as bordering on fanaticism." The *Saturday Review* was the property of a Puseyite, who was only too glad to place its columns at the disposal of the Radical swashbuckler itching "to embowel" the impious apostate who would bow the knee neither to Newman or Bentham, and who had learnt from Carlyle to abominate priestcraft and every other imposture.

That a prejudice hostile to Froude arising from these causes was intensified in the case of Freeman by jealousy of Froude's matchless style and consequent popularity with the general reader, would not be altogether incredible even without the evidence afforded by those marginal notes that Freeman's character was not above meanness of the most puerile type. "Freeman's style," says Mr. Herbert Paul in a sentence which is a good example of his own lively manner of handling the pen, "was the sort of style which Macaulay might have written if he had been a pedant and a professor, instead of a politician and a man of the world." It was mechanical and rhetorical, and Freeman must have been conscious of its literary inferiority to the polished ease and grace which distinguished the writing of his detested rival. Jeffrey might have been as puzzled to explain where Froude got his style as he was by Macaulay's. Mr. Herbert Paul is of opinion that he derived it from Newman.

> Too original to be an imitator, he was, in his handling of English, an apt pupil of Newman. There is the same ease, the same grace, the same lightness of elastic strength. Froude, like Newman, can pass from racy, colloquial vernacular, the talk of educated men who understand each other, to heights of genuine eloquence, where the resources of our grand old English tongue are drawn out to the full.

It may be doubted whether a style so perfectly pure and limpid, and so entirely free from all trace of mannerism, could be acquired even by the aptest of pupils from another; and whether the undoubted similarity in some general respects between the prose of Newman and the prose of Froude is due to anything more than the coincidence that each was a born master of literary art. Mr. John Morley would probably be

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surprised to find himself spoken of as "an apt pupil" of the late Dean Church, yet there are similarities in the styles of these two writers not less marked than the resemblance between Newman and Froude. But if it be true that Froude owed anything to the Cardinal in the formation of his style, a curious set of cross influences is brought to light. The two greatest thinkers and men of letters with whom Froude came in contact in the course of his life were Newman and Carlyle. From the former, if Mr. Paul is right, he learnt his style while vehemently rejecting every particle of his teaching; from the latter he assimilated all the main elements of his thought, but escaped the appearance of the smallest influence in his handling of the language.

Froude once said he had no "philosophy of history." But he had a clearly defined idea of how history should be approached by any one who aspired to make the past intelligible to the present. He did not belong to the "scientific" school, or the school of Dryasdust. He told Tennyson that the most essential quality in an historian was imagination, a saying which, as Mr. Paul observed, though "a true and profound remark," is peculiarly liable to be misunderstood. "People who do not know what imagination means are apt to confound it with invention, although the latter quality is really the last resort of those who are destitute of the former." Froude knew that history, if it is to be understood in any real sense, requires interpretation no less than narrative; that mere naked facts and dates and occurrences make no impression on the mind worth retaining. The requisite interpretation is given when a picture of past times is presented through the temperament of a writer gifted with the historic imagination—and it was this Froude had in mind in speaking to Tennyson—which alone possesses the magic to clothe the bones with flesh and blood and to breathe life into the corpse. A hundred volumes on the French Revolution may be studied without gaining anything like the vivid realisation of the scenes and sensations of revolutionary Paris to be obtained from the thrilling cinematographic pictures thrown on the screen by

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Carlyle; though Carlyle made a mistake about the distance to Varennes which Freeman would perhaps have avoided. And in this respect, though their styles were so diverse, Froude was Carlyle's pupil. Mr. Herbert Paul, in reference to Froude's alleged "inaccuracy," gives an admirable illustration of this difference in the methods of treating history.

> Accuracy is a question of degree. There are mistakes in Macaulay. There are mistakes in Gibbon. *Humanum est errare.* An historian must be judged not by the number of slips he has made in names or dates, but by the general conformity of his representation with the object. Canaletto painted pictures of Venice in which there is not a palace out of drawing, not a brick out of place. Yet not all Canaletto's Venetian pictures would give a stranger much idea of the atmosphere of Venice. Glance at one Turner, in which a Venetian could hardly identify a building or a canal, and there lies before you the Queen of the Sea.

Mr. Paul does not mean that in Froude's picture of the sixteenth century you "could hardly identify a building or a canal"; but that to Canaletto's fidelity to fact, which by itself is almost worthless, he added the art of Turner, which gives life to the portrait.

The scantiness of the materials at Mr. Herbert Paul's disposal has made it impossible for him to paint so intimate a picture of Froude's private life and intercourse with family and friends as we possess of several of his contemporaries. There are but few of such private letters as reveal the workings of the mind in irresponsible moments, or the unconsidered actions behind the curtain of home. But the recollection of surviving acquaintances, and evidence here and there obtainable from other sources, make the character of the man sufficiently clear. "His mind was intensely practical"—as Carlyle knew and recorded in his will—"though in personal questions of self-interest he was careless and even indifferent." It was this latter trait, no doubt, that accounts for his almost uninterrupted silence when attacked, first by Freeman, and later by Carlyle's niece and the persons she instigated, which led many people for a time to suppose that the charges brought against him had some foundation. His personal charm is attested by all who knew him.

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In company he talked better than almost every one else, and he had a magnetic power of fascination which men as well as women often found quite irresistible. Living in London, he saw people of all sorts, and the Puritan sternness which lay at the root of his character was concealed by the cynical humour which gave zest to his conversation.

Like Carlyle, it would have been difficult to attach to Froude the label of any political party. He detested the doctrine of *laissez faire* which dominated English political thought during most of his life, and he anticipated the movement of to-day in deploring the Cobdenite neglect of the Colonies, between whom and the Mother Country he strove to promote warmer feelings and closer relations; and he pointed to the fact that "our colonists take three times as much of our productions in proportion to their number as foreigners take," as showing that the over-sea dominions of the Crown had an importance and value which were too little realised by people at home. In this connection it is of particular interest to observe that while Froude spoke scornfully of Disraeli and had a deep and insurmountable distrust of Gladstone, he wrote to Lady Derby in 1882: "I like Chamberlain. He knows his mind. There is no dust in his eyes, and he throws no dust in the eyes of others." Froude, in fact, judged politicians on their merits as individuals, and not according to what party they belonged to. His butler on one occasion, in reply to a canvasser, said, "When the Liberals are in, Mr. Froude is sometimes a Conservative. When the Conservatives are in, Mr. Froude is always a Liberal." But if this was true it was not from mere love of opposition, for Froude was not one of the cantankerous sort; but probably because he was disgusted by the contrast between professions of principle by the "outs" and performance by the "ins." For in politics, as in his teaching of history, it is true, as Mr. Herbert Paul insists, that "the secret of Froude's influence and the source of his power is that beneath the attraction of his personality and the seductiveness of his writing, there lay a bedrock of principle which could never be moved."

RONALD MCNEILL.

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A FORGOTTEN PRINCESS

NO family has afforded more occupation to biographers or deeper interest to students than the House of Stuart. Of this fact the latest evidence, if such were needed, may be found in the appearance during the last year of substantial volumes dealing with the fugitive days of Charles II., of James II., and of the two Pretenders; whilst from the last emerges a pathetic and rather novel portrait of "Henry IX.," the Cardinal.[1] Every schoolboy—not Macaulay's myth, but the real creature—knows of the execution of Charles I. and the exploit in an oak-tree of Charles II.; he is aware of the untimely end of James II.; and even if his propensity for novel-reading has not introduced him to "James III." through the pages of "Esmond," yet he has been familiar from his nursery days with the legend of Prince Charlie. Readers of biography have extended their acquaintance to the earlier adventures of Arabella Stuart, and students of history have traced the influence upon contemporary English policy of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. It is not safe to be positive; but one may assume that nobody is quite so ignorant as to be unable to account for the presence on our throne of Edward VII.; at all events, if there be any period of history which appeals to the great Unread, it is that which began in 1625 and ended when the last embers of "the '45" were extinguished in the collapse of Charles Edward.

[1] "A Court in Exile," by Marchesa Vitelleschi.

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Amongst the romantic, a faithful few still pay homage to the Bavarian Princess who is to them the lawful sovereign of these realms: the more prosaic amongst us takes things as we find them, and regard all descendants of the ruined Line, except those who happen to reign over us, as heirs to nothing but a picturesque and melancholy tradition.

In the long catalogue of princes and princesses, one has almost entirely escaped attention. She has no place in history: she had no part to play. She makes no contribution to romance: her existence was so short and so unhappy as to admit not even of an enlivening love-affair. She can scarcely be said to have met with one adventure. A maiden, denied the gaiety of youth; a princess, shut out from the glamour of a court; not beautiful; there was little enough in her career to attract notice; but for these very reasons her story has an interest of its own. Misfortune seems to have been the birthright of her race: with the exception of Charles II., who ended his days in the cynical and profligate enjoyment of the amenities which were lacking in his youth, the presentiment of evil which is said to have been stamped upon the features of Charles I. seems to have come to fulfilment in most of his progeny; and amongst them none was more completely, more undeservedly, the victim of misfortune than Princess Elizabeth.

Charles I. was the father of three sons and five daughters: Charles and James, who succeeded him on the throne; Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who was born in 1640 and lived long enough to witness the restoration of his brother, and of whom we shall hear again; Mary, born 1631, who married the Prince of Orange and became the mother of our William III.; Elizabeth, born 1635, the subject of these observations; Anne, who was born in 1637 and died in 1640; Catherine, who was born and died in 1639; Henrietta, born at Exeter 1644 on the eve of her mother's flight, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, and herself the mother of queens.

The date of Princess Elizabeth's birth is "wropt in mystery"

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only less profound than that of Mr. Yellowplush. The day usually indicated was December 28,[1] and some congratulatory odes make due reference to the occasion of the day of the Holy Innocents; but inasmuch as they go on to refer to the exquisite beauty which she certainly never possessed, this evidence is not conclusive. Amongst the Harleian MSS. there is a list of the children of Charles I. written and signed by Elizabeth herself, in which appears, "Princess Elizabeth, born at St. James, December 29, 1635." The Sub-Dean of H.M. Chapels Royal, who quotes this authority, says that she was born on "December 29, 1635, at ten in the morning during a heavy fall of snow";[2] but later on[3] he speaks of her as having been born on "the Festival of the Holy Innocents, Monday, December 28." Probably the latter is the true date; not inappropriate to one whose days were to be spent in rigid seclusion from the contagion of wickedness. Certain it is that she came into the world during a heavy fall of snow, no unfit welcome to one whose experiences were to be forlorn, whose natural affections were to be quenched, and who was to go down to posterity with the curt and chilling record, "died of grief."

The few extant portraits of Elizabeth are decidedly prepossessing. A miniature in Windsor Castle, which recommends itself as a faithful likeness, gives her a broad forehead, fine eyes, rather melancholy, but full of character and spirit; a small well-shaped mouth and a delicate chin. In the groups of Van Dyck she appears only as a child; and indeed at the time of her death she was not so old as this miniature would represent her; but all authorities are agreed on the meagreness of her physical endowments. One writer describes her as "weakly and deformed," and says she died of rickets.[4] Accord-

[1] "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," J. H. Jesse, ii. 250; "Lives of the Princesses of England," M. A. Green, vi. 336, &c. &c.

[2] "Memorials of St. James' Palace," ii. 5. [3] *Ibid.* ii. 42.

[4] "Letters Archæological and Historical," Rev. E. B. James, ii. 151.

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ing to Clarendon she had a sickly and deformed frame; whilst another tradition avers that a *post-mortem* examination proved her to have been hump-backed, knock-kneed, and altogether deformed.

Notwithstanding these infirmities, she was "the most gifted of the children of Charles I., and the darling child of her unhappy father";[1] according to Clarendon, she was "a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and excellent understanding." Elizabeth's career began under the governorship of the Countess of Roxburgh, to whose care her elder sister Mary had already been entrusted. Each princess had a personal suite of dressers, watchers, nurses, and grooms, besides instructors in various fields of learning and deportment. The appearance of plague in London drove the establishment temporarily to Richmond, whence they were again conducted two years later to visit their mother, who happened to be at Hampton Court. There the younger child is said to have exhibited a precocious sensibility on being shown a picture of our Saviour in the Judgment Hall, suffering the indignity of the scourge; at which the Queen's approval was excited, but whether from religious or maternal emotions one can only guess. At this tender age—she was but two years old—Elizabeth made her one approach to matrimony. Her grandmother, Mary de Medicis, came to England at the end of 1637, and took the opportunity of proposing an alliance between her and the young William of Orange. Charles, however, considered the proposal derogatory to his daughter's rank, and there the matter ended. But, before many years had passed, gathering dangers had warned the King of the necessity of friends outside his own dominions, and he had no scruples in accepting Prince William as a suitor, not for the little Elizabeth but her elder sister Mary. This marriage took place in 1642, and henceforth Elizabeth's principal companion was her youngest brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

St. James's Palace was the usual abode of the royal family

[1] Jesse, *op. cit.* ii. 250.

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in childhood, and, with occasional excursions prompted by divers motives, here they continued to reside. Charles and James were allowed to share the vicissitudes which now beset the fortunes of the King, but Parliament kept a jealous eye on the two younger children, and already "shades of the prison house began to close" upon them. That she was not denied the advantages of efficient teachers is made manifest by the qualifications subsequently claimed by Mrs. Makin, of Tottenham High Cross, who appealed to the public as having been formerly charged with the instruction of the Princess:

> By the blessing of God [so her prospectus ran] gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion and all manner of sober and virtuous education, more especially in all things ordinarily taught in schools. Works of all sorts, dancing, music, singing, writing, keeping accounts: half the time to be spent on these things, the other half on Latin and French; and those that please, Greek, Hebrew, Italian—in all which this gentlewoman hath a complete knowledge. Those that think this thing impossible or impracticable . . .

are to inquire at Mason's Coffee House on Tuesdays, or the Bolt and Inn Coffee House on Thursdays, to interview her agent.

But even if she were given the benefit of so gifted a teacher, her domestic comforts were not always complete. Lady Roxburgh was forced to protest to Parliament against the neglect to pay the allowances for her wards; and presently an edict against association with all but those who were willing to accept the solemn league and covenant required the dismissal of every one whose sympathies were royalist. At this indignity Elizabeth was moved to address the House of Lords, to whom she sent the following letter through Lord Pembroke, her Parliamentary guardian:

> My Lords,
>
> I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me and strangers put to me. You promised me that you would have a care of me, and I hope you will shew it, in preventing so great a grief as this would be to me. I pray, my Lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you and to rest.—Your loving friend, Elizabeth.
>
> To the Right Honourable the Lords and Peers in Parliament.

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The result of this epistle was beneficial. The Peers demanded an inquiry: the Speaker declared that the poverty into which the royal children had been plunged was such that he should be ashamed to speak of it: a compromise was reached: certain members of the household pocketed their scruples for loyalty's sake, and the changes were not so drastic as had been threatened. But Lady Roxburgh retired, and after Lady Vere's selection had miscarried, the Countess of Dorset assumed the duties of governess.

The object of Parliament was to prevent intercourse with the King's headquarters at Oxford, and an oath to prevent anything of the kind was required of each member of the establishment at St. James's. The situation was anomalous: at one time overtures were received from Oxford for the exchange of the children against certain prisoners of war: to which a refusal was returned on the ground that the children were not prisoners, and therefore not liable to exchange.

Prisoners to all intents and purposes, however, they continued to be. At the age of eight Elizabeth fell and broke her leg: the recovery was slow, and perhaps never perfect; whence the *post-mortem* assertion that she was knock-kneed may have arisen; but in all emergencies change of domicile was only permitted by Parliament grudgingly and under strict supervision.

By this time Elizabeth had acquired proficiency, thanks, presumably, to the redoubtable Mrs. Makin, in French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. This sounds like a "puff oblique" on the part of Mrs. Makin herself; but there is further evidence to show that the poor child had been seriously investigating the original sources of Holy Scripture. One author dedicated a volume to the "peerless Elizabeth" by reason of her attainments in Hebrew and Greek.

In 1645 an important transition affected the narrow limits of their confinement: Lady Dorset was dying; and the children were handed over to the custody of the Earl of Northumberland. Much of their time now was spent in the more healthy

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and congenial precincts of Syon, and with so much consideration were they treated that we find Elizabeth writing to promise her sister at the Hague a present of venison from her guardian's park.

A year later existence was further enlivened by the arrival of the Duke of York, who found his position in the Royalist camp no longer tenable, and, with his father's consent, sought refuge with his brother and sister. But it was not a whole-hearted surrender, and the Earl of Northumberland, who had already trouble enough with the finances of his wardenship, was beset with illicit negotiations between his newest charge and the King. With curious indifference to Parliament, he announced that he would not hold himself responsible for intrigues of this kind; and in this determination he not only persisted, but was apparently sustained.

In 1647 Charles was at Caversham, and, in response to his urgent entreaty, his children were permitted to visit him. They met at Maidenhead. It must have been at best a sorrowful affair. Elizabeth had not seen her father for five years; Henry did not know who he was. "I am your father, child," said the King, "and it is not one of the least of my misfortunes that I have brought you and your brothers and sisters into the world to share my miseries." Whatever his shortcomings may have been, nobody can find much fault with King Charles in respect of his devotion to his wife and children. General Fairfax was present at this interview, and appears to have been so much pleased with the Princess as to kiss her hand. The children returned with the King to Caversham, where they were permitted to remain two days, and, after a harrowing parting, were carried off by Northumberland, who was to receive from Parliament several contradictory orders as to their place of abode, and very little money for their maintenance. He protested that he was out of pocket to the extent of £2000 a year.

Charles had now removed to Hampton Court, and taking the law into his own hands, as it seems, he became a frequent visitor at Syon. The children were not prevented from going

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in turn to visit him; and these seem to have been comparatively cheerful days. The King took this occasion to impress upon his daughter that, in the event of anything happening to him, she must transfer her loyalty and allegiance to her brother Charles. In one respect, moreover, she was to be absolved from obedience to her mother: under no circumstances was she to adopt the Catholic faith. But the Queen was a refugee, and little enough was the communion ever destined to exist between the mother and daughter.

Here once more was the courtly Fairfax, followed by Cromwell himself, and in later years the Duke of York used to aver that, whereas all the officers were wont to kiss their hands, he alone bent the knee.[1] So demure and discreet was Elizabeth's demeanour that she now acquired the soubriquet of Temperance.

But interruption was at hand. Princess Elizabeth had been allowed to sleep at Hampton Court: she complained that the presence of the sentries in the corridors kept her awake at night. Upon a renewal of this grievance, the officer in command exacted a promise from the King that he would attempt no escape—to which Charles replied with a lofty call to remembrance of his honour—and withdrew the guard. Elizabeth returned to London, to hear that her father had escaped; had been retaken; and was now practically, if not avowedly, a prisoner at Carisbrook, in the Isle of Wight. It has been suggested that Elizabeth was privy to this scheme: it would invest her story with an added interest, but it is probably not so. It is not wonderful that a delicate, sensitive girl should find her night's rest disturbed by the close attendance of soldiers in rattling accoutrements with no punctilious regard for the convenience of neighbouring sleepers: it is not past our powers of belief that a Stuart should fail to resist the temptation to break a promise, given in all sincerity, when the advantage of the moment was against its observance.

James, Duke of York, was now nearly fifteen years of age.

[1] Green, *op. cit.* vi. 360.

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His subsequent failure in the business of kingcraft does not alter the fact that he was a capable sailor and a brave soldier, and it may be believed that he was a youth of spirit. Means of communication between father and son were discovered: discovered in a double sense, for letters were intercepted. Northumberland was again taken to task by Parliament, and the vigilance of the children's custodians was redoubled. But the children outwitted them, and in the stratagem which was successfully employed, Elizabeth undoubtedly played a part. For the amusement of the evenings in St. James's Palace games of hide-and-seek were arranged on an elaborate scale. Great store was set upon a prolonged and successful immunity from detection, and the young conspirators cunningly prepared for the coup which was to follow. On April 21, 1648, the Duke of York persuaded a friendly gardener to lend him a bunch of keys so that he might eclipse all former efforts at elusiveness. The gardener consented. James lost no time in escaping through one of the garden doors, where he was met by an accomplice, with whom, disguised as a female, he made good his escape.

So well accustomed were the attendants to these lengthy concealments that it was not until Northumberland paid a visit at bed-time that the Duke's absence became a matter of suspicion; but the bird was flown and already out of danger of recapture.

Northumberland made his report to Parliament, again protesting his unwillingness to be responsible for the persons of his wards; and Parliament, conscious it may be that he was still its creditor for household expenses, was pleased to grant him pardon and permission to retire to Syon or Hampton Court. At the same time the leaders turned their thoughts towards the Duke of Gloucester as a possible successor to the throne in case Charles and his two elder sons should incur irrevocable condemnation.

Charles was at Carisbrook, "very melancholy and retired," according to contemporary accounts; but if tradition is true

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he at least enjoyed the liberty of "hunting the buck" in the pleasant forest of Parkhurst. Elizabeth wrote to her "most dear father," declaring that "her greatest terrestrial joy is to hear that you are in health and prosperity"; but this innocent pleasure was to be denied her, for the letter was intercepted, and part of it being written in cypher, to which Parliament had no key, her correspondence was terminated, and with it the twin joys of family affection and writing in cypher.

Encouraged, perhaps, by his partial success at Hampton Court Charles again attempted to escape from Carisbrook; but for him there was to be no more freedom, and Elizabeth was to hear, to her dismay, that her parent was a prisoner in London awaiting his trial. Sentence of death was passed on January 27, 1649, and two days later leave was granted him to see his children: and here follows one of the most dramatic and touching incidents in history. The pleasant days of Maidenhead and Hampton Court were more than a year gone by; the King was changed; his hair had become grey and was left unkempt; but the children had been with him recently enough to meet him with overflowing hearts, the happiness of reunion albeit overshadowed by the terror of death. Charles, ruined and alone, reveals the tenderness of an affectionate man who has no more earthly hopes and aspirations.

Here is Elizabeth's own account of the interview:

What the King said to me January 29, 1648-9, being the last time I had the happiness to see him. He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he could not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that would be a glorious death which he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. He bid me read Bishop Andrews's sermons, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commended us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal, he commanded me and my

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brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So, after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave. Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and he desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember.

ELIZABETH.

The leave-taking does not appear to have been so simple a matter as this narrative would suggest. It is on record that the loving child gave way to paroxysms of grief, and that Charles returned more than once from the door to endeavour to console her anguish by ineffectual caresses. So complete, indeed, was her prostration that it was rumoured she was dead.

To little Henry the King gave these parting commands: "Sweetheart, they will cut off thy father's head, and perhaps make thee King; but mark what I say, you must not be a King so long as your brothers Charles and James do live." Finally he divided between them such jewellery and things of value as he still possessed. The children returned to Syon, where Elizabeth was attacked by a tumour and debility, declared to be the consequence of her recent suffering and agitation; and at this juncture Northumberland's patience broke down. He finally declared to Parliament that the anxiety and expense of his commission were no longer tolerable, and he begged to be relieved. Elizabeth renewed a petition to Parliament which she had made some time before her father's death, to be allowed to join her sister in Holland. This proposal found favour in some quarters, but it was negatived on a division by twenty-nine votes to twenty-four. The guardianship was offered to Sir Edward Harrington and his wife, who speedily intimated that at their time of life they could not be bothered. The Countess of Carlisle was next approached; she hesitated; and suddenly choice was made of the Countess of Leicester.

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Their lives seemed for the moment to be cast in pleasant places: the captives were despatched to the beautiful Penshurst in Kent. The governess appears to have entered into the arrangement with more spirit than her lord. Parliament voted £3000 for maintenance; upon which Leicester immediately reduced his wife's allowance from £700 a year to £300, shrewdly observing that he would be put to some expense for "washing and household stuff," and undoubted restriction of personal convenience.

Lady Leicester was more loyal. Parliament had indeed appointed nearly a dozen servants to wait on the children, but had enjoined none the less that all royal observances were to be waived; that they should not be served at separate tables, but sit amongst the young Sydneys, sovereignty being abolished, and they of no higher rank than the children of a noble family. Lady Leicester was a patrician of principle: she ignored these instructions, and when Speaker Lenthall paid a "surprise" visit to see how she was obeying her instructions, she flouted and drove him out.

A certain amount of public attention remained fixed upon Elizabeth and her brother. Royalist papers asserted that they were to be poisoned or sent to some charity school as Bessy and Harry Stuart—an alternative not without humour. Royalist authors offered her dedications addressed to the "sorrowful daughter of our martyred King," or spinning verses around the "gloom of her attire": for she never ceased to wear mourning for her father.

Lady Leicester was a considerate and sympathetic friend; a member of her own family was selected as tutor to her wards, and their circumstances must have been as happy as under such conditions could be possible. But there was to be no peace: Parliament was intolerant, and a proposal was in the air for the transfer of the young people to the sterner discipline of Cromwell's family circle. Meanwhile Charles II. was putting his fortunes to the test in Scotland: the presence of any members of his family on English soil was represented

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as a public danger: it was declared to be imperative that they should be removed "outside the limit of the Commonwealth," and in accordance with this pompous resolution they were duly committed to the care of Colonel Sydenham, Governor of the Isle of Wight.

It has been alleged that they were to be apprenticed to tradesmen in the island; that, in fact, deeds of indenture are still preserved in the records of Newport. This legend has been definitely discredited by an official denial from the Town Clerk. It can easily be believed that there was a party in Parliament disposed towards severity; but upon the whole a reasonable spirit seems to have prevailed. Suitable furniture and plate were provided; and for Elizabeth "a gentlewoman, a laundress, a groom of the chambers, and a gentleman usher." But titles were no longer to be recognised nor hands to be kissed: the Princess became the Lady Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester plain Harry Stuart or Mr. Harry.

The secret sting, whether accidental or intended, lay in the sending of a delicate girl, prostrated by the horror of her father's doom, to the very spot where he had enjoyed the last remnants of liberty and hope. We need not attribute so sinister a motive; but unquestionably in choosing Carisbrook for Elizabeth's abode Parliament sentenced her to death.

The journey was not auspicious: Elizabeth was ill. Although they reached Cowes on August 18, it was not until the 16th that the travellers passed into the custody of Anthony Mildmay, who had officiated as carver to King Charles during his residence. Elizabeth appears to have lost no time in repeating her petition to Parliament for leave to go to her sister in Holland, and on this occasion the proposal had been accepted as the best solution of her difficulties. Henry at the same time was to be consigned to his cousin, the Elector Palatine, with a pension of £1500 a year. But the decision came too late.

Carisbrook Castle is no better known to the majority of Englishmen than many another place of equal interest

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and charm. It stands near the centre of the island, a mile or so from Newport, on undulating ground. A mile and a half to the north the beautiful forest of Parkhurst stretches almost to the shores of the Solent. To the south a good walker can, on a summer's afternoon, easily reach the high bluff which rises over Ventnor and the Channel Sea. The castle itself is but a shell, with one living house preserved for the Governor's quarters; and from the ruined tower one looks down upon an open bowling-green. Here upon August 22 Elizabeth was helping to amuse her brother by playing a game for which one may suppose she had little inclination and still less aptitude. A storm broke over them, and before they could get under cover the Princess was drenched with rain. Her frail body could endure no more: fever and exhaustion supervened, and on September 8 she was dead.

It is not easy as one passes through the empty rooms, satisfied so long as they appeal to all the senses of picturesqueness and romance, to imagine how they affected the imagination of a girl of fourteen, broken-hearted and sorely stricken in body, who was not an archæological *dilettante*, but a contemporary, an involuntary inhabitant, whose predecessor had been her own father, a king, about to pass under sentence of his subjects, and suffer an abject death at the hands of a common headsman. We admire the venerable walls, snugly covered over with spreading ivy; the graceful moulding and the elegant proportions. We have not to consider the fevered limbs, the aching heart, the loneliness and desolation of the English princess, who was nearing the completion of her bitter knowledge of the fallibility of earthly possessions.

Sir Theodore Mayerne, who had been Court physician, and had tended Elizabeth through her early childhood, was at once appealed to when serious symptoms appeared. He was now an old man, and apparently not equal to undertake a journey "out of the Commonwealth"; but he at once despatched a colleague. Meanwhile Dr. Bagnall, of Newport, had been called in, and there seems no reason to suppose that the patient

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lost anything by neglect. Mayerne, indeed, pronounced afterwards that she died "procul a medicis et remediis"; but beyond the lack of his personal attendance she seems to have had the benefit of every available resource.

Nor can any fault be found with the conduct of Parliament. Orders were given for a suitable funeral and for proper mourning to be supplied to the dead girl's playmate. The body lay in state for sixteen days, and was then removed for burial in the Church of St. Thomas at Newport. Here it would probably have remained in utter obscurity and oblivion had not Queen Victoria repaired a long neglect by erecting a memorial to the forgotten Princess as "a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes."

Baron Marochetti has at least rendered a fitting tribute by carving an effigy worthy to rank with those at Worcester and Ashbourne—a child asleep and at rest; her cheek presses an open book; the Bible, which tradition alleges was the gift of her father and lay upon her pillow when she died.

REGINALD LUCAS.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO CANOSSA

SOME twenty miles south-east of Parma, just where the serried ranks of the Apennines are broken by the outrush of the Enza, an advanced guard of craggy hills is thrust forward on to the Lombard plain. On the most precipitous of these, some 1500 feet above the valley of the Po, stands all that is left of the Castle of Canossa. For 650 years it has been a ruin, but it is still an imposing relic of feudalism, as indeed it should be, seeing that, in the eleventh century, it was the most famous fortress south of the Alps. Strong it is, and superbly placed, with a view bounded only by the feebleness of human eyes. Yet it is not by its heroic aspect alone, nor by the marvel of its prospect, that Canossa arrests and holds one, but because there the seal was set on the most prodigious victory that intellect ever won over force, where—to use the phrase of the proudest of the successors of St. Peter—"the subjection of every human creature to the See of Rome" was made manifest to the eye of Christendom.

At Canossa the appeal to the historical imagination is no less powerful than the appeal to the æsthetic sense, nor, outside Rome, is there, in all Italy, any other spot where two such appeals are thus united. Yet hitherto pilgims to this *sacro monte* have been astonishingly few. Dean Stanley came here some fifty years back, but had few imitators. So completely was the very name forgotten, that when Mr. Augustus Hare, for the purpose of one of his charming, if inaccurate, guide-

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books, sought information from the professors of the neighbouring University of Palma, he was told that they knew nothing of it, unless it was the same as the Castle of La Donna Matilda. For such neglect, the obliteration, wrought by time and the spoiling hand of the peasant, is, no doubt, to some extent, responsible. Probably, however, the more efficient cause has been, that quality which endeared it to its owner and her Papal guest—its inaccessibility. But this excuse will no longer serve, for it is no longer inaccessible. The revived interest of the Government in the antiquities of Italy has led them to place it among the protected national monuments, and it has been made easy to reach, either by *vettura postale* from Reggio, or from Parma by a *ferrovia economica*. Travellers who enjoy the thrill of vivid historical association, or who delight in a prospect of unique splendour, will soon find out the way. But up to last September the list of visitors was meagre, and the register in the Castello, while it showed that a few Germans and several Italians had been there, did not disclose a single English name.

On a glorious September morning, soon after seven, the writer, bent on this pilgrimage, made his way from the centre of the town of Parma to the halting-place of the light railway at the Barriera Vittorio Emanuele. The Via Æmilia, the great Roman road running from east to west through Gallia Togata, cuts "the city of Correggio" exactly in half, and the Barriera is at its eastern exit. There was not a cloud in the sky, but, even in the plain, the first hours after sunrise are cool, and, at Parma, the nearness of the Apennines lends a certain mountain freshness to the morning air. The gate was crowded with wood waggons, drawn by oxen, cream-coloured or russet, long-horned, with towering yokes, attending the leisurely visitation of the urban *doganieri*. Some twenty passengers were waiting for the train, round the cabin, where an old lady was dispensing tickets and light refreshments. But trade had not been brisk that morning, for she was unable to cope with a ten-lire note. As, however, the twelve-mile ride to Traversetolo, the first

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stage on the way to Canossa, costs only a few *soldi*, that difficulty was easily got over. When the little puffing engine arrived it was found to be pulling only one carriage, and that was already half full. Naturally there were complaints, in sonorous Italian, about the folly of bringing *una sola carrozza*, but Italians are accustomed to make the best of official shortcomings, and, by dint of standing on the outside platform and sitting on one another's knees, not one of us all was left behind. It was a picturesque assemblage. A couple of priests fingering their breviaries, three or four Italian "Tommies," fine, manly looking fellows in fatigue suits of holland, four or five mechanics, a score of peasants of both sexes, and a few *signori*, made up the tale. Probably they fairly sampled the Parmesan countryside, and a careful count of complexions showed the fair, grey-eyed, and blonde to be in a majority of three to one, and, though here and there the brown-bearded, cruel-eyed brigand type was in evidence, not one pair of black eyes was discoverable. Nor is it surprising that the Northern strain should prevail in this broad and fertile valley, where the Ostrogoth and the Lombard were lords for three centuries.

In a little more than an hour, Traversetolo, the "township by the ford," was reached. There, a light carriage, with an excellent horse, was readily found to convey the pilgrim the six further miles that have to be traversed, before Ciano d'Enza—the starting-point of the mule path to Canossa—is reached. The road crosses the stony bed of the Enza, and, in its descent to the river, commands a good view of the hamlet of Quattro-castella, lying on the hills opposite, and the scanty remains of the outlying forts that kept the road to the central stronghold of the Donna Matilda. The Enza is a typical Apennine river, three furlongs or so in width, for the most part shallow, and, late in summer, absolutely dry, though the steep ups and downs of its bed, that make you tremble for the carriage springs, are reminders that in winter, when they are filled with icy water, this crossing is completely barred. Once on the other side, the road mounts gently to S. Polo d'Enza, and thence to Ciano

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along the cultivated foot of an upland, covered with thin brush and scorched grass that, in colour, recalls Dauphiné. Thence, with a clearly engraved Italian map, if such a thing exists, it were easy to find the way, but a barefoot peasant boy, who knows the short cuts and the names of the landmarks, is a very cheap and agreeable substitute.

From Ciano d'Enza the path starts with an abrupt turn to the left, just beyond the rustic Albergo, and mounts rapidly, over sharp, broken stones, to the shoulder of a moorland, where turkeys might be profitably exercised, but sheep would starve. Canossa is not in sight, but another great castle, the pilgrim's way-mark, here lords it over the country. This is Rossena, perched on a reddish rock, from which it is supposed to take its name, precipitous towards the north, but, on the south, sloping down to a green saddle, which, further out, becomes a promontory crowned by the solitary keep of the Castel d'Asso. The path, which runs diagonally along the curving crests of the hills, passes between the two fortalices, touching the very rocks of Rossena, and through the tiny village which nestles comfortably enough at its base. It is hereabouts that the pyramid of Canossa comes into sight, conspicuous on the ridge that now shows against the northern sky. A mile or so from Rossena tillage ceases, and the wild vegetation becomes scantier and scantier, so that one passes through a veritable wilderness before reaching the curious system of ravines that guard Canossa on the Apennine side. These are extraordinarily deep and steep, and with their desolate sides furrowed by the melting snows of spring and scorched by the blazing sun, they look strangely like moraines. Their colour, a strange black and grey, gives a savage note to their desolation, which is a thing by itself. Not a blade of grass, not a lizard, not a living thing can find subsistence in these arid gullies, and inquiry suggests that the foxes, with which an imaginative visitor peopled them, have no existence. The largest ravine of all, runs up to the grey rock that supports Canossa—alba Canossa, as in its youth it was called. It has not grown less

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hoary with age, but time has softened its original sternness. The green grass has grown between the lower rings of its fortifications, and shrubs and briars and a few trees have obtained a settlement among the crumbling stonework, with the result that, by comparison with the surrounding country, the rock presents an almost *riant* aspect. The ravine being quite impassable, a *détour* has to be made to reach the ridge, whence access is gained to the triple tiers of defence described by the early chroniclers. Just where the keep is seen towering above your head, you enter the castle through the lowest of these. A new zig-zag, touching no doubt in places the old path, mounts to the second line of defence. This it seems was once defended by a chasm, crossed by a drawbridge, but chasm and drawbridge have both disappeared. On one side below the path a hut stands, labelled *il custode*, but, as neither English nor Italian shouts brought any response, guide and pilgrim passed on. A closed iron gate filled us with alarm, but yielded to persuasion, and continuing to mount, we arrived at the ancient well. This well, three hundred feet above the foothills, and fifteen hundred above the plain, evidently relies on some secret reservoir in the rocks, for it never fails, and at the end of a hot summer was full to within a few feet of its stone mouth. A second iron gate proved more intractable, and my barefoot Mercury had to be despatched for the custodian. She, however—and it seemed only right that one should owe admittance to Matilda's castle to a woman—had spied the *forestiere* from afar, and, with the trustful courtesy of her sex and country, sent us the keys by her little boy. They were a fine bunch, worthy of the Lady of Loch Leven, but the boy knew neither the right key nor the way to use it, and it was not till an exhaustive series of experiments had taught us that one key, if placed upside down in what did not appear to be the key-hole, would shoot the bolt, that we obtained entrance. A few steps and we were within the final *enceinte*, and stood on the actual stage where the world-drama was played, more than eight centuries ago—stood in the shadow of the very

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stones that witnessed the Emperor's wretched humility—the Pope's superb arrogance.

Before attempting briefly to describe the play, it is perhaps in order to say a few words about the actors. First, there is the lady of the castle, Matilda of Tuscany, that *domina inclita comitissa Matilda ducatrix*, whose domain stretched from the Mincio to the Po, from the Lombard plain to the mountains of Umbria. Pure as was her life, and noble as was her character, these virtues were less wonderful than her more than virile energy. The great ruler, warrior, and justiciar of her vast possessions, when not engaged in resisting her suzerain, she was administering justice, with men like the Uberti, on the steps of her throne, or watching the storming of the strongholds of her rebellious barons. But a woman's fanatical devotion to the head of her religion, and an Italian's dislike of the German Cæsar, coloured the whole of her political career. In her girlhood she gave herself to a hunchback, as the price of the rescue of the Pope, and, as an old woman, became the bride of a boy, whose attraction was his congenital hatred of the Emperor. The Canossa incident was an interlude in her strenuous life, in which she played the noble *rôle* of intercessor.

The second of the great actors was Henry IV., King of the Germans, and by election, though yet uncrowned, Cæsar Augustus, Emperor of the world. Among the Royal families of Germany, the Franconian claimed a sort of primacy, and Henry, the third in direct male descent of the Imperial Franconian house, boasted, besides, the blood of the great Otto in his veins. He was a child of six when his father died, and brought up by a doting mother, under the tutelage, now of harsh, now of licentious churchmen, he grew to manhood strong and handsome in person, but feeble in will, dissolute, haughty, and tyrannical. This weakling was called upon, in his teens, to rule a Germany seething with revolt, and an Italy which had only yielded the most reluctant homage to the strongest of his predecessors. When he came to Canossa, a suppliant crying for mercy, he was barely twenty-

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seven. Nor can any contrast be more dramatic than that between the futile youth, with his golden hair and martial figure, and his grey antagonist.

That antagonist, the third and greatest of the actors in this memorable scene, was of low birth. Hildebrand was, in fact, a *contadino*, the son of the carpenter of Soano, a village belonging to the father of Matilda. A peasant in a Tuscan village, then a novice in Santa Maria on the Aventine, a monk in Clugny, for years Archdeacon of Rome, and saluted there as Lord of the Lord Pope, he had now mounted the Papal throne. He had won his way slowly to that great position without help of fortune or circumstance, by sheer force of intellect, and the leverage of an iron will. About the first time that one hears of Hildebrand was some thirty years earlier, when Henry III., the reformer of the Papacy, the father of the penitent of Canossa, had annulled the election of Gregory VI. for flagrant and confessed simony. Hildebrand was Gregory's chaplain, and followed his master into the exile which the austere Emperor inflicted on the simoniac Pope. Up to that time the Imperial prerogative to control Papal elections had been hardly disputed, and when Hildebrand was called by acclamation to the Popedom, he had himself applied to Henry for his consent to his elevation. But, that this act of submission rankled, is shown by his choice of a Pontifical title. By calling himself Gregory VII., he announced, *orbi et urbi*, that Gregory VI., though deposed and his election annulled by the Emperor, remained a legitimate Pope. His own election was pure enough, but he obviously thought it was better to replace the tiara on the brows of a simoniac, than to miss a chance of flouting the Imperial prerogative. That he should have sounded this note of defiance so instantly, is only one of the many proofs of his intrepidity, because at the moment Rome had much to fear—not only temporal foes to face, but mutiny within her own walls. The married clergy, a strong party on both sides of the Alps, were in revolt. Great prelates lived openly with

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their wives, and the Gallican and English Churches were unwilling to accept the law from Rome. It was the dream of Gregory, not only to make the Pope a spiritual despot, but wholly to cast off the Imperial yoke, and to place his foot on the necks of all temporal sovereigns. This dream was accomplished. The Pope was victorious all along the line, and Canossa was the first step on the road to victory.

Henry was weak, tyrannical, and unpopular, and, within a year of Hildebrand's accession, the German princes, led by the Saxon Duke, rose in revolt. But the name of king and emperor still counted for something, and, despite the tacit encouragement they received from Rome, within the year the rebels were crushed at Hohenburg. They had already appealed to Gregory, and now they poured into his willing ears long tales of feudal and other grievances, many of which were probably true, and accusing Henry of all sorts of personal crimes, many of which were probably false. The Pope realised his opportunity. He peremptorily summoned him to appear in Rome, there to answer the accusations of his subjects and submit to the Papal judgment. This monstrous demand drove the passionate king to frenzy. In furious haste he convened a synod of friendly bishops and abbots at Worms, and the synod deposed Gregory. The letter of Henry announcing this deposition was couched in the most insulting terms, sufficiently indicated by its superscription: "From Henry, not by usurpation, but by God's ordinance, King, to Hildebrand, no longer Pope, but the false monk." In Italy, too, the old party of the married clergy joined in the revolt, and Piacenza ratified the condemnation of Worms. The fearless Pope had his reply ready. At a council in the Lateran, he interdicted Henry from the government both of Germany and Italy. He absolved every Christian from all oaths sworn, all allegiance due to him. He formally excommunicated all who had participated in the two synods, the King, and all who should abet, assist, or hold converse with him. If within a year, Henry should not be reconciled with the Church, his

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crown was to be forfeited, and the Princes of the Empire would proceed to a fresh election. These were tidings of great joy to the rebels, of course. They struck almost inexplicable terror into the hearts of the King's German adherents. As the months rolled on the incriminated princes and bishops began to waver. Excuses were made, submission proffered to the Pope. To them the politic Hildebrand was mildness itself. He was flying at higher game. In Italy there was still a strong anti-Papal party, if Henry had been ready to lead it. But he was not. He had fallen from the zenith of arrogance to the nadir of despair. And then, the fatal year was running out. February 24, 1077, was the last day, and they were already in December. To save his crown there was nothing he would not do. Impatient to make submission, he crossed the Alps in the dead of winter. Gregory, alarmed —except for Matilda's retainers, he was absolutely defenceless—retired to the secure asylum of Canossa. The arrival of the Royal ambassadors relieved the Pope's fears, perhaps hardened his heart. At any rate, he refused to listen to them. As a last resort, the despairing Henry would come and ask pardon in person.

It was in the month of January that he arrived at the foot of the Castle rock.

> On a dreary winter morning [writes Dean Milman], with the ground deep in snow, the King, the heir of a long line of emperors, was permitted to enter within the two outer of the three walls which guarded the Castle of Canossa. He had laid aside every mark of royalty or of distinguished station, he was clad only in the thin white dress of the penitent, and there, fasting, he awaited, in humble patience, the pleasure of the Pope. But the gates did not unclose. A second day he stood, cold, hungry, and mocked by vain hope. And yet a third day dragged on from morning till evening over the the unsheltered head of the discrowned king. Every heart was moved except that of the representative of Jesus Christ.

His unforgiving attitude shocked even his own adherents. We have it under his own hand that they murmured that this was "not the severity of an apostle but the cruelty of a tyrant."

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After three days of humiliation the despairing Henry descended to a neighbouring chapel. There Matilda came to him. She was a woman and his cousin, and with tears he implored her help. She returned to the Castle, and to her prayers and intercession the Pope, at length, yielded. On the morrow the Emperor, still in the robe of a penitent, was admitted to Gregory's presence. Absolution was promised, but only on the harshest terms. Henry was to submit himself to the Papal tribunal, as, where, and when, the Pope might please. If found guilty, he was to resign his kingdom. If acquitted, he was to rule as the Pope might dictate. Pending judgment, he was to assume none of the ensigns of royalty. All his subjects were to be released from their allegiance. The King agreed, promised, swore. But the King's oath was not sufficient for Gregory. Compurgators were demanded, and, strange to say, were forthcoming. One would have thought that the King had drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs. Gregory kept the bitterest drop of all in reserve. He had degraded his enemy in the sight of man; he would degrade him also in the sight of God. After the absolution, the Pope proceeded to offer the sacrifice of the mass. Taking the host in his hands and recalling the accusations made against him by Henry, he appealed from human testimony to divine: "May God acquit me by His judgment this day, if I be innocent: if guilty, may He strike me dead." He ate the sacred wafer. Turning to Henry, he said: "Take thou the body of God in thy hands, and do thou, my son, as I have done. If God avouch thy innocence thou wilt stop for ever the mouths of thy accusers." It was the most colossal "bluff" that history records. The King hesitated, recoiled. He stammered out that he must consult his friends. He would submit the question to a general council. It was enough. There was no need for another word, but one cannot help thinking with what triumphant accent the carpenter's son must have, on that evening, intoned the verse of the Magnificat, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted them of low degree." True it

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is that a few years later, from the same lips—the Pope, driven from Rome, lay dying among the Normans in Salerno—there broke the bitter cry, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." But it mattered nothing. The Papacy had won the battle—what though the Pope had suffered a defeat. He had established, in the face of Europe, that the Pope alone had the power to judge kings, and this supremacy, the fruit of Gregory's daring, was preserved intact by his successors for more than two centuries.

Time, the great iconoclast, has dealt hardly with Matilda's fortress, but in a freak of graciousness has spared the fragments we could least afford to lose. So one can stand, not without a thrill, before the gate where the wretched Henry watched, those weary days, in the snow; one can identify the chapel window through which the light must have streamed on the head of Hildebrand, when he tempted his kingly penitent to an impious perjury. One regrets that time has not left us some closer relic of Matilda's presence. A little museum (in truth somewhat of an eyesore) now occupies the central platform where the Countess and her retinue must have lodged. It contains coins and pottery, metal work, and so forth, the usual indications of a long occupation. But the prospect from Matilda's favourite residence remains as she must have known it, for its features are on too large a scale to be affected by the superficial changes even of eight hundred years. Upper Italy abounds in noble views. From the Superga above Turin, from the Guelph watch-tower of Bergamo, you seem in actual touch with the high Alps. Tennyson has immortalised the snows of Monte Rosa, seen at daybreak from the Duomo roof at Milan. But the view from Canossa can hold its own with any of these. On the south the Apennines come crowding up, range after range, fold after fold, mysterious, solitary, still; dark olive in their summer dress, white in their winter mourning; and lest the landscape should want accent, in the middistance rises the dark tower of Rossena. The northern face is precipitous, and from its foot the dunes slope quickly down

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into the plain. The view is stupendous. In the foreground lies Ghibelline Reggio, and on one side Parma the Guelph, though in Matilda's day Guelph and Ghibelline were as yet unknown terms. One of the rare early visitors to Canossa, the late Mr. John Addington Symonds, thought he could descry nearly all the Lombard cities.

> There is Modena [he writes], with her Ghirlandina, Carpi, Parma, Mirandola, Verona, Mantua; alike well defined and russet on the flat green map; and there flashes a bend of the lordly Po, and there the Euganeans rise like islands, telling us where Padua and Ferrara nestle in the amethystine haze. Beyond, and above all to the northward, sweep the Alps, tossing their silvery crests up into the cloudless sky.

The *signora custode* did not think that she had seen the Monti Euganei, but she knew the Alps beyond Verona, and the towering group of the Adamello. But it is not the mountain view that most impresses the spectator who looks North from the Countess's ramparts. It is the unending plain, with its immense fertility, the garden of Italy, the land of corn and wine and fruit-trees, where the great oxen swing along over the red ploughlands, between the rows of mulberries festooned with grape-laden vines.

Now, as in the days of Matilda, as in the days of Shelley,

> Beneath is spread, like a green sea,
> The waveless plain of Lombardy
> Bounded by the vaporous air,
> Islanded by cities fair.

And there the eye ranges at will, till it loses itself in the liquid gold of the atmosphere—loses itself and is content.

REGINALD HUGHES.

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BY AN IRISH STREAM

HEAVY and persistent rain brought such a flood upon the river that for several days fishing was rendered impossible. The water covered the banks north and south to a considerable extent, converting the strath into a swamp, and obliterating every landmark. Thus weather-bound, we soon tired of letter-writing and conversation, and as the delights of "Bridge" never attracted us, there was little relaxation to be had in the few newspapers that reached us, or in the dozen or two greasy, battered yellow-backs of a past generation, that had served in similar circumstances for the past twenty years. So on the third morning we gladly accepted an invitation to spend a day with an old acquaintance, a London Irishman, who had sought health and recreation at a small seaside resort some fourteen miles away.

Braving the elements that evening, we wheeled over a heavy mountain road, and, crossing the ridge, we scorched down the two-mile descent into the straggling, one-street, wind-swept village of Drumcar. Absolutely featureless and bare, and separated from the sea by a splendid belt of sand-hills, its air borne in from the broad Atlantic was as invigorating as it was pure, and to the city toiler every breath of it acted like a stimulating tonic.

"Have you ever met Pat Leahy?" said my friend John Fitzgerald next morning as he joined me after breakfast in the monotonous occupation of gazing through the window at the

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deserted street, swept by wind and rain. "No," I replied; "why?" "He is a great character," said Fitzgerald, "and as full of humour as an egg is full of meat. Let us adjourn to the shop, it is a slack morning and you won't get a better opportunity of making his acquaintance."

The shop adjoined the inn, and was of the usual Irish pattern, well stocked with spirits, wines, Guinness's stout, and groceries. Pat's snuggery lay behind the bar, and was separated from it by a glazed partition covered by a green baize curtain. Here he received and entertained his special guests, a "Triton among the minnows" of the neighbourhood. Pat made us welcome as we entered, and we found there several other guests as desirous of killing time as ourselves under the fire of his banter and raillery. "You have a thrate before you to-day," said he, addressing me. "What is it?" I asked, "we want something to compensate us for the weather." "Well," said he; "you may have heard tell of Mr. Alec Fraser, the steward of the mortgaged Mulgrave property." "Yes," said John Fitzgerald, "the most successfully boycotted man in Ireland under the Land League in his day." "Thrue for you," said Pat, "that's him. Well, he came to live here a few years ago, a broken-down man. When he was boycotted by the Laigue he managed to keep, notwithstandin' their threats, a labourin' man and his wife in his employmint. He showed them grate kindness in consequence, but they turned on him afterwards and swore all sorts agin him when he wint before the Grand Jury for compinsation for destruction to his crops and maiming his cattle. This couple live here too, and they are no acquisition to the place. The wife goes by the name of 'Spike Island,'[1] where she served a while for some offince, and has a terrible tung. She lives durin' the summer by sellin' fruit and gingerbread, and whenever she meets Fraser she abuses him in all the moods and tinses. He has endured much from her villainy, but 'a worm will turn,' as the sayin' is, so he summoned her, and she was bound over to keep the

[1] In Cork Harbour, and once a noted convict prison.

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paice last court-day. She is now up agin, havin' failed to keep it, and is to be tried here to-day, at the petty sessions before the R.M. and one or two of Mr. Morley's J.P.s."

"Why are you not a J.P.?" asked John Fitzgerald. "Well," replied Pat, "although I'm a publican and a sinner, I have sufficient conscience left to refuse to sit in judgment on a poor fellow whose elevation of spirits afther a visit to my shop might cause him to be 'run in' by some young bucko of a constable aiger to get his stripes. I might be accused too," he continued, "of doctherin' my liquors, and if I got the name of that I might be timpted to airn it, and a man shouldn't conthract new sins just as he has turned forty." "What's that you say?" asked the local dispensary officer, "about forty." "My age," said Pat, "look at me," his face overspread with a rising laugh, and his keen eyes flashing humour. "You hoary vagabond," said the doctor, "you were a young man, and I an urchin when you used to entice me out in the currachs, to the terror of my mother, to go seal-hunting in the caves, and that's forty years ago and more." "Hoary," said Pat, lifting his cap, "a glass all round as to who looks the oldest, and we leave it to the litherary gintleman that tells no lies." In response to the latent charge against the honour of the profession in Pat's subtle appeal, the verdict was given against the Doctor, who cheerfully acquiesced, saying, "Pat, you have much to answer for, and when you join your friend Dan Burke in the next world the devil will have a lively time of it trying to hold his own against the two of you."

Of Dan Burke I heard enough in the course of the morning to convince me that he must have been an exceptional "character," and one of the highest order of his kind. Clever, resourceful and more or less unscrupulous, he seemed to have embodied in him all the strong points of the gentleman who succeeds in the busy haunts of men in living by his wits, but who pitchforked into a peasant's holding by the wild Atlantic found this, in the limitation of his environment, a more difficult thing than even his genius could accomplish.

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"Dan never remained long dry for want of a drink," remarked Captain Henderson, a visitor home from South Africa and recruiting his health on the golf-links. "No," said the Doctor: "I remember one day, as wet and wild as this, seeing Dan at the fair of Caherboy, looking as miserable and depressed as a forlorn hen under an archway. Our friend James Hogan, who is a very close-fisted fellow, knowing Dan had lately taken the pledge, asked him to have a drink. Dan half-heartedly refused, saying he had taken the pledge from Father Tom. 'I am glad to hear it,' said James, 'it wasn't until you wanted it, and I am not the man to tempt you to break a virtuous resolution,' and he entered the nearest public-house. All that Dan wanted was a little pressing, so that he might shift half the sin of breaking the pledge on the shoulders of another. Overcoming his scruples, however, he entered the shop and addressing James said: 'I'll take a glass of whiskey, Mr. Hogan, I couldn't, for any pledge I'd take, see your respected father's son demane himself by drinkin' alone.'"

"Well," said Pat Leahy, "the divil is a busy bishop in his own diocese, and sure enough we've had a quiet time since Dan's translation from his jurisdiction here. Dan was the divil at the thrade." "What trade?" asked John Fitzgerald. "Divilment to be sure," replied Tom; "what else did he follow? I never knew the aiquels of him. He'd stale the leg off a pot, or the milk out of your tay, and persuade you aginst yer seven sinses that he was as innocint as a new-born babe. I remimber one Michaelmas, late at night, hearin' a terrible cacklin' among the geese. I got up and went out, and by the light of the moon I climbed to the top of the ditch[1] at the corner of the haggard, and there was my boyo among the flock of geese and two of the biggest with their necks wrung. 'What the mischief are you doing to the geese?' says I. 'Nothin' at all,' says Dan. 'I'm only dalin' with the gandhers.' 'You'll pay dear for this,' I cried. 'Hould yer

[1] In Ireland, ditch and dyke are commonly converted from their English meanings.

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tung, Pat! Man alive I'm engaged in a holy act,' says he. 'Holy fiddlestick,' says I, 'what do you mane?' 'Pat,' says he, 'I'm sayrious. I dhreamt three times runnin' last week that the sowl of me granfather was among yer father's gandhers for neglectin' to pay Pether's pince before he died, and that I was to redeem it by slautherin' the birds without lettin' blood, and offerin' them up to St. Michael. There's the last of them,' says Dan, throwin' down a third goose, 'and a tough neck he had too, be the same token. We'll have them for supper to-morrow night,' he went on, 'in honour of the Saint, and you might as well come in with the rest of the naybours and dhrink a health to the rest of me father's sowl in glory.'" "Did you get compensation?" asked the captain. "Compinsation!" said Pat, "you might as well skin the homely bed-insect to make leather for brogues. Dan was as innocent of worldly possessions as your South African niggers are of linen, captain."

"Was he a good tenant?" I ventured to ask. "Tinant!" said Pat, "the sorra worse. When the boys started the Land Laigue here they asked him to join us. 'I will,' said Dan, 'if ye make me presidint at dacent wages. I sthruck agin rint seven years ago as an immoral institution which no indipindint self-respectin' man ought to submit to, and it's time I should be recompinsed for the struggles I've indured in vindicatin' the rights of Ireland.'"

"Your Reverence knew him?" said the Captain addressing Father Dolan, who hailed from Chicago. "Yes," replied the latter, "we became very good friends when I was over here some years ago. I took him out shooting one day, and passing over a ploughed field bordering the cliffs I saw a large number of crows, and remarked to Dan that they seemed rather tame, as they approached close to us and seemed not to mind the report of a gun. 'There's a raison for that,' said Dan, 'owing to the Coercion Act and the confiscation of firearms about here, a new generation of innocint crows has sprung up that never smelt powdher or knows the sight ov a gun. And talkin'

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of crows, yer Rivirence,' he went on, 'I used to be torminted with them. It was no use hangin' up a poor divil of a bird as a scarecrow. So I kilt a few and quarthered them, and scattered their limbs and bodies about the potato-field. Now, the crow is a most sinsible bird. If he sees a fella hung up he thinks he died a nathural deth, and doesn't waste his time houldin' an inquest on him; but if he sees fragmints of his frinds scatthered about he makes himsel' scarce purty quick, as he thinks there's a terrible slautherin' goin' on among the family.'"

"He went to confession to yer Rivirence," said Pat, "and he tould me aftherwards he came out worse friends with you than when he went in. I remimber, too," he continued, "he had a quarrel with a man over turf-cuttin'. 'The fella tuk a mane advantage of me,' said Dan; 'he knew I was in a state ov grace afther confession; but, thanks be to God, I won't be long so, and then I'll settle him.'"

Other stories followed, bearing full testimony to Dan's readiness and ability in always rising to the occasion. "When he died," said Pat at last, "we waked him for three nights. It was the finest wake we ever had in this side of the counthry in my time. He had a grand funeral, and every man at it had a turn at carryin' the coffin to show their regard for Dan. The wife Biddy took on terrible over the grave. She wanted to throw herself into it and be buried with him. However, when the last sod was laid, the friends went to the public-house near-by for refreshmint. They comforted Biddy, and persuaded her to drown her sorrow a bit in a little dhrink. Biddy was a rock of sinse, she was a good wife, and for years had kept a roof over Dan's head, and a shirt on his back. A naybur of hers, Pether Murphy, kept pressin' his consolations on Biddy as they sat, and at last he up and said to her, 'Biddy acushla there's no use sorrowin' for poor Dan that's gone home from you now, you couldn't do betther than jine yer bit of a farm to mine, and I'll thry and make ye comfortable for the rest of yer days. I'm not so consaited as to think I'm the

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original jaynius Dan was, there wasn't the like of him within the four walls of the world; but as far as the bit of stock goes, the litther of pigs, and the few pounds I have in the bank, I hope that will make up for it to some extint.' 'Pether,' says Biddy, dhrying her eyes, 'I'm very much obliged to ye for yer kind intintions in respect to the lone widow this night, and there's not a man in the whole barony I'd sooner have than yerself, but ye spoke too late, for Mike Dolan offered me the same consolation in me sorrow at the wake last night, and shure in the prisince of the corpse I couldn't refuse it.'" Renewed laughter greeted Pat's reminiscence; the grim philosophy of Biddy was worthy of the wife of Dan. She wasn't the first that gave her heart to another at her husband's death, and we thought of the Wife of Bath and Jankin the clerk.

Our attention was here called to some commotion in the street, and Pat advised us "to adjourn to the coort," which we did, to see what Act ii. in the morning's performance would bring us. A couple of cars had arrived with the magistrates and a police officer, and the usual Irish crowd soon collected about the door. The court was of corrugated iron, like an engine-shed, and as primitive as could be found on the borders of civilisation in Greater Britain beyond the sea. We made friends with the janitor, and were accommodated with standing room behind a barrier, within which the magistrates soon took their seats on a raised "Bench." A few stalwart members of the Royal Irish Constabulary who had cases stood round their prisoners, and the body of the court was thronged with a crowd of idlers. Notwithstanding the miserable and poverty-stricken appearance of many of them, there was an intense earnestness and alertness depicted upon their countenances which a stranger would be at a loss to understand. But a litigious spirit pervades the Irish people, and a court, whether petty sessions or assizes, will always draw a crowd eager to hear the trials—the cross-hackling of witnesses and the speeches of counsel being keenly relished, particularly if there is a celebrity in the case.

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A few charges of drunkenness and salmon-poaching were quickly disposed of, and the *cause célèbre* of the day came on. "Spike Island," to give her the usual *soubriquet*, was brought to the front of the barrier. She was long past middle age; she was barefooted and ill clad; a threadbare shawl covered her head, beneath which thin stray locks of grey hair appeared; her small face was seamed with furrows; her grey eyes were cold and cunning, and the cruel lines of her mouth showed the vicious spirit within which governed her life, and left its mark of evil indelibly stamped upon her features. She evidently had not prospered since she became the treacherous instrument of the Land League. Her voice was that of a brawler, and when she spoke it was with an angry bark of passionate bitterness, coming from the lips of an untamed and tameless creature.

The plaintiff was called, and his firm clean-cut features were in striking contrast to those of the miserable woman, against whom he was driven to take legal proceedings. No one from his appearance or manner could have told of the terribly bitter struggle through which he had passed, when all law was set at defiance, and he had to fight almost single-handed against overwhelming odds.

Mr. Fraser stated the case simply, evidently desirous of dealing leniently with the prisoner. The magistrates having heard him asked her what she had to say. She replied, "it was all a pack of lies he invinted to ruin her characther and good name"—which was hugely relished by the body of the court—that "she never opened her lips to him good, bad, nor indiffirint; that he called her all the vile names he could invint," and her vocabulary in retailing them was prolific. Here the magistrates intervened, and the plaintiff assured their "worships," in common justice to himself, that this was false, and he had witnesses. "Unless," said the presiding magistrate, "you can answer the charge satisfactorily, or bring forward evidence in your defence, we must convict you." "I'm not able to go on with the case," said the prisoner. "I offered

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me good money, wrung from me four bones to 'Torney (Attorney) Brown there, and he wouldn't defind me, the spalpeen![1] He wants to play the fine gintleman muryagh! and be 'high fella well met' with the agints, landlords and the rest of the crew." "We can't allow you to talk like that," said the local J.P., "you are making your case worse by showing what sort of a tongue you have." "Oh, indade, yer worship; well I'm a poor ignorant woman, and ov coorse am not fit to talk law and larnin' to one of Morley's Jay P.s, and sum of thim like yer worship, ould Mary Dimpsey's son, I often saw barefooted savin' turf in the bog, God be good to us!" "Silence, woman," said the R.M. sternly, "or I'll commit you for contempt of court." "Contimpt of coort inagh! an' am'n't I tellin' the truth, yer worship? But I won't give ye an opportunity of contimptin' me—I adjourn the coort to this day month to prepare me defince." A burst of laughter from the crowd greeted this remark, which brought a loud "silence!" from the sergeant of police. The Court did adjourn for a month; in the meanwhile she had not "to prepare her defince," for at its expiration she would be free. She had a month given for repentance, if she was capable of cultivating such a virtue, which we very much doubted.

"The fun isn't over yet," whispered Fitzgerald to me; "I see Kitty Callaghan at the door anxious to see that full justice was done in the case." "Who is she?" I asked. "Another fruit-seller," he replied, "who has the monopoly of the lower part of the town and the strand. She is respectable compared to 'Spike Island,' and has a good tongue herself, but as she says, 'she keeps it within the nine pints of the law.' She is evidently in high glee over the conviction, as she has the whole town to herself for the month, and that the best of the season."

We crossed over again to the bar for the third Act in the *matinée* performance. Here we found Kitty. She was a bright dapper little woman; she had neat shoes and stockings

[1] A spade labourer.

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on, and her cotton skirt was turned up and pinned behind, showing the western red petticoat; a striped shawl covered her shoulders, and on her head another, from beneath which a white cap, neatly frilled with a "'tally-iron," adorned a typical Irish face. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," we heard Pat say as we entered, "to be down on the poor woman," and looking at us he winked his expressive eyes. "The town is well rid of her," said Kitty, "and may bad luck go with her and stay until I whistle them back." "What have you agin her?" asked Pat. "She sells rotten apples and crabs," said Kitty. "She's desthroyed the thrade, and the children won't buy my good ones. She buys the sweepins of the market and charges much less than I do, and how can I live and the thrade goin' to the mischief with her." This in itself was crime enough in Kitty's eyes, and required vengeance, furnishing a parallel to that of Shylock's against Antonio for lowering the rate of usance in Venice. "Well," said John Fitzgerald, "you ought to have Christian charity towards her now that she is in trouble." But this was putting too great a strain on the quality of Kitty's mercy. The little woman turned, and with arms akimbo struck an attitude that was worth a pilgrimage to see and delivered a harangue that was worth two to hear. "It's all very well for you, Mr. Fitzgerald, that can afford to live in London, to talk of Christian charity, but you'd talk of something else if ye lived in Drumcar year in and year out undher the terror of her tung. God be with the days when they had whippin' posts and carts' tails for the like ov her, and the curse of Crummle on thim that did away with them." "What about your own tongue now, Kitty?" said my intrepid friend in a bantering tone. "Me tung, I may tell ye, Mr. Fitzgerald," said Kitty with lofty scorn, "is a silver bell compared to the noisy clapper in her brazen mouth. She had the impudince," said the now thoroughly ruffled little woman with passionate deliberation, "to come down and abuse me the other day, me a dacent quiet woman that nivir offinded sinner nor saint, alive nor dead, rest their sowls in glory! and called me all the names

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undher heaven. But I didn't mind that; but when she called me 'the Queen of Shayba,' I haven't shlept since thinkin' of what the villain meant by it, and she standin' on me own dunghill, and not only on me own dunghill, but on the dunghill of me three ancesthors, flesh and blood couldn't shtand it any longer, and I knocked her down with a sod o' turf." Kitty swept out like a victorious bantam, carrying a glass of whiskey to her crippled husband Jack, who sat guarding the stall under an old umbrella a few paces down the street. The dramatic climax was irresistible, and it was some minutes ere we recovered after Kitty's exit from the stage. We had no regrets for the uncaught salmon in such a morning's treat. But where the special crime lay in abusing Kitty on her own dunghill, or its triple intensity in virtue of her ancestral inheritance, we leave to Mr. Andrew Lang, or other expert in comparative folk-lore to determine.

"Lemon Grey."

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ON THE LINE

IT is often said that Sir Thomas Browne (**Sir Thomas Browne.** By Edmund Gosse. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan, 2*s.* 6*d.* net) is one of the authors who are "read for their style." If the style is the man, this may be taken to mean that we like the man, and therefore like what he writes. But why do we like the man? Certainly because of something that he is or does, his matter, not his manner only. If he has nothing but manner, or manners, to show us, we shall get tired of him and avoid him. The charm of Sir Thomas Browne is that truth underlies his wit; in the midst of particulars he holds the truth which Johnson expressed after him that "great thoughts are always general"; in the midst of conceits and quirks and affectations he is always serious in his intention; he wears the habit of his time naturally; he may be said to be in the height of the fashion, but he is not a fop or a tailor: we may prefer the sober elegance of the Cavalier-Roundhead dress to the ruffs and stuffed breeches of James I.; but if you cannot lead the fashion, like Donne, you must follow it, or be singular, if not ridiculous. Browne's seriousness comes partly from a natural disposition to reflection, which made him a religious man in a religious age, partly from his way of life, which led him, being daily conversant with disease and death, to make them the subject of his meditations. Custom, which stales everything for the dull, perpetually deepens impressions for those that have eyes to see and ears to hear; and to the contemplative Norwich

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doctor familiarity with forms of mortal decay was a signpost to immortality. He writes at the end of "Hydriotaphia," the "spacious music" of which Mr. Gosse prefers to all else that he wrote:

> To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents' churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

But for the "Religio Medici," it would be possible to doubt the sincerity of Browne's Christianity, and think his assertion of immortality a complimentary tribute to religion. But when he writes:

> Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
> Awake again at least with Thee;
> And thus assur'd, behold, I lie
> Securely, or to awake or die.
> These are my drowsy days; in vain
> I do now wake to sleep again.
> O come that hour, when I shall never
> Sleep again, but wake for ever,

we feel he is hand-in-hand with George Herbert. There is, however, a vein of materialism mixed with his transcenden talism. But he is rather a poet than a philosopher, a seer than an interpreter; we go to him for dreams rather than for waking visions, his fancies delight more than his arguments instruct.

We wonder, perhaps, that the wisdom and aspiration of the "Religio Medici" should have proceeded from a young man, and that age and experience, which often bring ease and fluency, should have clogged his vein, and cumbered his style with inversions, interplications, and crabbed neologisms, telling not only of a change of manner, but of what he might himself have called a superfetation of thought. The rules of art in those days required the discharge of commonplace books, and as Browne was not a constant or a voluminous writer, this discharge, when it came, was likely to be laborious and violent. Happy and rare the man who can be his own commonplace book, like John Hales.

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Mr. Gosse fills some merry pages (and nowhere does his wit and gaiety disport itself more agreeably than in this book) with citations from Browne's "Enquiries into Vulgar Errors," and has no difficulty in pointing out how exquisitely absurd was the condition of the human mind in those days with respect to science. Browne's place in science might have been as high as that which he holds in literature, if he had taken to heart the lessons which he must have learnt at Montpellier and Leyden, and specially at Padua under the protection of that enlightened Republic whose counsellor was Father Paul. But his method of reasoning is vitiated by reverence for authority, that false authority against which Roger Bacon made pathetic appeal four hundred years before, and which, dressed up in robes of science, oppresses us still, the authority of learned names, and the authority of axioms about nature abhorring a vacuum, doing nothing *per saltum*, &c. Whatever the subject may be, physical, metaphysical, archæology, or divinity, to it he goes armed with Pliny and Aristotle (though he himself says that men "should not give more credit unto Aristotle and Pliny than experience and their proper senses"), and if he sometimes scrambles out of the mire on the side of common sense, it is but by a venture.

In the "Vulgar Errors" he gravely states and discusses the proposition that "a Brock or Badger hath the legs on one side shorter than the other"; which idea, though "assented unto by most who have the opportunity to behold and hunt them daily," he discards as "repugnant unto the three determinators of Truth, authority, sense and reason." When one finds that Albertus Magnus stands for authority, Aldrovandus for sense (*i.e.*, the experience of the senses) and Aristotle for reason, one inquires what were the man's own eyes meant for? Only to read Aristotle, it would seem; for he asserts the inequality of legs "in some beetles and spiders," not from his own observation, but from the determination of Aristotle, and though he comes to the right conclusion after all, it is from such arguments as that the progression of quadrupeds is

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performed *per diametrum;* which, by the way, is not universally true. As Mr. Gosse says, "we cannot help asking ourselves why the learned sceptic did not immediately get hold of a real badger, and measure his legs?" Probably the critics of the year 2000 will find similar errors of reasoning in Darwin and Huxley. When we remember how haltingly belief lags behind discovery, how every new illumination, true, false, or doubtful, astronomy, geology, evolution, spiritualism, Baconianism, has to meet the opposition of the learned and unlearned, and force its way if it can into reluctant credence, we should blame, not Browne's credulity, but the credulity of the world, and rather admire his boldness, which did not hesitate to interrogate, now and then, not only Nature, but Aristotle and Scripture too.

To return to the point where we began, Browne's style. When he is at his worst he sinks below Burton in the "Anatomy"; when at his best, he comes near to Jeremy Taylor, who had the advantage of a fluency acquired in many volumes, and who was altogether a fuller and more capacious vessel. The cadence of Jeremy Taylor's sentences much resembles that of Browne; but the march of the rhythm is more majestic, and the learning borne more lightly. It is also plain to every reader that Taylor is a priest and a saint, Browne a layman and a philosopher; their merits, therefore, do not stand on the same bottom, and we may prefer one or the other without prejudice.

Perhaps Browne's highest commendation is that Charles Lamb, as Hazlitt tells us, named him with Fulke Greville as one of the dead whom he would most wish to see and converse with;

> when I look into that obscure but gorgeous prose composition the "Urn-Burial," I seem to myself to look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which are hid pearls and rich treasure; or it is like a stately labyrinth of doubt and withering speculation, and I would invoke the spirit of the author to lead me through it.

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The Thread of Gold (by the Author of "The House of Quiet." Murray, 8*s.* net) is a book with an atmosphere restful and refreshing. To read its quiet and elevating pages in these times of hurriedly written novels and innumerable blatant books is like walking in the hush of a leafy garden under the shadow of some lofty cathedral, while our senses are still dimmed and oppressed by the heat and clamour of crowded streets. "The House of Quiet" purported to be a posthumous book. In "The Thread of Gold" nothing is said one way or the other as to that; but, reading between the lines, we find cause for doubt as to whether the author is as far beyond these voices as was originally suggested. But, in any case, the book, not the man, is the thing; and the book is something to treasure and remember. It is the reflex of a mind keenly alive to the poetry and mysteries of life. The writer, an observant, meditative man, blessed with large humanity and wide culture, takes delight in searching for the beauty inherent in things, many of which are regarded by the world at large as plain and unbeautiful. The subjects of the essays are most diverse; and yet the author, with his eye for the inner beauty, finds them linked intrinsically with a purpose, conjoined by a sympathy, which he typifies as the thread of gold. He begins with the smaller and meaner things—the cuckoo, with its unique practice of using the nests of other birds; a ruined chapel, taken from worship and abandoned to the bats; and does not end until he has touched on some of the greatest problems which rouse and baffle mankind—the efficacy of prayer, the uses of pain, death, immortality. In the course of his progress he meets many mysteries, some of them guised in very simple shapes, and endeavours to rede their riddles. He sees aged lunatics, flower-crowned, playing children's games in a forsaken quarry—a picture with problems there! He meets and talks with men and women suffering from some affliction, patiently enduring pain; and gropes after the answer to that most ancient and baffling of problems, why they must endure it. He ponders on the awful visions and wonders of the Apocalypse. He has dream-glimpses of existences after death.

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Yet, deep and quickening as are many of his thoughts, the writer is the reverse of gloomy. On the contrary, hope is enclosed in his every doubt; and brightness is shown shining behind the darkness. He sees the difficulties and, recognising man's limitations, knows that it is the best that is kept from us.

> God's in His Heaven,
> All's right with the world.

We are happy to draw attention to this beautiful and suggestive book. Its form and binding are worthy of the thoughts and ideals expressed in the pages.

Under the modest title, **The Letters of Richard Ford** (edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O. Murray, 10*s.* 6*d.* net), the accomplished editor has given us an interesting life of a most charming personality. In every respect it is a model biography. Full of those vivid personal touches which attract all readers, sane, well balanced, compact in one volume which may be read through in a few hours, Mr. Prothero, with admirable skill and excellent judgment, has avoided, on the one hand, the adulation and tedious prolixity of the family biography. On the other side, he has kept away from the temptation of the literary writer of memoirs to show himself off and intrude his own views, like Forster in his life of Dickens.

With the exception of a very complete and informing biographical sketch, Mr. Prothero steps modestly aside and lets Ford's letters tell the story of his life. It is all very vivid and very natural. The correspondence is chiefly addressed to Henry Unwin Addington, British Ambassador to Madrid in 1830. He appears in a marked contrast to Ford, as cautious as the other was outspoken. It was mainly through his advice that the first edition of the guide-book, as being too personal, was cancelled. One is curious to know what were the blazing indiscretions the careful Addington ruled out.

To the men of this generation Richard Ford is known chiefly as the author of the "Hand-book of Spain." It is universally

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appreciated as the best work of its kind that was ever written. An American traveller in the Peninsula says :

> This crusty old English Tory worships the Duke of Wellington like Major Pendennis; he is always belittling the French and exalting the valiant deeds of his own countrymen; but with all his faults his is the most complete guide for Spain and the Spaniards. No one will ever take his place.

To those of us who knew Richard Ford and the Spain of his day, he was far more than the mere writer of an admirable guide-book. The best art critic of his time, he introduced Englishmen to the glories of Velasquez, and it is largely due to his appreciation and strong support that Murray published Borrow—a kindred spirit.

Ford is not a great figure in literature, or a great writer. The charming part of his works is his vivacity, his humour, his personality—to use an Irish expression, it is "Ford all over" in every page; his wonderful high spirits and activity bubbles over and sparkles. The Spain that he knew, and so admirably portrayed, is very different from the Spain of to-day, with its railways, telegraphs, good roads, and admirable police. It is still the most interesting country in Europe, but its picturesque character, its romance, and a great deal of its unique attractions are gone with the last *ladrones*, *contrabandistas*, the mayoral and the zagal of the *dilligencia*. I lived in Spain as a boy for some years just after the publication of the second edition of the guide-book in 1847 (a wonderfully compact volume). Familiar with Spanish as my mother tongue, I travelled over Murcia, Valencia, and the borders of Andalucia in the *dilligencia* and with the muleteers "*arrior's*." I can bear testimony to the marvellous accuracy with which Ford has described every nook and corner of this interesting region. There is not a route over the mountains, a hamlet, or a village that he has omitted from his book. Every building, every art treasure, every characteristic of the country is most faithfully pictured. When we remember that he did all Spain in the same careful way, one can only marvel at the daring, the activity, and the enthusiasm that alone carried him through such a prodigious

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labour. The dangers and difficulties of travel in Spain were really formidable. I have myself seen the *quaidias civiles* (rural police) escorting into Murcia three bullock-waggons with eighteen dead robbers after a fight in the hills. It was only Ford's tact, his irrepressible good humour, his familiarity with the language and the habits of the people in all the various provinces, that enabled him to accomplish his gigantic task.

The guide-book is a perfect encyclopædia of everything Spanish. His strong points are his artistic gifts, and knowledge of painting and architecture. No one can rival him in this respect. His descriptions of scenery and the battlefields of the Peninsula are also wonderful. To my mind he fails to some extent in describing and enlarging on the glorious literature of Spain. He leaves his readers to infer that he appreciates Cervantes, but he leaves out all mention of Calderon de la Barca, or such a genus as Quevedo. On the other hand, it must be allowed that his knowledge of ancient and modern Spanish works of all kinds is profound and all-embracing. There seems to be no book, however obscure, that he has not seen and noted.

The charm of this biography to all readers will be the picture of the man. His vitality, his irrepressible good humour, all his fine character, his fantastic whims, his strong prejudices, are brought out most vividly in these delightful, familiar letters. We have to thank Mr. Ford for allowing them to be published, and we hope that Mr. Prothero will continue his labour of love and give us a complete and scholarly edition of the works of Richard Ford—his admirable gatherings from Spain, and his Essays.

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A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER VII

SHADOWS

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

PÈRE HYACINTHE smiled faintly, as if he had had large experience of women's special pleading, and, perhaps, had been beguiled more than once into allowing his heart to overrule his head. Then he said slowly:

"Thank you, my daughter; although you make my task harder, I shall not shrink from it. Your friend—and mine—is—although he tries to disguise it—of a nature expansive and ingenuous. He has let slip some facts which, as you say, point the way to others. It is because of this that we must be the more careful of picking up what does not belong to us. You agree with me, I see. Therefore I say to you, do not go on."

"I am to go back?" A slight gasp betrayed her disappointment.

"No. If I beg you not to advance, I beg you as strongly not to retreat. There is a third, and very obvious, course

[1] Copyright, 1905, by Horace Annesley Vachell in the United States of America.

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which does not seem to have occurred to you. Remain where you are. Perhaps—who can tell?—Monsieur Ossory will confide in you, when he perceives that you are loyal in friendship. As a priest, it is my duty to urge my flock to confess their sins, as a friend I have always refrained from doing so."

Téphany thanked Père Hyacinthe, and shortly after took her leave, fortified and uplifted in spirit. How well this rugged parish priest was named. She let her mind dwell with delight upon the rough bulb, stained by earth, common in appearance, out of which had bloomed so delicate, so fresh and fragrant a spirit. In the moment of parting she made sure that he had blessed her, and she believed that the blessing of such a man would prove a blessing indeed.

Below the bridge Machie was sketching, spoiling good paper as Johnnie Keats put it. As yet Téphany had made no sketches. Machie used the small water-colour box of the amateur; Téphany painted in oil, with a professional's tools. After she left the presbytery she reflected that it might be expedient to set to work. Work would distract her mind. But, first of all, she would see Michael and let him know that she was loyal, and honest; not an Autolycus in petticoats, snapping up unconsidered trifles. She blushed hotly when she perceived herself playing this questionable part. Michael had told her that he worked in his studio in the afternoon whenever he painted outside in the morning.

As she mounted his stairs she heard him singing the Vannetais folk-song, with its peculiar haunting refrain. Why did it obsess him and her?

Michael welcomed her warmly, offered her tea, and began to talk of their adventures together ten years before. Presently, Téphany said quietly that she was going to begin to paint next day.

"It's in the air here," she said. "One must do it."

"You used to have talent, but——" A slight shrug of the shoulder conveyed the idea that Michael did not overrate mere talent.

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"Mr. Carne is very grateful to you, Michael."

"How do you like him, Téphany?"

The abrupt question startled her.

"He raves of you," said Michael, as she hesitated.

Téphany raised her delicate eyebrows and smiled. As a matter of fact, she had faced the fact that the Californian was likely to make love to her. He was ardent, enthusiastic, very susceptible.

"Well?"

"I don't know whether I like him or not," she answered. "He interests me very much. You consider him clever?"

"Clever? He is much more than that. He has insight, originality, and ambition. In him I seem to see a sort of vague reflection of myself."

"I saw that too," said Téphany.

"I have told him to come up here. So you are going to work yourself, eh? But how about that expedition to Vannes?"

The directness of his attack, so characteristic of the old Michael, crumbled up the little plan she had made of delicately informing him that she intended to leave the past alone, Now, almost as candidly as he, she replied:

"Michael, I am not going to Vannes."

They stared at each other till Téphany's eyes fell. But Michael had read in her face all she had intended to say and much more. In his old familiar tones, he exclaimed:

"You are amazing, Téphany. If I had known—if I had guessed that——" He broke off suddenly, snapping his too eager lips together; then in a quieter voice he finished: "Well now, look here, you astounding person, if you have really made up your mind—by Heaven! it must be a bigger mind than is given to most women—if you have made up your mind to put curiosity from you——"

"I have," she interrupted. "I was tempted, Michael. Oh, I've been a beast. But, now, I've cast out my devil."

"And nothing is left but the angel."

"Angel?" She laughed scornfully. "What is left is a

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woman. And men like you expect women to give more than they receive."

"Ah, God! that is true."

She divined that, unconsciously, she had hurt him; she divined also—how she could not have explained—that he was thinking of another woman, not of her.

"Because of that," she continued hurriedly, "I am going to give you what you choose to withhold from me—confidence, trust. But don't think for a moment that I am satisfied with such a one-sided arrangement. Once, I was your friend——"

"Surely you consider yourself my friend still?"

He asked the question almost fiercely.

"I consider the Michael whom I knew so well long ago my friend, the greatest friend I have ever had, but I don't know *you*. At least," she hesitated, searching for words that would fall like rain, not hail, upon his sensibilities, "at least, I only know tiny little bits of you. I have to reconstruct a new friend, you see, out of what is left of the old."

"Go on!"

"Well, then, it is something, isn't it? that I want to do this, that I am willing to pick up crumbs when the loaf is denied me; but make no mistake, Michael, there is a shadow between us."

"A shadow? More than that, Téphany."

"In my mind I have called it a wall, a granite wall; but I come back to the first word, a shadow. The word is the right one, indeed the only one. Walls may be climbed or battered down, but shadows," she shivered, adding in a piteously childish voice, "I have always been frightened out of my life by shadows." Then, assuming her former firm, reasonable tone, she continued: "This shadow lies between us, and must lie between us, till it is dispelled by you."

"Then it will remain for ever."

He flashed a glance upon her, which she could not interpret. A certain defiance characterised her reply: "That is for you to decide."

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"You scourge me; yes, you do, and I feel—I feel," he was rigid with agitation, but as she shrank back, his muscles and nerves seemed to relax. In a humble, entreating tone, he said: "I feel like a spaniel."

"But I would not scourge you for the world."

"I deserve it. Don't speak. There is a black shadow. And it must remain. Think what you please, Téphany. Or, rather, think this." He paced twice the length of the studio. When he stopped he mastered himself. In a quiet, impressive tone, infinitely more impressive than his former agitation, he made confession:

"I am a great sinner. You understand, Téphany, that it is a sin, a—a *crime*, which stands between you and me. And there is more. This sin, this crime, was committed by me, deliberately. There are no extenuating circumstances."

Téphany's colour ebbed from her cheeks and lips. Her face was as the face of the mask in the room beyond.

"Having said so much," he continued, in the same monotonous whisper, "why should I not tell you everything? Because—I cannot. I might tell others, if it were necessary, but I cannot tell you, because in the old days I loved you."

"Ah!"

The colour flowed back into her face.

"Did you guess that, Téphany?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"Now," a more human note crept back into his voice, "you are here, as I said the night we met, and I am here. And I want to hold on to what is left. To see you again, to talk with you, to feel your kind glance melting the ice in my heart—this, this is all that is left, and I cannot, I will not let it go. Perhaps you think that I am morbid, that I exaggerate. Wait! Yvonne was my friend. No man had ever a better. When I first came to Pont-Aven, I hadn't a sou. Yvonne trusted me. She boarded and fed me. I was not able to square money matters with her till an uncle died and I came into the small income upon which I live now. Such

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friends are rare. Well, she knows what I have done. And she has never spoken to me since. And she is not a hard woman. And if you knew what she knows you would turn from me too."

"No."

"I say—yes. But, if such a thing were possible, if you, Téphany, forgave the sinner, and you might, for you have a big heart, you could not wipe out the sin."

She thought of what the curé had said, and remained silent.

"You could not wipe out the sin," he repeated. "And the fact that you knew of it, the fact that such knowledge inspired pity instead of detestation, the fact, the almost incredible fact, that you turned to me instead of from me would drive me from you, as his crime drove Cain from the presence of the mother, who, alone of all his fellow creatures, may have held out pitying arms to him. When the day comes, and it may come, when you know what I have done, I shall turn from you."

When he had finished speaking, Michael strode into his bedroom, locking the door between himself and the woman who was gazing at him, unable to speak, because the tears were streaming down her face. She hoped that after a few minutes he would return, and so hoping she dried her wet eyes and cheeks, and tried to summon up a smile. When he did not answer her timid tap upon the panels of his door, she knew that he was passing through an agony which she was powerless to share or to alleviate. Seeing a piece of charcoal lying by his palette, she picked it up and wrote upon a blank sheet of paper:

If you turn from me, dear Michael, do not turn from God.

She pushed the piece of paper under the door, and slipped quietly away.

Then she walked to Nizon, to pray before the Calvary. She prayed, divining that Michael had turned from his God, that he had forsworn the faith which once, assuredly, had been his. And praying, the thought came to her again, as it had

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come before, that men might pull down and break to pieces their faith, trampling upon it, perhaps, in wild unreasoning rage and despair, as the children of the Terror had pulled down and broken the Calvary above; and yet, in the fulness of time, that same faith, imperishable as the granite, might be pieced together and restored by the very hands which had levelled it with the dust.

Greatly comforted, she left the cemetery, and returned through the Bois d'Amour to Pont-Aven. Presently she came to a tiny glade carpeted with moss, overshadowed by oaks, whose gnarled branches threw twisted shadows upon the vividly green sward. Téphany sat down upon a carpet thicker and more beautiful than any that has been woven in mortal looms. Beneath it, however, lay a sterile and barren soil, impotent to produce either flowers or grasses. Here and there great masses of granite were scattered; the monuments of those Titanic forces which, aeons before, had made this peaceful spot their battle-ground. But even these cold stones were lovely to the eye by reason of the exquisite golden saxifrage, the ferns and lichens which encrusted them. In this world, at any rate, there was nothing so monstrous, so twisted and perverted by violence, that Nature, if she were permitted a free hand, would not soften and beautify it.

Thus reflecting, Téphany became curiously aware of a more intimate acquaintance with these huge rocks. Suddenly the years rolled back. Long ago she had sat in this secluded spot alone with Michael. He had come here to paint that oak yonder, and she, a child of thirteen, had carried his camp-stool. And then, tired of attempting the impossible, confessing frankly, as he always did, that the intertwined complexities of light and shadow had defeated him, he sat down beside his companion, and at her entreaty told a story: the allegory of le Vieux Guillaume,[1] who, for twenty-four hours played the part of curé of Pont-Aven. During the period in which Evil was thus allowed to masquerade as Good, the fiend was

[1] Old Nick.

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pledged to dispense blessings only, to enrich not to despoil his parishioners. Upon entering Pont-Aven—Michael, according to his habit, had localised the scene of the legend—the fiend entered a hut inhabited by a newly married couple, about to sit down to eat their dinner of black bread. Expressing his pity at seeing such meagre fare, the fiend asked if they desired something better. Ah, yes. If once, only once, they could dine as the quality dined, both bride and groom would be entirely happy. The fiend smiled, promising a banquet, and then bade them good-night. Farther on he met a young girl about to be married to a peasant, a labourer in the fields. The girl curtsied to the supposed curé, and, after some chat, confessed her fears that her future husband might take advantage of his superior strength to beat her. Whereupon the fiend gave to her, together with his blessing, a ring, which he said would kindle enduring love in the heart of any man who beheld it. The maid thanked the curé effusively. Farther on the fiend passed three brothers, known and respected in Pont-Aven by reason of the great affection which they bore each other, living together and having all things in common. The fiend saluting them and asking how they fared, the brothers complained of the difficulty of cultivating an arid and stony soil with such antiquated ploughs as they possessed. Whereupon the fiend presented a plough which needed no sharpening and would work by itself, upon the condition that the brothers drew lots for it. The lot fell to the youngest, and the curé departed amid thanks and blessings. But that evening, as the fiend was about to sit down to supper, lamentable news came to the presbytery: The newly-married pair were dead of a surfeit. A nobleman, perceiving the ring on the finger of the maid, had become so desperately enamoured of her that he had persuaded her to elope with him upon his horse; the horse, plunging violently, had thrown the riders, who were picked up with broken necks, stone dead. Finally, the brother to whom the magic plough had been presented, seeing that it meant unlimited wealth to its fortunate possessor,

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had announced his intention of leaving his brothers, who, fired with jealous rage, first slew him, and then in remorse hanged themselves. The obvious moral to the legend is: darling desires if granted to mortals will change most saints into sinners.

Téphany, sitting in the place where she and Michael had sat twelve years before, remembered his last letter. He had written that what he had desired for years and years seemed to be at the last within sight and grasp.

And what had he desired above all earthly blessings?

To paint a masterpiece.

That had been on his lips a thousand times. Now, in some vague way, Téphany linked together in her mind three things: the legend of le Vieux Guillaume, Michael's passionate wish to paint a great picture, and his sin.

When she returned to Pont-Aven, Mary Machin was putting away her paint-box in the big studio in the annexe which Téphany had taken. Farther down the passage was another studio used by Carne whenever he painted indoors. The Californian had invited both ladies to visit his studio, and hearing him whistling in it Machie proposed that they should peep in.

"This afternoon," said Machie, "Mr. Carne passed me as I was drawing; and he gave me some very valuable hints. He also said that he would like to make a study of your head, my dear."

"The inside or the out?" Téphany asked.

"He is capable of doing justice to both. By the way, he sees a likeness between you and," she mentioned Téphany's stage name, "Marie de Lautrec."

"Gracious! Does he suspect?"

"He was in Milan when we were there."

"If he'd recognised you, Machie—— I never thought of that. Or your name, which is uncommon."

"My name only became public property," Miss Machin

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sniffed, recalling the remark about the muffin, "when we were in the States."

They passed down the passage and knocked at the Californian's door. His pleasure at seeing Téphany was written very plainly on his handsome intelligent face.

"Come in—come in—this is so nice and friendly of you."

He bustled about, finding them chairs and cushions, offering them a mild cocktail.

"I like cocktails," said Machie.

"Do you? Have you been in my country, Miss Machin?"

"One gets cocktails everywhere," said Téphany. "Miss Machin and I drank our first one in——"

"Paris," said Machie placidly.

"Do let me mix you a Manhattan!"

The ladies, however, refused refreshment, and begged to be allowed to see his canvases. Carne pulled them out, one after the other, talking fluently, criticising his own work unsparingly, but with appreciation of its good qualities.

"How keen you are!" said Téphany.

"I am very keen," he assented. "You see, my two brothers are successful business men; and my father was dead set against Art. So I have to show them that I'm not going to take a back seat."

Asking permission, he lit a cigarette, which he had rolled quickly and dexterously.

"I don't see you in a back seat," said Téphany.

"Thank you, Miss Lane. But after all, in Art, as in everything else, although merit must tell in the long run, yet, at the same time, there's a lot of luck in making a hit early in one's career. Look at Théodore Rousseau, *le grand Réfusé* they called him. Some of the best men don't arrive till they're grey-headed. Some, like our friend Ossory, Miss Lane, don't arrive at all."

Téphany frowned, sensible that she resented this familiar chatter about Michael, sensible also that she was quite powerless to prevent it.

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"He's a wonder, that fellow," Carne continued. "He can draw magnificently, but he's a crank. What d'you think of this?"

Machie blushed. "This" was an admirable study of a nude woman, a Paris model. Carne glanced amusedly at Machie's reddening cheeks, and then continued:

"My Salon picture this year, which got an Honourable Mention, is a study of girls bathing: trite as a subject, but I don't care about that. I went for certain subtleties of light and colour. Here's a photograph of it."

He showed the photograph to his visitors. As they were looking at it, Keats poked his head into the room.

"Come in, Johnnie," said Carne. "I'm showing these ladies my stuff."

Keats entered; then, seeing the photograph in Téphany's hand, he burst out enthusiastically: "But the one in last year's Salon is the best thing he's done so far. Where's the photograph of that, Clinton? Tell Miss Lane about it, it'll amuse her, because she's been behind the scenes."

Carne produced the photograph, which represented a very young girl about to step into a pool of water, and looking round over her shoulder. It struck Téphany as odd that a clever man should choose two subjects so alike and so commonplace. But looking at the photograph more closely, she perceived it to be very far from commonplace. To reach the pool, the nymph had to cross a swampy piece of ground. She had just withdrawn an exquisitely modelled foot, stained with mud and dripping slime. The expression upon the face, half turned to the beholder, was one of fear, excitement, and a delightful virginal shyness.

"There is quality in that," said Téphany.

"It was snapped up at once by——"

Carne interrupted with a sharp "Miss Lane is interested in art not commerce."

"Who bought it, Mr. Keats?"

"A man who's supposed to be one of the best judges in New York, old Isaac Blumenthal."

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"The man who has the wonderful saloon, with Bouguereau's picture hanging behind the bar?"

"Yes, Miss Lane. Clinton is in Blumenthal's little gallery."

For an instant there was silence. Then Téphany said slowly: "I wonder where you found such a captivating model?'

"That's another story," said Keats.

"Do you know New York?" Carne looked sharply at Téphany.

"As a bird of passage; Miss Machin and I have been round the world together. But about this model?" She looked expectantly at Keats, anxious to turn the talk from herself.

"Shall I tell it, Clinton?"

"If you like."

"She was manufactured," said Keats, opening his wide mouth in a broad grin.

"Manufactured?" Machie repeated.

"Head belongs to one girl, body to another. That's often done; sort o' composite picture. Clinton got a regular model for the body, another for the arm, another for the foot. That's the prettiest foot in Paris. But we couldn't get the right kind of face. Finally, one day at Passy, we struck the niece of an old woman who sold *crêpes*. The girl at first refused to let Clinton put her head on to another woman's nude figure."

"I don't wonder," murmured Miss Machin.

"But Clinton worked it," concluded Keats, triumphantly; "he's a puller of strings, he is. And the girl posed with the very expression he wanted."

"That will do," said Carne, glancing at Téphany's face, wondering whether this story had amused her. In his pleasant, incisive voice, he added, smiling: "So you have been into Blumenthal's saloon. And into other places, no doubt, as distinctively American? And how did you like the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"I saw a great deal of it," Téphany replied, "mostly through the windows of a Pullman car. My impressions are not worth telling."

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"But our people? How did you, how do you like Americans?"

"They are very kind."

"Kind?" repeated Machie. "I should think they are kind. Why, at Chicago——" she hesitated, biting her lip.

"Yes—at Chicago——"

"At Chicago," Téphany said coolly, "I lost my boxes; I mean they were delayed. And some ladies actually came forward and offered to provide me with clothes."

"That's queer," said Keats, "I happened to read in the *New York Herald* of the Chicago women fitting out a singer for grand opera. Her stage dresses got sent on with her private ones, or something of that sort."

Téphany, conscious that Carne's grey eyes were on her, flushed delicately as she rose.

"We shall see you at the Riec Pardon to-morrow?" she asked Carne.

"Certainly."

"Thank you so much for showing us your studies."

"You and Miss Machin will always be welcome here," he replied gallantly, going forward to open the door. Suddenly Téphany paused; a slight gasp escaped from her lips. Carne saw that she was staring at a plaster cast which hung upon a nail just above the door. Téphany, sitting with her back to this door, had not perceived it till this moment. It was the same cast which Michael had shown to her.

"Is that yours?" she asked.

"It belongs to Keats," said Carne, wondering why she looked so pale.

"Who is it?" said Téphany. Keats answered the question.

"Ah! Who is it? A good many people have asked that question, Miss Lane, and nobody has answered it."

"But where did you get it?"

"From Tornabuoni, the plaster-cast seller in Montmartre.

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The girl was found drowned in the Seine. She was taken to the Morgue, I believe, and that cast taken of her face. But she was never identified."

"Never identified!" repeated Téphany.

"Never. You admire it, Miss Lane?"

"Yes."

"If one could interpret that smile——" said Keats.

Téphany answered constrainedly: "She may be smiling at all those who pursue ambition regardless of the consequences. Does anybody know *anything* about her?" She turned from Keats to Carne, who shook his head.

"The authorities never found out how she got into the Seine," said Carne. "Suicide is the generally accepted explanation, but——"

"Yes."

"Miss Lane, you are quite upset. I have always maintained that there is something uncanny about that cast."

"What were you going to say?" asked Mary Machin. "If the unfortunate girl did not kill herself——"

"Why then it is obvious that she was killed by some one else, Miss Machin."

"No, no," said Téphany in horror. She suddenly remembered Michael's word "crime." Then instinct, the memory of their friendship, rose in revolt. She murmured faintly: "I can't believe that, I can't."

Keats betrayed his surprise at her agitation with a whimsical twist of his mouth. Then, very quickly, he jumped upon a chair and unhooked the cast from its nail. Carne saw that Téphany was trembling.

"Lock it up, Johnnie," he said, "or we sha'n't have the pleasure of seeing Miss Lane here again."

Keats nodded; being a Californian, he was very chivalrous. He crossed the room, dropped the cast into the empty fireplace, and crushed it beneath his foot.

"Oh!" Téphany exclaimed.

"There's an end of that," said Johnnie, cheerfully. "I

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don't mind confessing, now, that the thing has haunted me a bit. You will come again, won't you?"

"Yes," said Téphany, in a low voice.

She walked out of the room, followed by Mary Machin. Carne whistled expressively.

"A creature of sensibility," said he. Then he added slowly, "like all artists." His emphasis of the last word challenged attention.

"She calls herself an amateur."

"She is Marie de Lautrec, the new singer, whom we missed in Milan."

"Jee—whiz!"

"It is plain that for some reason or other she wishes to remain *incognita*."

"Then we mustn't let on that we're in the know?"

"Not yet. She's Bretonne, and, as she put it, Bretonne bretonnante!"

"Clever as she can stick too," said Mr. Keats, very solemnly, "but Miss Machin is one of the daisiest girls I ever met."

CHAPTER VIII

YANNIK

Pale comme un beau soir d'automne.

A BRITTANY Pardon combines what is essentially secular and material with what is as essentially spiritual and religious, defining religion in its elemental sense as the relation between the Creator and the created. A Breton goes to a Pardon to demand of his Maker, through the intercession of a Saint—whose name, by the way, is not always found in the calendar—a particular grace, and to get a skinful of liquor. At Rosporden, for instance, Our Lady is entreated to vouchsafe good news from those abroad to those at home. The mothers and sisters of the men who are serving France in her navy or army flock to Rosporden because they believe firmly that this good

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news will come if they are faithful in paying their vows. If the good news does not come, there remains consolation in the conviction that so many years of purgatorial pains will be cancelled.

The Pardon of St. Pierre de Riec is held for the more general purpose of beseeching the Keeper of the Keys to open the gates of Paradise.[1] At Riec, therefore, the observant traveller will note the presence of more men than he is likely to see at Rosporden. Some iconoclasts admit with a sly wink that in these latter days the saint has become niggardly. A tailor, chatting confidently with Clinton Carne, remarked that he had read of leaguers fighting for their faith in the troublous times of Henri IV. who had been rewarded with indulgences extending over a period of more than a million years. "That—name of a pig!—was something more than a drop in the ocean of eternity, whereas a beggarly seven years——! But, *saperlipopette!* one must take in this world what one gets with an humble and grateful heart."

In the morning masses had been said in the spacious church, whose spire is a landmark for many miles, and used as such by fishermen seeking the sanctuary of the estuary on stormy winter days. How many lives has that spire saved? Inside the grey building a few women were kneeling, with eyes fixed upon the figure of the Saviour above the high altar, telling their beads, and murmuring their prayers. They came and went silently, passing from the peace of the cool twilight of the nave into the glare and turmoil of the street beyond. In the market-place booths had been erected, gay with bunting, and filled with simple wares: cheap jewellery, rosaries, candles, toys for the children, and like fairings. Cakes and sweetstuff lay in huge piles. Opposite the great west door of the church, the piper and fifer were playing in front of a tavern. Between the tavern and the church long lines of men and women were dancing the gavotte. The leader, a sturdy fellow on leave from his ship, with a face burnt brown in China seas, wound in

[1] La grace d'aller au Paradis.

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serpentine curves up and down the road; the others following his erratic course quite gravely and almost solemnly, as if they were conscious that they were dancing in front of God's house, and that the dance was part of the day's ritual, and no more to be shirked than the High Mass of the morning. Within the tavern everybody was drinking cider or beer. The girls and women who lacked partners for the gavotte looked on impassively, yet with a faint wistfulness in their dreaming eyes.

Carne dived into the tavern, and returned with two chairs. He said that he had ordered some bottled cider, which presently was brought and uncorked. Not without difficulty Machie was persuaded to have a glass. To sit and drink in a public thoroughfare, close to a church, and to the sound of pipe and fife, seemed an outrageous breach of the proprieties. She eyed nervously a tall young Frenchman with a camera, who looked as if he were contemplating a snapshot. Téphany assured her that they were doing the correct thing, and that the cider was very refreshing. After the cider was drunk, the Californian urged Miss Machin to take a turn at the seemingly unending gavotte. Machie refusing, he asked Téphany, who, after a moment's hesitation, seized his hand and joined the dancers. Miss Machin watched them with her pleasant eyes wide open. She was staring at a Téphany she had never seen before. When the dance ended Carne came back, calling for more cider, but Téphany had disappeared.

"She knows some of these people," said Carne, wiping his forehead. "How hot it is! We are to sit here till Miss Lane comes back."

He proceeded to entertain his companion with a clever description of other Pardons, notably one for a special grace against mad dogs.

"Are there mad dogs in Brittany?" said Machie, allowing her mind to hasten back to Daffodil Mansions.

"Oh, dear, no," Carne replied. "How could there be when these Pardons provide against them, Miss Machin?"

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Miss Machin looked at his curly head—he had removed his panama—and sighed.

"You know," she said maternally, "I don't like you so much when you sneer at these nice people."

"Sneer?" He opened wide his keen grey eyes. "My dear Miss Machin, I don't sneer at them."

"But you do," she replied, with finality.

"If you say another word I shall burst into tears," replied the Californian. "Hullo! here's a bard."

Miss Machie looked up.

"Oh! I have seen that man before." Her eyes brightened. "I passed him between here and Nivez. He was kneeling in front of a roadside Calvary, singing his songs."

"That would make a good picture," said Carne reflectively.

"Does your art always come first?"

Carne did not answer. The bard, a familiar figure at such festivals, approached. In his hand he carried a sheaf of cheap songs. By the sale of these and such small change as the crowd gave him, he earned his living. Of the men he was the only one who wore the genuine costume of Cornouailles: the baggy breeches (*bragous bras*), the high-frilled collar, and the short black cloth jacket, embellished with tarnished silver embroidery. In a shrill but not unmusical voice he began to sing a weird apostrophe to oaks and seas and blood.

Of blood, and wine, and dance, I sing:
To thee, O Sun! all hail!
Hail, flame of fire! Hail, flash of steel!
Ye waves, ye oaks! ye lands and seas!
All hail!

The crowd listened attentively, with a respectful appreciation which impressed Mary Machin. When he had finished, the Californian gave a franc to him, and bought a couple of songs. Machie had already noted that the young fellow was generous. But then he seemed to have plenty of money, and Johnnie Keats had told Téphany that Carne's sire

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was a rich man. Machie noted also that the painter's clothes were well cut, and his boots of the best. He had nothing of the so-called Bohemian about him. Michael Ossory, on the other hand, looked shabby and shaggy. But this did not trouble Machie, because already she had made up her mind that her dearest Téphany had lost interest in the lover of her salad days. And if this curly-headed Californian was going to be famous, and if he were as nice as he looked, why shouldn't Téphany fall in love with him?

Meantime, the piper and his companion, having refreshed themselves with cider, were about to shift their ground, and move on to a tavern farther down the street. Some of the girls who had been dancing slipped into the church to patter an Ave or a Credo; their partners came out of the tavern, wiping their mouths and laughing.

"By Jove!" Carne exclaimed. A girl in the Pont-Aven coif was picking her way through the crowd. "This one is a beauty," he added.

Beneath the fluttering coif one could see brilliant colouring, the milk-and-rose complexion so rare amongst maidens who from early infancy expose their faces to sun and wind. The other girls, gazing wide-eyed at this dainty stranger, looked like squaws beside her.

"Why, it's Téphany," gasped Mary Machin.

"Well," said Téphany, a moment later to Carne: "you said you wanted to see me in the costume, and here I am—quite ready for another gavotte."

"You're the eighth wonder of the world," said Carne.

Téphany laughed.

"Isn't she, Miss Machin?"

"I planned this little surprise," Téphany explained. "Machie, you are shocked."

"My dear! Before all these rough people?"

"They are my people, and they aren't rough. They like to see me in this," she touched her heavy black skirt with its rows of velvet bands and her filmy apron.

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"Who wouldn't?" said Carne.

"Let us dance," said Téphany.

Farther down the street arose the wild skirl of the pipes. Machie, shaking her head, followed Téphany and Carne till they joined the dancers below the market-place, where the crowd was very thick. Carne held out his hand, and away they went, Téphany's small feet twinkling under her heavy skirt.

"Stunning pair!" said Johnnie Keats, who had joined Miss Machin. "Clinton is doing in his fancy steps and hitting up the pace. And there's the Hermit looking as if he had a pain."

In the heart of the crowd stood Michael, tall and gaunt, half a head taller, half a foot broader than the peasants about him.

"So it is," said Mary Machin, wondering if Téphany had seen him.

Téphany, however, had not seen Michael. In putting on the costume of the country she seemed to have assumed also the character and temperament of the pleasure-adoring Pont-Aven girls. Carne, an opportunist, like all Westerners, was making himself agreeable. He talked with animation; Téphany listened, smiling. For the moment she had become a child of fifteen again. In the old days she had danced the gavotte scores of times; and she had often worn the costume, which suited her slender delicately-modelled figure to perfection. Above the pipes and fife she could hear the shrill voice of the bard, singing another *gwerz*. Her heart beat fiercely against her ribs, and Carne's beat as fiercely.

"How glorious it is to be young!" he whispered.

At this moment Téphany caught sight of Michael steadily watching her with his mournful eyes.

"Oh!" Téphany exclaimed.

"Have I hurt you?" Carne inquired tenderly.

"No, no; but when we get to the end we will stop."

Carne noticed that the animation had gone out of her voice, the sparkle out of her eyes. He had not seen Michael, and if he had he would not have connected the

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sudden change in Téphany to his presence. He supposed that, possibly, she was tired or giddy. Certainly the sun beat down with overpowering strength. He drew his partner into the shade of a tree and offered to fetch a chair. Téphany nodded wearily.

So Michael had seen her. Why had he come to Riec? Of course, after what had passed between them only twenty-four hours ago he must think her heartless. During a restless, miserable night, she had convinced herself that the mask, evidently a familiar object with many artists, had been bought by Michael because it resembled some Vannetais siren—for so Téphany jealously regarded her—who had lured Michael into sin and crime. Behind this obvious explanation gibbered the ghastly fear of an identity being established between the lovely creature who was found dead in the Seine and the woman who had stood between her and her lover. At this point Téphany's tortured speculations became paralysed. Later, she fell asleep. And, when she woke in the freshness of a mid-summer's morning, she vowed passionately that she would turn her back to the shadows. Notwithstanding this vow, at the first glimpse of Michael's face, the shadows had obscured the sunbeams. What an irony life was, to be sure! When Carne hurried up with a chair Téphany was almost rude to him.

However, she sat down, and Carne stood beside her, smiling pleasantly, and watching the dancers. In particular he stared at the girls in the hope of finding the perfect model, which all painters are seeking and which so few find. Téphany felt that her absurd resentment was slipping away under cover of his silence. It was tactful and understanding of him to say nothing. Had he divined that she wished to be left alone for a few minutes?

But she soon became impatient, not of silence, but of sitting still. She wondered if Michael had left his place in the crowd. Was he alone? Should she speak to him? Explanations were usually so tiresome and fatuous. She jumped up.

"Let us move!"

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"Dance or walk?" Carne demanded gravely.

"Walk, please."

Not without difficulty they threaded a way through the crowd, gradually approaching the spot where Michael had been standing. He had disappeared. Téphany, walked hither and thither with Carne upon pretence of seeing the booths and the people, but she was searching for Michael. She encountered père Hyacinthe, who greeted her warmly, but she did not like to ask him if he had seen Michael. Moreover, by this time she was convinced that Michael had left the Pardon.

Coming back to the market-place, they met Machie and Johnnie Keats, and a change of partners took place. Téphany wandered away with Keats, leaving Carne with Mary Machin. The Satellite, as usual, began to speak of his Sun.

"Clinton and you were iridescent," he began.

Téphany laughed; then, seriously, she asked him, "Don't you ever talk about yourself, Mr. Keats?"

Asking the question, she examined him attentively. Decidedly, he was very plain; with big-knuckled hands, and feet whose size was accentuated by white shoes. But he had blue eyes, of a fine quality, with a self-depreciatory twinkle deep down in them. His face was too red. It seemed to Téphany that the poor fellow had blushed so often and so violently on account of his many shortcomings that the blush, so to speak, had become permanent.

"Talk about myself?—no," he answered. "Say, Miss Lane, if you had my name—John Keats, think of it!—and face, would you talk about yourself—eh?" He did not wait for her reply, but continued, in his drawling nasal Western slang: "It's like this, I'm one of the big crowd that has to eat soup with a fork. When Clinton and I first joined Julian's, the American boys in the studio christened us Hit and Miss. Smart that?"

"Unkind, and I dare say untrue,"

"Not a bit. Hit and Miss: that just describes Clinton and me. Same sort of outfit, you and Miss Machin, eh? She's missed it, I reckon, so far as the big things of life count."

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"The big things?" Téphany nodded reflectively. Certainly a parallel could be established between Carne and his satellite, and herself and Machie. "But, Mr. Keats, do the big things, the big successes, count much? Miss Machin is one of the happiest women I know, and you don't look very miserable."

"I'm as happy as a clam," said Mr. Keats. "Great Minneapolis! What's this?"

He looked disgustedly at an old woman, who had reeled round the corner, very drunk, with her coif disordered and her fluted collar crumpled and dirty. She was laughing and singing.

"It's mère Pouldour," said Téphany. "Oh, dear!"

"You know her? Hadn't we better slide off? She's got an awful load."

"Poor thing, poor thing!" Tephany murmured. "How she has changed. She won't recognise me. But she ought to have some one to look after her."

"Looks as if she had," said Keats.

As he spoke a girl came running round the corner. She caught the old woman by the elbow, steadied her, and began to speak rapidly in Breton.

"What a peach!" exclaimed the young man.

The girl was of a type seldom seen in Finistère, but not uncommon in the Léonnais country. Although she had that pale creamy skin which sometimes indicates an anæmic condition, she seemed to be healthy and vigorous. Her eyes set rather far apart, were amazingly fine, of a golden hazel; her hair, such as could be seen of it, was of the true Titian red.

"What a peach!" repeated Johnnie. Meantime, the girl had persuaded the old woman to sit down upon a granite step. The song died quavering upon the loose wrinkled lips, the hands, gesticulating violently a moment before, sank upon the stained apron. Obviously, mère Pouldour had sunk into a stupor as soon as she had sat down. The girl deftly arranged the disordered coif and collar, patting them back into shape with delicate movements of her fingers.

"Wish Clinton could see her," murmured Keats.

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"Let us speak to her," said Téphany.

The girl looked up, frightened and shy, when she saw a man, a foreigner, approaching, but she smiled at Téphany, who addressed her in French, while her eye roamed inquiringly over the details of Téphany's costume. She looked slightly puzzled. Mère Pouldour was snoring comfortably.

"I knew mère Pouldour some years ago," said Téphany. "She used to live in a cottage at Ros Braz, on the estuary."

"She lives there still."

"And you?"

"I am Yannik, her grand-daughter. I live with her."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Then the old man, your grandfather, is dead?"

"He died long ago, and my father is dead, and my two uncles. They were lobster-fishing, all of them, and two others and the boy, off the Glénans islands." She pointed to the north-west. "Well, it came on to blow suddenly. And——" She shrugged her delicate shoulders, sighed, and crossed herself. Then she added quickly: "Grand'mère took to *la goutte* after that. She had always drunk cider till then, which hurts nobody."

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," said Téphany.

"It is misery; yes. But, what would you? There are others worse off than us. Grand'mère earns money during the black months gathering the *goémon*" (the seaweed collected in January and February), "and I earn money too."

Téphany looked rather surprised. Yannik's hands were neither red nor coarse of texture; her face was untanned. How then did she earn money? As if reading the question Téphany was too polite to ask, the girl said quietly: "I work with my needle; in fact, I dress dolls in the costume. My dolls sell well," she held up her head proudly. "And in the season it is a good business. Mademoiselle Yvonne is very kind. She sends me her clients."

"But what are you going to do now?" Téphany glanced at the grandmother.

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"In a couple of hours she will be able to go home. We may get a lift. People are kind."

"The peachiest of peaches!" murmured Johnnie Keats; "I'm a jay if I ever saw a better model. Wonder whether she'd pose." Then, in very ill-pronounced French, he addressed Yannik, who informed him that she didn't understand a word of English. Keats glanced ruefully at Téphany.

"She don't look as if she was corn-fed," he growled; "and the season isn't begun yet. Guess she's overstocked with dolls. Please ask her, if she'd pose for the head and coif, Miss Lane."

Téphany did so.

"Pose? Never!"

She glared at poor Johnnie, who kept growling on in English: "For the head, you silly little girl, for the head, nothing else, for—the—head." He tapped his own head, showing his teeth in a genial smile.

"Never!" the girl repeated.

"I'm going to have one of your dolls, any way. May be two. *Poupay*—eh? *Un—deux.*"

She understood and smiled.

"Monsieur is very kind."

Téphany also expressing a wish to buy dolls, it was arranged that Yannik should bring some specimens of her handicraft to Pont-Aven after the mid-day meal upon the following afternoon. But when Téphany suggested sending the grandmother home in a cart at once Yannik protested.

"Indeed, Mademoiselle,"—she had perceived that Téphany was dressed up,—"indeed, I am accustomed to this. It happens, but always, always, at the Pardons."

"You ought to try to persuade your grandmother not to go to the Pardons."

Yannik answered simply: "But the others, Mademoiselle, our men, who died out there. And unconfessed. Naturally we attend the Pardons."

"Naturally," repeated Téphany.

Keats and she moved reluctantly on, leaving the girl

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standing erect, slightly defiant, beside the old woman. Téphany looked back twice, waving her hand encouragingly. Yannik maintained her impassive, indifferent pose; but she smiled faintly; the smile was a sad thing to see.

"I'm going to load up on dolls," declared Keats. "This is the psychological moment, Miss Lane. I'll bet a dollar there's a slump in dolls."

"Mr. Keats," said Téphany, in a voice he did not recognise. Then peering into her face, he saw that she was deeply moved.

"I'm at your service, Miss Lane."

"That poor old woman was once so good and respectable. I—I can't bear to think of her sitting there. It makes me wretched. If we could hire a cart——"

"But we can," said the young man, cheerily. "We'll hire a dozen, Miss Lane. Don't you worry. You just leave this thing to me. I'm great on transportation. Why, I always look out Clinton's trains—and arrange everything. Not a word. I'll leave you first with Miss Machin."

"Thank you; I'll slip back to the house where I changed. If you will find the cart—but oh——!"

"Anything wrong?"

"Nothing—except your French."

Keats chuckled.

"Now, that's unkind, Miss Lane. But I'll tell you something: my French is like my face—all wrong, as you say—but I worry through with it all right. See! I'll have that cart around before you are into that pretty organdie of yours."

"Good gracious! How did you know it was an organdie?"

"I know lots of things," said the young man solemnly. "Clinton says my head's full of odds and ends not worth the powder to blow 'em to Tophet. Sort o' rubbish heap."

"I'm going carefully over that rubbish heap," said Téphany, laughing at his comically rueful countenance.

But, changing her dress, she reflected sadly that the two incidents of unexpectedly meeting Michael and mère Pouldour

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had spoiled the afternoon's comedy, which she had planned so gaily several days before. The change in them made her wretched. And as for the story about the old woman earning money, she didn't believe a word of it. Little Yannik, with her pretty pale face, and her slender clever fingers, was obviously the only wage-earner in that family. Dwelling upon this and the bitterness in Michael's eyes, she asked herself if she regretted having returned to Pont-Aven. After all, the attempt to rehabilitate herself with old ideas, old memories, simple pleasures, and the like, was somewhat on a par with this dressing up in the costume of the Province: an amusing thing to do to while away a few minutes, nothing more.

When she walked out into the street, she found the rest of the party awaiting her. The Satellite hailed her with a cheery "I've corralled a cart and carter, Miss Lane. And I've told Clinton that he's missed a peach."

"You are such an impassioned optimist," said Carne. "Where is the peach?"

"She's on her way home. I hustled, I can tell you," he looked at Téphany, who smiled her appreciation of his efforts; then he turned to his friend: "You'll see her to-morrow, old man, she's coming to Pont-Aven to sell us dolls."

CHAPTER IX

TÉPHANY IS SEVERE

Les petits sabots des petits Bretons,
Petites Bretonnes,
Chantent des chansons en différents tons,
Jamais monotones—*Toc, toc!*
Chers petits sabots des petits Bretons
Trop tôt l'on vous quitte:
Des petits Bretons les petits petons
Grandissent trop vite! *Toc, toc!*
Dansez, petits sabots!

MICHAEL was painting upon the Rosporden road. He had chosen for his subject the view of Pont-Aven from the top of

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the hill. Michael, caring nothing for the manufacture of pictures, had disposed of the foreground with a score of bold strokes. For nearly a week now he had been intent upon the middle distance, the houses grouped about the church, the river, and the quay; and for a week, the weather, so often fickle in June, had behaved perfectly. Each morning the sun rose out of the mists, fought with and put them to flight, and then swam slowly up into cloudless skies. Michael had set himself the task of reproducing the effect of this resplendent sunshine upon grey buildings. In a word, he was endeavouring to paint the golden glow emanating from objects, colourless in themselves, which have been exposed to heat and light. The neutral tints of granite walls and slate roofs had become saturated with brilliant colours, so delicately interwoven, so tenderly combined and contrasted, that Michael, who preferred to use large tools, was obliged to experiment with small sable and camel's hair brushes. Although he had spoken of himself to Téphany as an impressionist, he worked doggedly faithful to rules which he had formulated after years of patient study such as this. Pure sunlight falling upon an opaque object like granite or slate could only be translated in one way; light reflected instead of transmitted falling upon the same object at a different angle produced a startlingly different effect; add to these complexities the ineffable confusion produced by cross lights and shadows, and you will dimly understand the difficulties which fanned Michael Ossory's ardour to white heat.

Behind Michael, watching every stroke with intent, intelligent glance, stood Carne, quite willing to acknowledge himself disciple to such a master. At the same time, in his keen mind, so American in its plasticity, so eager first to adopt and then to adapt whatever might be of value, lay reservations. Michael could do many things which were beyond the Californian's powers, but he lacked the gift of ordering his amazing experience and technique. With them, in fact, he generally produced chaos. Sensible of this, Carne felt a certain contempt

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for Michael, both as man and painter. As he had said in his incisive slang, Michael was a crank, a freak, a man who subordinated the real to the ideal, who pursued will-o'-the-wisps in a wilderness. Measuring Michael with his own foot-rule, he found him bigger than he had expected, but by no means a giant.

Meantime, one thing was certain: he could learn much from this crank, who seemed willing to impart what he had acquired by years of patient experiment.

"There!" said Michael. He rose from his camp-stool and stretched his long limbs.

Carne compared the copy with the original, half shutting his eyes, narrowing the pupils of them, like a cat.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice, "you've made those old walls speak. And you've captured the atmosphere."

Michael nodded.

"We aim at truth and miss it, because we cannot see the target clearly. Your eyes are not what they will be in a few years."

Then, very deliberately, he took his palette knife and with one sweep scraped off the work of an hour.

"Oh!"

Michael laughed.

"You wouldn't have done that?"

"No."

Carne drew a deep breath; when he spoke his voice had a clear sincere ring in it, very pleasant to hear.

"It was the best bit, bar none, that I've seen this year."

Michael eyed him attentively, with a gaze so piercing that the younger man slightly flushed.

"You may go far," he said curtly.

Carne had been told this by many men, some of them famous, but, coming from Michael, the simple words gave him an extraordinary sense of gratification.

"I hope so," he answered honestly. "I can say to you, Ossory, what perhaps you have guessed already, that my work means much to me."

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"Ah!"

Michael frowned, seeing Téphany's radiant face in the gavotte of the previous afternoon. At that moment he had leaped to the conclusion that Téphany was irresistibly attracted to the American, who, surely, was well equipped to win and hold the love of such a woman. At that moment also Téphany met his eyes and interpreted so wrongly their message.

"I am not indifferent to other excellent things," murmured Carne, "but success as a painter is vital, you understand, vital."

Michael seemed to remember having used this very phrase himself, years ago. Then he laughed again.

"If you think it vital it is vital," he said. "I thought so once."

"And you—you think so no longer?"

Michael answered steadily:

"I paint as a distraction." Then, in a different voice, he continued: "I saw you at Riec yesterday."

"Yes, yes; I make a point of attending these Pardons. One never knows, one may come across something good—eh? But yesterday held surprises. Miss Lane put on the costume——"

He began to talk of Téphany, betraying his interest and admiration. An Englishman, in love or about to fall in love, is generally at his stupidest; an American, and a Western American in particular, is never so fluent, so natural, as when he is praising the woman who attracts him. When he paused, Michael said slowly:

"You are certainly not indifferent to other excellent things."

"Ah! Ossory, you can make a shrewd guess why I'm keener than ever about my work. In our country every man worth a snap wants to offer the woman he loves something worthy of her acceptance. My two brothers have married stunning girls, but they pegged away as bachelors till they'd got out of Short Street into Easy Avenue. See!"

"I see," replied Ossory,

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Carne shouldered his own paint-box and umbrella and strode away whistling; Michael began to paint in, for the tenth time, the sunlit roofs beneath him. Like most men who live alone with their own thoughts, he sometimes spoke to himself. In a moment he growled out: "Is he good enough?" Then, as if conscious of what he would regard as an infirmity, he closed his lips and concentrated his attention upon his work.

That morning, Téphany had set up her easel opposite a row of poplars, which threw soft shadows upon the pool where mère le Beuz was washing some linen. Further down the Aven, Machie was trying to persuade a child to sit still. Three or four children in sabots clattered to and fro between the ladies, presenting themselves as models. Beside mère le Beuz knelt two young girls, whose brown arms moved as quickly as their tongues. They were beating some linen upon smooth flat stones, laughing and chattering to each other in Breton.

Téphany squeezed some colours upon her palette, and then smiled self-deprecatingly at an ever-increasing reluctance to begin work. A delicious languor pervaded this cool sequestered spot: the more irresistible because others had to toil, whereas Téphany could take her ease. Accordingly, she sat down upon a mossy bank, dreamily absorbing the scents and sounds of this corner of Arcadia. The girls nudged each other and giggled. Doubtless Mademoiselle was thinking of the handsome young man with whom she had danced the gavotte at Riec.

A few yards up the river the water was streaming in a miniature cascade over a mill-dam. It was here that a girl had been found drowned. Whether the poor creature had met death by accident or design stirred the tongues of the gossips. Téphany remembered quite well that the grove of oaks behind the dam in which the girl had last been seen alive had earned an evil reputation. The drowned girl—so

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'twas said at the time—met the Ankou face to face, just where the oaks threw their blackest shadows. . . .

Téphany called to mère le Beuz.

"You knew poor Séraphine Coadic?"

Mère le Beuz looked up.

"Ah, yes; the unfortunate! Well, by the blessing of God Séraphine was buried in holy ground."

"And if she had not been so buried?" demanded Téphany, scenting one of the innumerable legends concerning the dead.

"The Vannetais people believe that those unfortunates who are drowned and whose bodies are not recovered become evil spirits, who mock the living. You may hear them wail at twilight: '*Iou—Iou—Iou!*'"

The girls, Rozenn and Francine, crossed themselves.

"If you answer back," continued mère le Beuz, not unmindful of the impression she was making, "the evil spirit, *le berger de nuit*, the Vannetais call it," again the girls crossed themselves, "divides with one huge bound the distance between you and it; if you answer back twice, it leaps again still nearer; if you answer for the third time, it breaks your neck!"

"You have faith in that, *ma tante?*"

Mère le Beuz shrugged her broad shoulders.

"*Ma Doué*," she replied with emphasis, "true or not, I should not be such a fool as to answer back more than once."

Téphany turned to one of the girls.

"And you, Francine, do you believe in the Ankou?"

Thus addressed, Francine's brown cheeks flushed. The girl beside her laughed nervously.

"Do I believe in the Ankou?" Francine repeated the question to gain time. "Why, no, Mademoiselle. That," she shrugged her shoulders, "is an old wives' tale. I do not believe in any such rubbish." Then, as her companion gave an expressive gasp of incredulity, she added sharply: "Rozenn believes in the Ankou, Mademoiselle."

"Thou liest," said Rozenn calmly. Téphany laughed.

A sharp verbal encounter followed, each girl accusing the

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other of superstition and credulity. Mère le Beuz exclaimed in a loud authoritative voice, "Hold your foolish tongues, both of you! Old wives, as you say, believe in the Ankou, and old wives are wiser than young maids."

"And old widows wisest of all," pouted Rozenn, who began to beat her linen very hard.

Téphany laughed again, reflecting that the rising generation in Pont-Aven had not changed much. Hearing the sound of voices raised in hot discussion, the children had scampered up to stand in a solemn row in front of the women. At the grim name, Ankou, each little face had assumed a mysterious immobility, as if stiffened into terror. One tiny girl, a baby of five, but dressed like a woman, put fat fingers into her round eyes. Téphany comforted her with a sou. The child's sister, a tall, lanky girl, with a distressing cough, said hoarsely: "Mademoiselle, I, yes I, have seen Pot Scoutan."

"Who hasn't seen Pot Scoutan?" cried the other children.

Pot Scoutan, accounted for as a purely natural phenomenon, is a marsh light frequently seen hovering near the mud flats and moorland of the estuary, but the credulous believe it to be a spirit of evil. Again Téphany reflected that if the men of Pont-Aven had abandoned the picturesque *bragous bras* and embroidered jacket, their minds certainly were still swathed in the legends and traditions of the ancient Province. Then she picked up her palette, and asked the fat-fingered little child if she would pose.

"And me too," urged the lanky sister. "See, Mademoiselle, I will take the little one in my lap, and you can make a beautiful picture of us, and call it Maternal Love."

"Thou art an original," said Téphany, struck by the girl's quickness of wit. Possibly she was repeating some phrase heard from the mouth of an artist. "I will try to draw the little one. Sit by her and keep her still!"

A minute later she was at work. The child was posed with her back against a beech trunk; the sister murmured endearing phrases in her rasping voice: "Oh, how good thou art! What

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an angel—so quiet, so pretty! The Holy Mother will bless thee, and Mademoiselle will give thee sous. We shall eat cakes, thou and I——"

The sun was now approaching the zenith. The wonderful June glow, which Michael was trying to reproduce, fell softly upon the pool. Out of the shadows where Téphany was drawing, looking past the silvery trunks of the beeches, one could see a golden haze scintillating above the water. The women had washed their linen, and were spreading it out upon the grass in the field between the poplars and the pool. The tiny model fell asleep.

"Don't wake her," whispered Téphany. "I'll make another sketch."

The elder sister nodded, and closed her own eyes.

Presently, into this earthly paradise strode Carne, whistling gaily. He had found nothing to attract him, and in consequence was returning to his studio. His whistling woke the child, and put to flight Téphany's peaceful thoughts. Slightly exasperated, she told herself that the Californian was a disturbing element. He and his restless nation permitted nobody to work in peace. Carne greeted her cheerily, and looked at her drawing.

"Terribly bad," said Téphany.

"But, by the prophet! you've caught the feeling. Dash it all, why didn't I join you earlier? Now the morning's gone What a cute kid!"

"Cute? That's the last word I'd use."

"The cunningest little darling!" he had not heard Téphany's muttered criticism.

"Cute? Cunning? How very American you are, Mr. Carne!"

This time he paid attention, regarding her sharply, sensible of a note of petulance in her voice.

"Why, of course," he answered seriously. "You don't blame me, do you, for being an American?"

"Oh, you can't help it."

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"I'm very proud of it. All the same, I rather flatter myself that I don't rush madly about waving the star-spangled banner." He smiled with sudden perception of her mood. "But I've rushed in here, I see, inopportunely. Forgive me!"

He looked so sincerely sorry that Téphany melted at once.

"Sit down and tell me my mistakes."

"You mean it? I'll run if you say so. I know what it is to have tactless bores blundering in upon one."

"Sit down," repeated Téphany, moving her skirts.

The young man laughed gaily, and flung himself beside her. Instantly, he seemed to become part of the scene, and not the least part. His exuberant vitality, his youth and good looks, manifested the very spirit of Spring. Téphany listened to his criticisms, but her eyes took note of his cool, clean, grey clothes, his spotless linen, his general air of freshness and sanity. The model showed signs of being tired, despite the encouragement of her sister.

Carne said in French:

"Thou hast posed to perfection, my fat little hen, and thou must pose for me."

The child nodded, but said nothing.

"Whenever Monsieur pleases," the sister answered.

Carne eyed the thin, lanky, slovenly dressed creature with a slight frown.

"Oh! you must come too, eh?"

"Babette wouldn't come without me—would'st thou, my heart's delight?"

Babette shook her head. And then followed a significant incident. Smiling confidently, Carne began to challenge the baby's interest and affection. Téphany listened to the pleasant inflections of his voice, wondering whether the tiny woman could resist him.

"Babette isn't afraid of *me*," he held out his hands. "Oh, no, no. And if Babette comes to me I will give her goodies, and perhaps a lovely coif. Come, my chicken, come."

"Not without me," said the sister, stubbornly.

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Téphany felt that a duel between two wills was about to take place. Which would win—the vigorous clever man, or the frail ignorant peasant?

Blandishment fell from the Californian's lips. Babette showed dimples, but no inclination to move.

"I might make you my own little girl," said Carne. "And if you lived with me you would eat white bread and galette every day, and play with a lovely doll, and sleep in a bed with blue curtains——"

"Babette would sooner remain in misery with me, Monsieur."

"I would give thee a frock, white, such as girls, *big* girls, wear at their first communion, and red shoes. Come with me, Babette!"

"She prefers to remain—in misery, with me."

Babette held out a pudgy hand to her sister, nodding solemnly.

"Don't believe she understands," said Carne disgustedly.

"Ah, but she understands perfectly," exclaimed the sister. "Dost thou not, my angel?"

Again Babette nodded, but her lips began to quiver and pout.

"That will do," said Téphany hastily. She gave her model some sous, and then, after an instant's hesitation, slipped a piece of silver into the lean hand of the sister.

"You are good and kind," she said seriously. "Come here again to-morrow!"

"May Mademoiselle be blessed a thousand times," said the girl fervently. She snatched up Babette, and made off, throwing a triumphant, mocking glance at Carne, for Babette was all smiles and dimples. Carne, however, accepted defeat with true American fortitude. He laughed; but he added gravely: "You know, Miss Lane, I'm not often defeated."

"Defeat is wholesome, sometimes," said Téphany. "Isn't it almost half-past twelve?"

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"Yes," said Carne, consulting his watch; "and I'm famished."

"Making love in vain has not taken away your appetite. Really, you were almost irresistible."

"The hard-hearted little baggage!"

"Be fair! You made no impression upon that dear little heart, because it is so soft."

After breakfast, when Téphany, Mary Machin, and the Californians were drinking their coffee under the trees in front of the inn, Yannik appeared, carrying a large parcel of dolls. Johnnie Keats was the first to see her.

"The peach for dessert," he drawled, glancing at Carne out of the corner of his kind, whimsical eyes.

"Phew-w-w-w!" Carne whistled.

Yannik came forward.

She looked very pale, as if the long walk beneath the June sun, upon a day when there was not breeze enough to stir the tremulous leaves of the poplars, had tired her. But this expression of slight fatigue, of a weariness of the spirit, perhaps, rather than the body, gave an added charm to her delicately modelled features. The fine nose, with its thin curved nostrils, indicated extraordinary sensibility and yet gentleness, the mouth beneath was very red, taking from the face any suspicion of ill-health. Her great lustrous eyes sparkled at the sight of Téphany, now dressed *en demoiselle*, and then, passing over both Keats and Mary Machin, shone steadily upon Carne, who was leaning forward, obviously surprised and delighted. Instantly, Téphany perceived that the lines and curves in Yannik's face had aroused a somewhat similar enthusiasm as was aroused in him by the waving weeds and rippling curves of the pool in the Bois d'Amour. Quite unconsciously he welcomed what he was admiring with a warm radiant smile. Yannik smiled too, her lips parting, slightly drooping at the corners, showing her small white teeth.

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"Here I am," she said simply, with a dignity not at all rare in Breton maidens.

Téphany inquired after mère Pouldour, and Keats greeted Yannik genially, begging her to sit down, offering her coffee or lemonade. She refused politely but shyly. Then, Carne, speaking for the first time, said positively: "The road is dusty, I am going to order you a grenadine: you must drink it."

When it came she drank it; but as she was raising the glass to her lips, Carne lifted his glass of cognac.

"*Yerr matt!*" he said, which is Breton for "Here's luck!"

Yannik smiled again, slowly.

"*Yerr matt!*" she replied.

"Am I an impassioned optimist?" demanded Keats.

"But you say she won't pose," whispered Carne.

"Not for me. Try your luck, old man!"

"She shall pose."

Having drunk her grenadine, Yannik untied the parcel, and displayed with pride her dolls. She had brought six, and sold them at her own price—a modest one—in less than six minutes. Her object accomplished, she rose to go amid general protestation.

"I am wanted at home, Monsieur."

It was curious that she addressed Carne.

"Don't be in such a hurry! It's not very kind of you when we want to help you, to be your friends."

"Monsieur is very good."

She cast down her eyes, blushing slightly beneath the intent glance of the young man.

"My friend here," Carne indicated Johnnie, "tells me that you do not pose, as so many girls here do."

"Pose? No, Monsieur."

Téphany remembered the "Never!" which had burst from her lips the afternoon before.

"Why not, Yannik?"

As he pronounced her quaint name, his voice softened

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delightfully. Mary Machin beamed at him; Johnnie Keats grinned sympathetically; only Téphany looked grave.

"Why not, Monsieur?" She shrugged her shoulders, and played nervously with her apron.

"Have you a good reason?"

"Not a reason that Monsieur would call good, perhaps."

"For a few sittings, just the head and hands, I would pay more than you make over a dozen dolls."

Yannik did not reply. Her eyes left the speaker's eager face, and wandered across the street.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, cleverly changing the subject, "there is Monsieur Ossory."

The others glanced round. Michael was coming out of Barbarin's shop, where tobacco and artists' materials are sold.

"Do you know Monsieur Ossory?" Téphany asked in some surprise.

"Do I know him? but perfectly." She blushed slightly, and added: "My cousin, Léon Bourhis, looks after his boat at Ros Braz."

Michael, seeing the ladies, lifted his cap, and was passing on, when Carne hailed him:

"Say, Ossory! Won't you join us?"

Michael hesitated, meeting Téphany's eyes, reading in them a curious entreaty. Then, with a slight shrug of his broad shoulders, he crossed the street. Carne pressed him to drink a cup of coffee or a liqueur. Michael refused both, but accepted a cigarette.

"This young woman says she knows you," said Carne. He indicated Yannik, who greeted Michael demurely. "If you have any influence with her, persuade her, like a good fellow, to give me a sitting or two; just head and hands."

"Will you pose for Monsieur?" said Michael.

"Already I have said 'No.'"

"Does your grandmother object?" asked Carne.

"Grand'mère? She might object, Monsieur, but it is I," she spoke decisively, "*I*, you understand, who object."

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Michael, eyeing the girl keenly, nodded. He made no attempt to weaken her resolution. Miss Machin divined—or said that she did so afterwards—that Michael was pleased at her refusal. Yannik smiled gravely, thanked everybody, and took her leave. Carne, flushed with exasperation, muttered something to Keats.

"She couldn't have resisted you a minute longer," the Satellite said. "She ran from temptation."

"What fools some of these girls are about posing!" said Carne angrily. "And most of them won't take off as much as their coifs."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Machie. "Of course, with professionals it's different, although, personally, I prefer draped figures even when it's a question of portraying goddesses. And I can't think of these nice modest maidens of Pont-Aven without their coifs."

Carne smiled at Téphany, indicating by a slight shrug of his shoulder his amusement and polite contempt. But, to his astonishment, Téphany sided with her friend.

"I agree with Miss Machin," she said emphatically. "My father never asked a Pont-Aven girl to take off her coif, and shall I tell you why?"

"If you please," said Carne. "I shall be interested to hear Mr. Lane's reasons for such a remarkable abstention."

"He married a Bretonne, Mr. Carne. And he understood us. Speaking for my sex here, I tell you that any attempt to take from these simple girls what their natural modesty imposes would be regarded not only by me, but by every man or woman who knows anything of our race as little short of—of sacrilege. *You*"—she turned quickly to Michael—"feel as I do?"

Michael met her glance; then he said deliberately, "Yes."

"Oh, that's all right." Carne flushed scarlet, but he recovered his self-possession almost too easily, so Téphany thought. "You see, Miss Lane, I had forgotten that you are

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of Breton blood. But you will allow me to add that I have known this thing, which you regard as sacrilege, come to pass in Brittany quite easily and naturally."

"Have you made inquiries as to what happened to your models after you had finished with them?"

"I am not speaking of myself," he answered. "In the cases I recall it was a business proposition. The girls were paid, and took the money gladly enough."

"Perhaps," said Téphany. Then she added, very quietly: "In the Italian quarter, near Hatton Garden in London, there are to be found, living side by side, the plaster-cast sellers, the people who tell fortunes with birds, the organ-grinders, and the professional models. An organ-grinder won't marry a model, although the models earn more money. Even in London the *posari* are regarded as pariahs. But here, in Brittany, girls who sell their modesty strip themselves of far more than their clothes. So long as they live they will be regarded as outcasts, naked and ashamed."

"But one must have models," said Keats.

"Of course," Téphany replied with asperity; "but I have no sympathy with artists who sacrifice everything and everybody to their art. I have met men who regarded the sufferings of Christ upon the Cross as inspiring not the worship of the world but the masterpieces of the Renaissance."

Carne passed his hand across his forehead; he was feeling warm, because, although he considered that Téphany Lane was absurdly vehement, still he was particularly anxious to win her good opinion. Accordingly he swallowed his resentment, and said amiably:

"I'm really awfully sorry we got on to this subject, Miss Lane."

At this Téphany held out her hand with a smile dimpling her cheek.

"Mary Machin will tell you that my bark is worse than my bite; isn't it, Machie?"

"How can I answer that?" Machie replied. "I have

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never been bitten by you, my dear; and you bark but seldom. Still,"—she pursed up her lips reflectively—"I think your bite would be rather dreadful."

"I am sure I should die of it," said the Californian.

"After all, Clinton is not an Ingres," said the Satellite.

"An Ingres?" Miss Machin's fine blue eyes flickered with curiosity. "Who was Ingres?"

"He painted *La Source*," said Téphany.

"Was he very wicked?" said Machie.

Keats and Carne betrayed signs of uneasiness. In a harsh voice Michael answered Mary Machin:

"It is said that he treated abominably the beautiful child who posed for *La Source*. She died in a hospital."

Without another word, without saying "good-bye," Michael turned on his heel and strode away. Téphany, very pale, was sensible that he had spoken to her, although he had answered Mary Machin. Carne and Keats rose and went into the café.

Machie said placidly: "My dear, you were rather too severe with poor Mr. Carne."

Téphany nodded; then she said thoughtfully: "I spoke strongly, too strongly perhaps, and yet, Machie, my feeling on this subject is ten thousand times stronger than any words could be."

"How very abrupt Mr. Ossory is! On this subject he feels as strongly as you do. When he answered me just now his hands were clenched. He spoke of that French painter as if he loathed him."

"He loathed what he did," said Téphany slowly.

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CHAPTER X

CARNE

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?

During the fortnight that followed the ladies saw nothing of Michael. Upon the day after Yannik brought her dolls to Pont-Aven, Téphany wrote him a short letter. She could not bring herself to climb Michael's stairs, although she knew that a minute's talk is better than an eternity of scribbling notes of explanation. Provided always that two persons understand each other. But did Michael understand her? Would any man of his character and temperament be able to sympathise with a weak woman? With profound humility, Téphany told herself that she was weak, inasmuch as she lacked the strength to look facts squarely in the face. That absurd desire to wipe out a decade still dominated her. Pont-Aven, with its myriad associations, the warm June days, the exuberant life in the woods and fields, the people with whom she talked freely, listening to their simple, primal loves—these things called aloud with clarion voice: bidding her enjoy the passing hour. Is it putting the case too strongly to add that what drove poor mère Pouldour to strong drink drove Téphany also to a Bacchanalian licence of the imagination? The intoxicating thrill which she experienced as she joined in the dance at Riec would have proved a merely agreeable flutter of youth and high spirits, had it not been preceded by hours of poignant suffering. Her sympathy, her capacity for pain enhanced, as it always does in reaction, her passionate desire to be happy. The stampede from shadow into sunlight was thus explained to Michael in a score of lines. He replied the same day, writing his answer in pencil upon a sheet of drawing-paper.

If you think that I dare to reproach any one except myself, you are mistaken. Accept all the Gods give. I am going to Douarnenez for a couple

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of weeks. After that let us meet as soon as possible. Your kindness, your generosity, has been to me as a benediction. I am ravenous for the crumbs of your friendship.

When Michael left Pont-Aven he seemed to take the fine weather with him: but Téphany welcomed the change from azure skies to flying wracks of clouds. Rain came down in torrents: then the strong west wind blew mightily, and the great ocean rose up in wrath to meet it. After a storm of twenty-four hours the elements patched up a truce. The wind dwindled away into a breeze; the huge clouds were split up into filmy transparencies of vapour; the roar of the waves sank into an attenuated moan.

As soon as the skies partially cleared Téphany put on a stout skirt and walked to the fishing village of Ros Braz, where mère Pouldour lived, a hamlet perched upon a high bank of the estuary, approached from Pont-Aven by a path winding over the moorland through thickets of gorse and broom and scrub-oak, with here and there a farm-house surrounded by orchards and fields of rye and oats still vividly green.

Mère Pouldour's cottage overlooked the estuary and the wooded slopes beyond which encompass the château of Poulguen, a small castel of the fourteenth century. The cottage was built of granite. Blue-green shutters gave a charming note of colour to its grey walls; and a vine clambered towards a roof of small red tiles. In the tiny garden, surrounded by a neatly-trimmed hawthorn hedge, stood a fine fig-tree; oaks overhung the water, where the fishing-boats lay at anchor waiting for fine weather. They were big clumsy boats, painted black, with a thin blue, or yellow, or green line running below the taffrail. From their masts fluttered the pale blue sardine nets, whose heavy corks accentuated the aërial delicacy of their texture. These nets, to Téphany, indicated certain characteristics of the fishermen who used them. The men were solid and strong as their boats, with faces and hands burnt red-brown like the sails, but in their square heads were fancies light as these gossamer webs, and as easily destroyed.

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Téphany smelt the pungent smell of seaweed, the *goémon* collected by the women and used to manure the fields, and also the healthy odour of tar, as she passed through mère Pouldour's garden, and knocked at the door. It was opened by the old woman, slightly blear-eyed and unsteady, but quite sober. She welcomed Téphany effusively, apologising for what had passed at Riec, mumbling her thanks, and breaking off into exclamations at Mademoiselle's grace and beauty and goodness of heart. Very thankfully Téphany noted that the interior of the cottage had not changed. Poverty occupied it, but poverty had not yet been driven to sell its furniture. The big *lit-clos* filled one side of the room; the black polished surface of the oak reflected the pale shafts of light from the small window opposite. To the left was the huge fireplace, the wide hearth in front of which Pouldour and his stalwart sons had sat, night after night, year after year, throughout the winters, letting their saturated clothes dry upon their bodies. An oak table, much polished also, stood in the centre of the room, with a rude bench beneath it, no longer used now that the men were dead; above the high mantel, in a tiny niche, was a figure in faïence of the Virgin. In a corner, standing on end, was a cider barrel: a clock ticked solemnly beside it. Everything was scrupulously clean and neat, and upon a small table near the window Téphany's eyes caught a shimmer of silk and cambric, the raw materials of Yannik's handicraft.

"Where is Yannik?" she asked presently.

At once the grandmother broke into a torrent of quavering speech, partly French, partly Breton: "A Monsieur, a very handsome, kind gentleman, had walked from Pont-Aven upon the day of the big storm. He had arrived wet to the skin. An artist-painter, to be sure. And he had persuaded Yannik to sit to him in the shed out yonder. Not without difficulty — Ma Doué—for Yannik was of the most respectable, and some of the Pont-Aven girls who posed for the gentlemen were—well, Mademoiselle knew about them. But the Monsieur had entreated, and he had a way, *Hein?* Finally, Yannik

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said—Yes, for the head and coif only. And, after all, who would be the wiser? The cottage was isolated. Yannik refused absolutely to go to Pont-Aven. And Monsieur had a heart of gold, and gold too in his purse, which was so convenient."

And so on, interminably.

Téphany listened, slightly flushed. She was sensible that this tale had annoyed her; and yet she could not blame Carne, nor the girl, nor the old woman, who, sober, adored the grandchild, standing—how frail an obstacle!—between herself and misery.

"We will go and see them," said mère Pouldour. "I pop in and out to crack a joke with Monsieur. He is charming, Mademoiselle, so frank, so gay, and so clever with his brush."

Téphany followed her out of the cottage, down a flagged path upon which the old woman's sabots clattered noisily, and into a shed used in years gone by as a place for drying nets and sails.

"Miss Lane!"

Carne came forward, smiling.

"You see," he said, indicating Yannik, who was blushing, "I gained my point after all, not without difficulty, I can assure you."

"Fat five-franc pieces," said Téphany.

"Yes—backsheesh," he laughed. "And why not?"

"May I look at your canvas?"

"Oh, certainly, but——" His expressive face clouded. Then he grumbled: "I never found a more fascinating study, but I've bungled everything shockingly. I am ashamed, positively, that you should see the extent of my failure."

Téphany spoke first to Yannik, who answered in monosyllables, with an air of conscious guilt, at once piteous and yet comical to behold.

"If I could only catch that," said Carne, indicating her pouting, timid, alluring bashfulness. "The little witch thinks she's committing a deadly sin."

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Téphany nodded, smiled encouragingly at Yannik, and then turned to the easel.

"But it promises well," she said. "It's very odd, you know, but——"

"Yes, Miss Lane?"

"You go to work as Michael Ossory does."

"You couldn't pay me a higher compliment. But when have you seen him at work on the figure? Oh, of course, long ago. And why he gave it up heaven only knows!" He broke off abruptly, intent upon his own work. Here, again, he revealed the curious likeness to the elder man which had struck Téphany from the first. He continued, interjectionally, as Michael used to talk when he was acutely interested—"Now, that is not bad, is it? But the passage just below—Oh, horrible. And already I've scraped it out a dozen times. If you look closely—Yannik, hold your chin a bit higher—no, *no*, NO!" He rushed at her, took her chin delicately between the tips of his fingers, and adjusted the pose. Yannik blushed at his touch, but did not resent it. Carne was staring at Téphany. "You see there's a shadow quite clearly defined, with sharpest edges. That must be put in with one firm stroke of the brush. It's maddening." He seized his palette, concentrated, as it were, all his powers of mind and hand upon the stroke, and laid it on the wet canvas.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Téphany.

"I believe I've got it. You inspired me. Well, I sha'n't paint any more to-day. Perhaps you will allow me to walk back with you? Yes? That will be delightful. Work's over, Yannik."

She came forward shyly, and gazed at the canvas. Mère Pouldour broke out into rather maudlin praise, which Carne cut short.

"May I wash Monsieur's brushes?" said Yannik.

"My child," his manner was fatherly, "you have never washed brushes."

"I saw Monsieur do it yesterday. It seemed easy. Let me try."

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"It is very amiable of you."

She took the brushes and moved slowly away.

"To-morrow at nine-thirty sharp," Carne called after her.

"At nine-thirty, Monsieur."

For some minutes Téphany and Carne walked side by side without speaking, then the man said abruptly: "You will do Yannik a kindness and me a favour if you will not mention that she poses. I have told Johnnie, but the other fellows need not know. Naturally, you will mention the matter to Miss Machin, who is discreet."

"Is she? Well, I shall not mention it, even to her."

"Are you angry with me, Miss Lane? I should be so sorry to incur your displeasure."

"Angry? No. After all, it is additional grist for that poor little mill."

"I shall make several studies," said Carne, warming again into enthusiasm. "The expression on her face is what I have been hunting for a year past, and, of course, I want to keep her to myself. But it's principally on Yannik's account that secrecy is expedient. It seems she has a lover, the man who is in charge of Ossory's boat."

"A lover who objects to posing?"

"He might object if he knew."

"You have not persuaded her to keep it from him."

"No," he replied stiffly. "You appear to think me rather a cad, Miss Lane."

"I beg your pardon most sincerely," said Téphany. "Did she, little Yannik, speak of her lover?"

Carne proceeded to explain at length that he had obtained the information first from the grandmother; and afterwards from Yannik herself. The lover was Léon Bourhis. Fisher-folk, in Brittany, marry without dowries, confident that the great Mother will provide for them, or destroy. Except in the case of a fish famine, the Mother does provide, sometimes very generously. Léon Bourhis, it seemed, had just returned

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from his five years' service in the navy. Next year, he hoped to be able to buy a share in a sardine boat, then he would marry Yannik. Carne added that he had met Bourhis, a fine fellow.

"I shall make him like me," said the Californian; "and when he realises that I have proved a friend to Yannik and the old woman, and put some five-franc pieces into Yannik's stocking, he will laugh at the posing."

"That is not certain," said Téphany. Then, very gravely, she concluded: "It is none of my business, Mr. Carne, but I advise you to speak to this man, Bourhis, yourself. You have great persuasive powers, and you know how to use them."

"Thank you," Carne replied warmly; but he didn't say that he would act upon her advice.

Téphany began to talk of subjects other than models; Carne joined in, eager to leave thin ice as soon as possible. Insensibly, the lines upon Téphany's face relaxed as she came under the spell of Carne's pleasing voice and manners. From his name she had guessed that he had Celtic blood in his veins: a fact which subtly attracted her to him before they had exchanged half a dozen words on the first day they met. Now, becoming very confidential, he spoke of his parents, of his upbringing in that wonderful California, of his first meeting with his mistress, Art, of her ever-tightening grasp, and of the final wrenching asunder of the chains which had held him bond to the Almighty Dollar. Téphany learned that his grandfather, the founder of the family fortunes, had come out of the West of Ireland. This man, one of the pioneers, had worked his passage round the Horn in the forties. He had married, just before the discovery of gold, the daughter and heiress of a Spanish-Californian ranchero, lord of many flocks and herds, a patriarch living upon an immense domain. Carne described graphically the change in California, from the lotus-eating, pastoral life to the stupendous activities which the discovery of immense quantities of gold set in perpetual motion. His grandfather, evidently a man of sagacity and foresight, had

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resisted the voice of the siren calling the men to abandon everything in the mad quest of the precious metal. He had been content to sell his fat beeves to the miners, beeves which, till that time, had been slaughtered for their hides and tallow; he acquired more land, he became a merchant, a banker, never a miner. And he died a millionaire, dividing his millions among half a dozen sons. Of these sons, Téphany inferred that Clinton Carne's father had showed the greatest executive ability. The son, however, spoke of his sire with respect rather than love, as a colossal force in a new country, bending all things and all persons to his iron will. Téphany divined what was left unsaid, the possible unscrupulous exercise of power, the undivided energies given to the accumulation of wealth, the indifference to everything which lay without the circle in which the autocrat ruled supreme.

"When you went round the world," said Carne, "surely you passed through San Francisco?"

"Yes," said Téphany. She remembered now hearing the name of Carne; the Carne mansion on Nob Hill had been pointed out to her. She spoke of it to the young man, adding, wonderingly: "So you sacrificed that for this?"

"Come, come, Miss Lane, you don't regard it as a sacrifice?"

"Perhaps not, but your father— Well, you did not slip easily through his fingers?"

Carne laughed gaily.

"Fortunately, I have a mother," he said.

At the word, Téphany's heart warmed to him.

"Tell me about her, Mr. Carne."

"She's the sweetest and best mother in the world."

The mother, it seemed, belonged to one of the great Southern families ruined by the Civil War. From the mother Carne had inherited his love of culture, of colour and form, of beauty, wherever found. The mother had snatched this, her youngest born, from the Moloch of business: she had persuaded the father to let him study in Paris; she had soaped the

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ways with infinite tact; she had even made her grim husband admit that in the development of a new country the claims of art could not be ignored; and that art claimed the best. Finally, the father had given a reluctant consent.

"But when I made my first trip to Paris he said a word."

"One can guess what it was."

"Yes. He is the sort of man, Miss Lane, who holds failure to be the unpardonable sin. When I bade him good-bye he looked me up and down, very slowly. As a kid, that look gave me cold chills down the spine. 'Clinton,' he said, 'your mother and you together have bested me, and I don't like to be bested. I shan't forgive you till you've proved that you're right and I'm wrong."

"And now, after your success last year and this?"

Carne shrugged his shoulders.

"Old Blumenthal got my Nymph too cheap. And my father measures success, and rewards success, by what it fetches in dollars. Apart from my allowance, which is a good one, he told me that he'd double every cent I earned. Well," the young man laughed, "he hasn't been much out of pocket by that deal so far. And whenever he writes to me, he takes pains to tell me what my brothers have done—confound them! Now—do you blame me for being so keen?"

"No," said Téphany; "but," she paused and finished her sentence with a slight emphasis, "I blame your father."

The remaining days preceding Michael's return to Pont-Aven passed without incident. Téphany and Machie sketched in the morning, either out of doors or in the studio, and in the afternoon made expeditions to the neighbouring villages and small towns. The weather remained uncertain: thereby proving a source of annoyance and of conversation to Mary Machin. Téphany, as truly Bretonne in this as in higher matters, accepted rain or sunshine philosophically. She preferred soft grey skies to blue, and contended that the fragrance of earth after a heavy shower was compensation in full for

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muddy boots and petticoats. Daughter of the wild moor, she drew nourishment from it where an alien might have starved. The mists drifting across the bleak pastures saturated her mind, softening much that the strenuous years had made hard, percolating into tiny crevices, finding there seeds of the past and quickening them into life and beauty. When the clouds impended, blotting out all colour and sparkle, she thought of the resplendent, omnipotent sun behind them. When its golden beams pierced the darkness her soul leaped to meet them, in wonder at the glory of them. Sensible as she had ever been of the variety and symbolism of Nature's moods, their true meaning seemed to have escaped her till now, when she interpreted them not for herself, as heretofore, but for Michael, and for the suffering, the sin, the crime—she confronted the dreadful word valiantly—of which Michael stood the self-confessed epitome.

One afternoon, after a second visit to mère Pouldour, Téphany, passing the small château of Ros Braz, saw a notice on the gate, advertising the place as being "to let" for the summer season. The château was surrounded by a shady old-fashioned garden. After much talk with Mary Machin, and bearing in mind that Yvonne's hotel would soon be uncomfortably full of Philistines, Téphany decided to take it for six months. The rent was absurdly small, the house comfortably furnished, and in the salon stood an excellent piano. Téphany had been forbidden to sing at all for six weeks. Then Sir Japhet had recommended a cautious trial of the vocal chords. As he had said, in his clear, trenchant, impossible-to-be-mistaken tones, the lesion would either yield to rest and treatment, or it would produce chronic induration. Already Téphany felt joyously assured that her throat was stronger: she could swallow food without any feeling of discomfort; she could talk at length without that burning sensation just below the tonsils. But Sir Japhet had insisted upon one point. Under the most favourable conditions she must not dare to accept public engagements for several months. It will be remembered

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that the great man had named six, but he had hinted at twelve. And it was he also who suggested the selection of a locality which—as he phrased it—previous experience had demonstrated to be the most likely to fortify his patient's general health.

Yvonne offered to provide a cook and a couple of maids.

These things were duly laid before the approving Machie; but Téphany withheld another reason which urged her to take a house rather isolated and inconveniently distant from butcher and baker. Michael refused to break bread beneath Yvonne's roof, nor would he pass her threshold. But Téphany felt assured that he would come, not often, perhaps, but always gladly, to Ros Braz.

(*To be continued*)

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MARCH 1906

	Page
DÉBÂCLE——WALTER FREWEN LORD	1
LORD LOVELACE ON THE SEPARATION OF LORD AND LADY BYRON——ROWLAND E. PROTHERO	11
THE COMING EDUCATION BILL: A FORECAST——BERIAH G. EVANS	19
SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY——LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.	34
THE OFFICER QUESTION——LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALSAGER POLLOCK	48
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART——A. E. KEETON	61
LORD CURZON IN INDIA, 1899–1905——"ANGLO-INDIAN"	73
A SERVANT OF THE CROWN——THEODORE ANDREA COOK	90
SOME ACCOUNT OF A SLUM——A. GLEIG	111
ANTI-SEMITISM IN RUSSIA——L. VILLARI	121
ON THE LINE	137
A FACE OF CLAY—CHAPS. XI.–XIII.——HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL	140

No. 66. XXII. 3.—March 1906

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (FEBRUARY).

THE FASCINATION OF PARLIAMENT—MICHAEL MACDONAGH

LORD BYRON AND LORD LOVELACE—JOHN MURRAY

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—X

ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICS AS INSTRUMENTS OF EDUCATION—THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN

SOCIALISM AND THE MAN IN THE STREET—W. R. MALCOLM

FROUDE AND FREEMAN—RONALD MCNEILL

A FORGOTTEN PRINCESS—REGINALD LUCAS

A PILGRIMAGE TO CANOSSA—REGINALD HUGHES

BY AN IRISH STREAM—"LEMON GREY"

ON THE LINE

A FACE OF CLAY—CHAPS. VII.–X—HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

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DÉBÂCLE

IN this country the King's Government will always be influenced, if not controlled, by the aristocracy. That is as it should be. On the hustings it may or may not be politic to gild the pill; but for those who do not heed or need gilding there remains only one question, Whig or Tory? The two words are as devoid of significance to-day as chain and plate armour. "Whig" has suffered most from rust and wear; let any man define "Whig" who can; he will be conspicuously able if he can disentangle "Whiggism" from the dozen illicit connections in which it has sought consolation and profit these many years.

"Expediency" in short is the inspiration of the Whig; "principle" of the Tory party. The Whig or—to use one of his dozen *noms d'aventure*—the Liberal, seeks his profit where he can find it. In the name of Liberty he does not even hesitate to set class against class; as witness the unchristian cry of "Classes against Masses." A party that can condescend so far has added one more to the crimes that have been committed in the name of Liberty: minor condescensions are comparatively blameless.

The Tory, on the other hand, contemplates the nation as a whole. He does not believe that "a man's a man for a' that." On the contrary, he sees, and recognises, the obvious fact that men are as various as the trees of the forest; nay, as the leaves on the trees of the forest. According to him the secret of good judgment is to utilise to the best advantage of the State

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the enormous differences between man and man; not to cripple our action by the ridiculous pretence that they are all equal, or even alike; which they obviously are not.

They believe in doing their duty in the state of life to which they are called; with the not very difficult rider that they may, for a trial, be called to a state of life from which it is their plain duty to escape as soon as possible. This process is called "rising in the world;" for which a thousand avenues are open. Tories do not believe in making people happy by Act of Parliament. They recognise that this can only be done by the process of robbing Peter to pay Paul. According to the Tory, a man must rise, if he wishes to do so, by his own exertion; and "State"-help only means dipping into the pocket of his next-door neighbour, which is a flimsy travesty of the Eighth Commandment.

Cherishing these and similar principles the Tory accepts, as a matter of course, the lead of the aristocracy in political affairs, while the Whig must needs obscure the great fact with phrases chosen according to the tastes of the audience which he is endeavouring to persuade, and the part that he is, himself, playing at the moment. The Tory's attitude is the easier to assume, because it is simpler and more natural. Now it is, precisely, with the aristocracy that the Tory has at the present moment his most serious quarrel. It is upon the shoulders of the aristocracy that he casts all the blame for the recent misconduct of affairs, and for the cast-back of his party's fortunes throughout the country.

This is not altogether matter for astonishment, but is rather to be ascribed to the need of coalescing with Liberals; a need forced upon the Tories by the direst of all the Liberal fits of expediency. All Tory principles have for the last twenty years been tacitly dropped in the face of the imperative necessity of saving the United Kingdom from disruption. None the less has it been Tory mismanagement that has prolonged the crisis for so long; and in the meantime the old wholesome English habit of discussing public affairs has been

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altogether discontinued. Politics have been voted a bore; and not unnaturally, for there has been nothing to discuss. The Tories throughout the country have seen a Ministry supremely indifferent to criticism, which is a good thing if it is a symptom of strength and confidence; but there has grown up a feeling that this indifference is derived from personal disdain of the voters. This suspicion has not been lessened by the type of candidate favoured by those who direct the fortune of the party. An embittered Press has not hesitated to describe the majority of those candidates as "guinea-pigs and nobodies." The middle classes, loyal to the Union and constituting the backbone of the Tory party, have found their interests systematically neglected and even denied: and their exasperation was not lessened by the distribution of power. The spectacle of peers of England filling subordinate posts and grasping eagerly at every little office of actual or potential value was disagreeable. This practice brought the Peerage into disrepute and offended Tory principles. Moreover, it intensified the belief that under our present *régime* the ordinary M.P. was nothing but a counter in the party game; that power will always be kept in the hands of a very few, and that, for the rest, the Tory members, so long as they voted straight, might go into public life "for what they could get out of it." This phrase, which would have disgraced a man in our grandfather's or even our father's days, is constantly heard to-day; and heard unrebuked.

Add to all this the pressure of severe taxes local and imperial: and a silent resentment at the preponderance of the Liberal Unionist wing in the counsels of the party. All honour to those Liberals who saved the Union and to their successors in power: but while rendering honour let us at the same time admit without bitterness—but also openly and without reserve—that they have had their pound of flesh, and have insisted on having it.

Add to this that for twenty years the party has had the power to abate the Irish nuisance and has not abated it, or

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even told the country why it should not be abated. Add to this that one Chancellor of the Exchequer made an admirable and highly successful attempt to raise money otherwise than by the eternal income tax. When all our hopes were raised, and we felt that here, at last, the party had found courage to face the old unbearable ill with a new remedy, the experiment was needlessly and pointlessly abandoned. Such half-hearted fighting never yet won a battle.

> And backward now and forward
> Wavers the deep array,
> And on the tossing sea of steel
> To and fro the standards reel;
> And the victorious trumpets' peal
> Dies fitfully away.

We all know what happened in the battle of which these lines record the crisis; precisely the same thing happened last month, and the Tories were smitten hip and thigh. They will remain out of power for many years; and if the Whig-Radical-Liberal-Socialist-Nationalist-Labour party can be persuaded to avoid mistakes and will pass certain two measures the Tory rout, already absolute, will be as enduring as the rout of 1714.

But that is a tremendous IF; and in the meantime, what are the Tories going to do? In the first place, no party can be strong that does not contrive to put some heart into the man in the street. The man in the street is rather exacting. On the one hand he does not want "inside information," and does not, as a rule, believe in what is given him for "inside information." He wants to know a few principles and the reasons for and against their application, with precise knowledge as to how action upon these principles will affect his own interest and the interest of the State. That is not much; but it is more than the party has given him hitherto. Then on the other hand, he wants to see the party managed at least as well as a successful County Cricket Club, and on the same principles; and that is a very high standard indeed, and one which the existing party organisation does not even approach.

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Why should the Tories throughout the country commit themselves to any such arduous enterprise as that of rivalling, in their party works, the organisation of a cricket club? The question is pertinent; for the Tory mind, resting as it does on principle, tends to indolence, just as the nimbler mind, devoted to expediency, is always in danger of committing itself to insane adventures. For example, supporters of the present government are already "ventilating," and not disdaining to entertain, schemes of plunder for class advantages which may well call for all the strength of the reorganised Tory party to battle.

The best reason for taking this trouble is that it is not only the affairs of England that are at stake on the individual vote: it is the peace of Asia, the progress of Africa, the salvation of Australia, and the future of half of the continent of North America. This is commonplace to those who have travelled, and observed. What was wanting was that this invaluable experience should be handed on to those who could not afford to acquire it at first hand. This is where the aristocracy has as a whole lamentably failed; and at this point the party must begin if it is to do any good in the future. The natural allies of the nobility in this indispensable work are the middle classes, on whom the nobility have cheerfully trampled for twenty years. As a result they find themselves face to face with Socialism, and it is to be hoped that they like the prospect.

Hitherto it has been assumed that the Tory leader could have the middle-class alliance for the asking. They might have done so, any time this twenty years; but it does not follow that they can have it to-day at any price. It must never be forgotten that the sentiments of the middle class were, for a century, strongly Liberal. Nothing but the wild adventures of 1886 and 1892 drove them to, and kept them in, the Tory camp. They have not been so well received there that they should be expected to resist an invitation to return to their allegiance. Many such invitations are possible; but these we may consider later.

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For the moment we are considering organisation, which is impossible without a steady lead from the nobility and steady support from the middle classes. By "middle classes" I mean all the people with incomes between £500 and £5000 a year. Below £500 a year it is difficult for a man to gain, at first hand, much political knowledge of the kind that is useful to-day; while above £5000 a year a man may, if he is careful, aspire to play a leading part. The organisation that can alone save the party is that of a county cricket club. So many hundreds of thousands of people understand what this means that it is unnecessary to elaborate the parallel. It is enough to point out that "efficiency" which everybody chatters about in politics is a stern reality in cricket. For example, there is nothing but disaster ahead for a cricket club that should play men for the sake of their names. During the last twenty years nobody could have failed to remark the employment of men who did not appear to have any particular aptitude for the work with which they were entrusted. The answer to any comment has always come back like an echo—it is to give them an introduction to public life. "Mais, c'est à crever de rire." An introduction to public life, for a peer of England! As if a peer of England were not by the single fact of his existence part of the public life of England. It is only a question of what part he elects to play. The secretary of the nearest cricket club will guide him if he has any doubts.

Assuming that the party organisation is strong and intelligent, in ten years time we shall once more see a formidable Tory party: supposing that, all this time, the Liberal Unionist wing does nothing, and that the Government does nothing. Both these suppositions are extravagant. In particular, the Liberal Unionists have always known what they wanted, and they have generally got it. It is extremely unlikely that they will take the recent defeat with philosophy; or leave the Tories to extract them from a position into which, as they might justly hold, Tory mismanagement has led them.

To turn to the present Government and its prospects. When Sir Henry has been in power for two years, say, and

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has allowed his more explosive supporters to blow off their steam, he will have measured his strength. In two years time he will have got his interesting, but somewhat unmanageable-looking, team well in hand. Suppose he then began to talk of Electoral Reform? Why not? Electoral Reform is the most ancient tradition of his party: the principle is its very life-blood. Of course, Ireland must come into line with the rest of the United Kingdom on this point; equally, of course, the Irish Members will furiously mutiny. But then the loss of the Irish support in the House will be more than equalled by Tory sympathy, which cannot in common decency be withheld. So Redistribution will come in as almost a non-contentious measure. Allow two sessions for this, and one year for the new register to get into working order. Sir Henry dissolves, and comes back stronger than ever.

What could the Tory agents throughout the country say? To any appeal, the innumerable middle-class voters who have voted Tory for twenty years in spite of Liberal traditions, would naturally say: "You had power for twenty years and refused to exercise it. Here, at least, is a party with some courage: we back Sir Henry."

The Liberals, then, come back for a second term of power. It is true that the Irish will be furious; but their voting power will be considerably reduced. It is reported that their leaders have expressed themselves as indifferent on this point, "because fifty Irishmen could make as much noise as a hundred." That is exactly the kind of argument that we should expect from the Irish party; it constitutes a permanent justification for refusing Home Rule. Moreover, the votes lost in Ireland will have been regained in England; a sound exchange, to say the least of it. The second term of Liberal power will—if wise counsels prevail—be devoted to finance. If there is any one point on which Liberal traditions are stronger than on the question of Reform it is Finance. The oppression of one class has always been denounced as unsound by the best financiers. Moreover, the income tax, an invaluable resource in time of war, has always been pronounced as unjustifiable at a high

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rate in times of peace. It happens to hit the middle classses hardest. There is no reason why the Liberals should cherish people who have kept them out of power for twenty years; but five years punishment will probably be found sufficient for the defection. Moreover, the rally over Redistribution will have started the movement towards the Liberal flag. Five years devoted to reducing the income tax from 1*s.* to 2*d.*, and to discovering "new sources of revenue" (a pretty euphemism which we all understand) will complete the middle-class conversion. Sir Henry dissolves again: and what, again, can the Tory agents say to the country? To any appeal, the voters will say: "We backed you silently and uncomplainingly for twenty years; and for twenty years you trampled on us. We vote for Sir Henry, who has done more for us who were his enemies than you did while we were your best friends." So Sir Henry will come back for a third term, stronger than ever.

The Tories can only move on certain lines; and wherever they move they will find the ground cut from under their feet —if the Liberals follow Liberal traditions. What, then, is the limit to this idyll of perpetual power? None, at present discoverable, except the mistakes which Sir Henry's party may be obliging enough to make. As the mistakes of the enemy are absolutely the only source of consolation remaining to the Tories let us look those possible mistakes in the face.

1. *The Church.*—This is the most likely mistake for the Liberals to commit. Disestablishment is in line with the trickiness into which the policy of expediency always tends to degenerate. It answers to the more ignoble side of that policy; the fondness for fishing in troubled waters and of setting class against class.

There is no step that the Liberals could take which would more quickly and effectually check the recrudescent sympathies of the middle classes.

2. *The Army.*—The last word on the British Army was said forty-five years ago when Lord Palmerston's military adviser thus summed up:

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As to the British Army, the question is—What do you mean to do with it? If you want to go masquerading about on the Continent you could do that in the time of Frederick the Great with 50,000 men. You can't do it to-day with less than 500,000. Your Lordship can have that army to-day if you like to introduce conscription (whereat Lord Palmerston shook his head); or if you can persuade the country to pay for it (whereat Lord Palmerston laughed). In the alternative we must have the Guards, and we must have the Indian Army. The present system of enlistment will suffice, for these purposes, with variations from time to time according to the fluctuations in the state of the wages market. For the rest—Back the Volunteers.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is reported to have cut it still shorter by saying: "I'll give you an Army to-morrow if you like to pay for it." In time there came Mr. Brodrick's scheme, of which everybody made sport. But, in the opinion of one humble observer, the only person in the House who did not look foolish on that occasion was Mr. Brodrick. What he said was, in effect: "If you want to use eighteenth-century machinery to do twentieth-century work, this is the price that you must pay." It was a very valuable lesson. Then came Mr. Arnold-Forster, probably the most learned civilian in military matters who ever existed. What everybody expected was that, so soon as he had held office long enough to meet the charge of having come into power with his mind made up, he would have told the nation plainly that neither he nor anybody else could make one man do the work of ten; and that if we wanted a twentieth-century army we must adopt twentieth-century methods. Now we have Mr. Haldane; and if Mr. Haldane can make one man do the work of ten he will be cleverer than Lord Palmerston, and the Duke of Cambridge, and Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Arnold-Forster all put together. But it is improbable that Mr. Haldane will proceed on that assumption; so the Tories have nothing to hope from War Office blunders. The nation realises that all the possible experiments have been made, and that nothing remains except to shift the pegs from time to time. There is, perhaps, a small cloud on the serene War Office horizon—Japan.

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3. *Foreign Politics* is where the Liberals have generally come to grief in recent years. The public can know nothing whatever about them; and criticism is almost absurd. In this case all that the public can know is that no Grey was ever weak-kneed. If he blunders, he blunders consumedly. This Grey will probably not blunder; and if there is a difference of opinion it will not be the Foreign Secretary who will go to the wall.

4. *India.*—No stranger freak of politics was ever known than that which placed the fortunes of the greatest military empire in the world in the control of Mr. John Morley. Nevertheless he wrote, among other things, the Essay on Compromise; so the Tories will have no more to hope from India than from Foreign Politics or the War Office. The Colonies are, perhaps, more hopeful: there are many rocks ahead at the Colonial Office.

On the whole it must be confessed that the Tory prospects never looked worse, except, perhaps, in 1714. They are now paying the penalty for neglect of the party, just as they did at the earlier date. For two years before the death of Queen Anne there had been practically no government in England. "The sterility of good and able men is incredible" was said at the time; but perhaps Henry St. John took no pains to bring forward his "good and able men," of whom there must have been many. He counted on the young bloods of the October Club, who corresponded to the guinea-pigs of to-day; and probably reflected that his own genius could be relied upon to remedy any deficiencies. It was a natural blunder; but it ruined his party. He was devoted to sport, and condescended to letters. He loved adulation: especially the adulation of ladies. He was disdainful of the crowd, whom he thought he could always cajole with fine speeches. While he loved power, he loved still more the pretence of despising power. Isolated among his cronies he remained contentedly ignorant of the temper of England; and in his downfall he left his party bankrupt of everything but hope.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

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LORD LOVELACE ON THE SEPARATION OF LORD AND LADY BYRON

THE Earl of Lovelace has printed a volume in which he offers to explain the separation of Lord and Lady Byron in April 1816. It is a book which no one but Lord Lovelace could have written. Only the poet's grandson could venture to illustrate so faithfully the meanest points in Byron's character, with barely a suggestion of his genius or finer feelings.

In the course of his narrative Lord Lovelace frequently refers to the recent edition of Byron's "Letters and Journals," published by Mr. Murray in 1898–1901. So far as those remarks concern me, they are of interest only to myself, and they interest me but little. But Lord Lovelace's repudiation of all connection with that edition is a different matter. It compels me to reply to the charge of having deceived the public by acknowledging my indebtedness for assistance which he denies.

In 1896, as Mr. Murray has proved from Lord Lovelace's own letters, Lord Lovelace accepted the editorship of Lord Byron's works. When, in November 1897, I succeeded him, with his warm approval, as the responsible editor of Byron's "Letters and Journals," he placed in my hands his autograph copies of extracts from certain letters of Lord Byron to his

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half-sister, Mrs. Leigh. They were not for publication. I read them and returned them to him. I construed them as a danger-signal; but neither he nor I commented on their contents. I took Lord Lovelace's action as an intimation of his wish that nothing should be said on the possible relations between Lord Byron and his half-sister, or on their possible bearing on the ultimate causes of the separation.

The wish, thus attributed by me to Lord Lovelace, agreed with my own personal inclinations. I was concerned, and the public were concerned, with Lord Byron only. To me—and to them—Lady Byron was an excellent woman, who would never have been heard of but for the misfortune of her marriage with a man of genius. If she wanted a separation, I could imagine half a dozen excellent reasons which would justify her in obtaining her wish. But the details of the squalid story are scarcely more interesting than fifty similar cases heard in the Divorce Court, and, for public decency, heard *in camerâ*.

Moreover, the extracts from the letters, though not incompatible with the existence of an unusual warmth of affection between the brother and sister, were not conclusive of guilt, and had no necessary bearing on the causes of the separation. Either the letters were in Lady Byron's possession at the time, or they were not. If they were not—as was certainly the case—they could not have influenced her decision. Even if they were in Lady Byron's possession, they were not to my mind at all conclusive of Mrs. Leigh's guilt. And for this special reason.

Lord Lovelace has industriously raked from the muck-heap a number of cases of such an attachment as that which he charges against his grandfather. But he has not done his scavenging fairly. He has suppressed the only case which is really pertinent. Byron was not the man to be outdone by his own father. His possession of certain letters, written by his father, Captain Byron, to his own sister, and his knowledge of their contents, would spur him on to boast, even if he had no right to do so, of a similar vice. If his mood was that described by his

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wife in 1816, he was quite capable of writing letters to his half-sister for the pleasure of torturing Lady Byron with suspicion of their relations. There was no proof that they ever reached Mrs. Leigh. Therefore Lord Lovelace's book of extracts, without further evidence—and none was offered to me—was at once inconclusive of guilt, and irrelevant to the causes of separation.

When the edition of Lord Byron's "Letters and Journals" reached the third volume, and the period of Lady Byron's separation from her husband, no opinion was expressed on the causes of that event. The subject was relegated to its proper place—an appendix in small print. On only one of the letters contained in the proofs of that appendix did Lord Lovelace make any comment. He queried the letter numbered sixty-nine, with the note "May not this arouse suspicion?" I thought, on the other hand, that, as the letter had been already published, its omission would be more significant. I therefore retained it, as there were other ladies besides Mrs. Leigh to whom it might apply. I remember no other instance in which I did not defer even to such a suggestion of Lord Lovelace's wish as was conveyed by a query.

The fourth volume of the "Letters and Journals" was in the Press, when its publication was delayed in the circumstances set out in the following statement. That statement, dated February 2, 1900, formed part of an intended preface to vol. iv. It was written by me, in consultation with Mr. Murray, with the facts fresh in our minds, with the documents before us, and was settled by Mr. Murray's legal adviser. It is therefore, in comparison with Lord Lovelace's wild assertions, an authoritative account of the events which preceded his repudiation of any further association with the edition of Byron's "Letters and Journals." It was, however, withdrawn, and not published, because the private exhibition of its contents by Mr. Murray to Lord Byron's legal representative produced a settlement of the dispute which was not unsatisfactory.

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To two passages in vol. iii. Lord Lovelace, after publication, objected. The first was the statement made in the Preface, and repeated on p. 137, that the letters to Miss Milbanke were "printed from copies made by the Earl of Lovelace." The second was the statement (p. 287) that "no evidence exists to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband." In consequence of these objections Lord Lovelace requested Mr. Murray to delay the publication of vol. iv., at that time ready for the Press. His request was complied with. After a delay of six weeks, he, through his solicitor, offered partial fulfilment of his promises, on the following conditions. All the letters to Mrs. Leigh were to be withdrawn unless I consented to accept as my own, and publish in my own name, without modification, explanation, or comment, a statement which, to my knowledge, was inaccurate and misleading. I was willing to publish the statement as Lord Lovelace's, and on his authority; but I declined to accept it on my own responsibility. The letters were therefore withdrawn.

No reason for Lord Lovelace's action was given; all explanation was refused; arbitration, accepted by Mr. Murray, was declined by Lord Lovelace, and his solicitor was directed to close the correspondence.

The statement which Lord Lovelace, and the representative of Lord Byron acting with him, endeavoured to force upon me was as follows: "That the letters from Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke were neither Lord Lovelace's contribution nor selection, and that he did not contribute any of the letters in the volumes hitherto published; also the statement that no evidence exists as to the cause of separation of Lord and Lady Byron was made in too positive a form."

I take the three parts of this statement in their order:

1. *The letters from Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke were neither Lord Lovelace's contribution nor selection.*

The facts are as follows: The copies are in the handwriting of Lord Lovelace. They were handed by him to the late Mr. Murray as some recognition, on behalf of his sister and himself, of Mr. Murray's gift to him of a portion of the Augusta Leigh correspondence. When these copies were placed in my hands by Mr. Murray, I enclosed them, at his request, to Lord Lovelace, and asked his express permission for their publication; and Lord Lovelace replied that, with one exception, he could see "no objection to their publication." The excepted letter was withdrawn, and the remaining letters were printed from his own copies, without omissions or alterations.

So far, then, it is plain that the letters were, distinctly and beyond all doubt, Lord Lovelace's *contribution*. That the *selection* of the letters and extracts was his I have never stated, and do not allege.

2. *That Lord Lovelace did not contribute any of the letters in the volumes hitherto published.*

The facts are as follows: Not only did Lord Lovelace contribute the

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letters to Miss Milbanke, but he also contributed some of the letters to Mrs. Leigh which have been published, and at least seven letters written by Lady Caroline Lamb. Further than this, unless undue stress is to be laid upon the word "letters," the statement is inaccurate as to portions of other letters contributed by him.

But, beyond these facts, the statement is misleading from its large suppression of the truth.

From first to last Lord Lovelace has claimed, received, and exercised the fullest opportunity of controlling my work as Editor. I do not, of course, press this fact against Lord Lovelace so far as to hold him responsible for every statement made in this edition. That would be unreasonable. But all the proofs, in all their successive stages of proofs in slip, revises in slip, proofs in pages and revises in pages, have been sent by the printers to him as well as to myself. He has obviously read parts with care; has made corrections and excisions, offered suggestions, and raised objections. On no occasion have I failed to carry out his wishes, even when they were, in my opinion, detrimental to my work.

3. *Also the statement that no evidence exists as to the cause of separation of Lord and Lady Byron was made in too positive a form.*

The facts are as follows: No such statement is anywhere made in my work. What I said (vol. iii. p. 287) was that "no evidence exists to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband." This cautious statement is very different from that which Lord Lovelace imputes to me, and I adhere to it; but, whether it is correct or not, Lord Lovelace himself is mainly responsible for its being made.

In the presence of Mr. Murray, in his room at 50 Albemarle Street, I asked Lord Lovelace what were the causes of Lady Byron's separation. He replied, and Mr. Murray confirms me in my recollection, that he did not know himself; that he believed there might be found to be some temporary cause for their not living together as husband and wife; that, so far as he was aware, there was no permanent cause for their not doing so; and that Lady Byron had been badly advised.

At a later date Mr. Murray wrote to Lord Lovelace, suggesting that there were some episodes in Lord Byron's life which it might be desirable to pass over in silence. Lord Lovelace replied:

"My conviction is that your nightmare is a complete illusion. There are passages in his [Lord Byron's] life which it would be highly improper, even criminal, to bring forward at the present time—not because damning to him; I altogether deny that anything that *with truth* could be brought up against him is so bad as that—but because it would be dishonouring to the informers prematurely to uncover a series of events which, though they have long passed far out of reach of all human judgment, a respectful silence still keeps out of common knowledge."

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The significance of these two statements of Lord Lovelace is increased by the fact that they were made to persons who were, to a very great extent, themselves behind the scenes. I felt that, if neither Lord Lovelace nor Mr. Murray knew "the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband," there could exist no evidence to "prove" them.

My carefully worded sentence, then, is intended to include a variety of charges, the "precise nature" of which it is impossible to "prove," and is not exclusively confined to the one point referred to by Lord Lovelace. As to that one point I relied upon Lord Lovelace's own statement, and I may therefore be excused from contradicting it on Lord Lovelace's unsupported authority.

It is possible that the key to many of the difficulties in which the separation is involved may be found in the explanation offered by Lord Byron to Hanson, his solicitor. Of that explanation Lord Lovelace himself has probably no knowledge. The evidence for it is in Mr. Murray's possession, and from its nature it is unlikely to appear in any legal document.

So much for the statement which the representative of Lord Byron (at the instigation of Lord Lovelace) and Lord Lovelace have endeavoured to force me to adopt as my own.

I am grateful to them for the ground of action thus selected. The Leigh correspondence might have been justly withdrawn, if the material placed at my disposal had been misused. The refutation of any such charge lies in the fact that the letters are withdrawn, because I could not in honour give my name to a statement which Lord Lovelace himself declines to sign.

Copies of the letters to Mrs. Leigh, now withdrawn by Lord Lovelace, are in my possession. In all the circumstances of the case, an Editor might feel himself morally justified in using his legal rights to paraphrase or make extracts from these letters. But no allusion to them, and no information derived from them, will be found in these pages.

The result of this statement of the case was that Mr. Murray was permitted by Lord Byron's representative to publish ten out of the twenty letters to Mrs. Leigh which were to have appeared in the fourth volume. It was not, and never has been, alleged that any of the twenty letters revealed any family secrets, or were in any way unfit for publication. On the contrary, they present Byron's character in its most favourable light.

From this moment Lord Lovelace withdrew, finally and publicly, from any connection with the edition. Since the publication of his book, I see more clearly the grounds of his action. No doubt the indirect effect of the six volumes of letters was to raise the popular estimation of Lord Byron's

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character. But I partially understood Lord Lovelace's feelings at the time, and had no desire to run counter to his wishes. I recognised that he wanted to disavow all connection with an edition which contributed indirectly to enhance his grandfather's reputation. What had been written could not be altered; but when the sources of the letters were stated in vol. vi., the ambiguous phrase "Family Papers" was substituted for "Lovelace Manuscripts," and no further acknowledgment was made of indebtedness for Lord Lovelace's assistance.

The only document produced in Lord Lovelace's volume which directly bears on the separation is Lady Byron's statement of March 14, 1816. That document is merely a legal device for writing "without prejudice" over all her manifestations of warm affection towards her half-sister-in-law. This course may have been justifiable in the circumstances. But, unlike the use of the legal phrase, it gives no warning of suspicion or of the need of caution, and, therefore, undoubtedly adds a new element to the insincerities of social life. It is the principle, apparently, on which her grandson acts. Lord Lovelace solicited and accepted favours from the late Mr. Murray, "without prejudice" to rancorous hatred and suspicion towards the donor.

Has Lord Lovelace produced any "evidence to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband"? I think not. It was the opinion of her legal advisers that Lady Byron's "proofs and suspicions" were "decidedly not enough to establish the charge." But the case was to be tried in the Spiritual Court. On what evidence did her advisers intend to rely to win their case? Lord Lovelace nowhere tells us. Neither does he tell us whether Lady Byron definitely charged her husband with misconduct after, as well as before, marriage. Neither does he print the confession which, as he alleges, was subsequently made by Mrs. Leigh. This should be conclusive as to the alleged fact. Why is it not published? Did the cause mentioned by Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh in her

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letter of September 1816,[1] have no influence on the separation? Did not the ferocious insult levelled by Byron, through his wife, at Lady Milbanke—an insult which he is said to have given to the solicitor engaged in preparing his defence as his explanation of the demand for separation—appear neither in Lady Byron's written nor in her verbal statements to Dr. Lushington? Until Lord Lovelace can answer these and other questions, his material does not controvert a syllable of the statement to which he objected in the edition of Byron's "Letters and Journals."

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

[1] "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron," vol. iii., Appendix to chap. 12, No. 72.

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THE COMING EDUCATION BILL: A FORECAST

IT did not require Mr. Birrell's statement to his constituents at Bristol to assure us that a Bill amending the Education Act of 1902 will be the chief Government measure of this session. The history of the past three years, and particularly the course and results of the General Election, had taken that decision out of Mr. Birrell's hands. All that remains to the Government is to give effect to the express mandate of the electorates. That mandate is definite so far as the fundamental, but indefinite so far as the subordinate, principles of the new measure are concerned. And herein lie both the Government's opportunity and its chief difficulty. Had the mandate been less explicit in the first, and less indefinite in the second, of these respects, Mr. Birrell's task would have been so much the easier, and the credit due to him if, and when, he successfully accomplishes it, correspondingly less.

The electorates have laid down two, and only two, essential conditions of the new Bill. It must

1. Establish absolute popular control of all schools maintained at the public cost; and

2. Abolish all denominational tests for teachers employed by the State.

These are the generally accepted postulates of the problem upon the attempted solution of which the new Minister of Education is now concentrating his energies. Beyond these

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the electorates at large have placed no restrictions of any kind upon him. Within the limitations of these two conditions he has been given a perfectly free hand—and a majority more than sufficient to enable him to enforce his wishes upon the House of Commons, and, by presumption, upon the House of Lords also.

But to conclude from this that his task is going to be either easy or pleasant would be a fatal mistake. He, at all events, is under no such false impression. He has already realised that the acceptance of the two essential conditions named is but the beginning of Ministerial sorrows. Differing from the ordinary image in the mist, the Spectre of the Education Brocken assumes larger and ever larger proportions the more nearly it is approached. Mr. Birrell has already realised that the denominationalist possesses equal political rights with the undenominationalist or the co-denominationalist, and that the Roman Catholic conscience may possibly prove quite as intractable as its Nonconformist congener. He has long since given up any hope he may ever have conceived of being able to please, or even to conciliate, both. The utmost extent of his present ambition is to evolve a scheme which will meet with only the irreducible minimum of aggressive hostility—not to speak of passive resistance—from one side or the other, or perhaps both.

Nevertheless there are other limitations upon his freedom of action than those placed by either the mandate of the country or the prejudices of religious bigotry. He stands in the position of an architect instructed to transform an antiquated castellated building, with its structural and sanitary limitations, into a roomy mansion possessing all modern conveniences; he is commanded to alter as little as may be of the actual structure; he finds the old edifice is made up of a number of separate tenements, the holders of which all claim vested interests in the building; they dare him to touch these or to eject them—and the funds at his disposal for buying them out are strictly limited. The President of the Royal Society

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of British Architects would find some difficulty in devising a plan to meet the case—and so does Mr. Birrell!

There is no intention or attempt in the present article to advocate any particular solution of the difficulty in whole or in part. The rather is it intended—to vary the simile—to be a survey of the coming battlefield; an estimate of the forces to be engaged; an indication of the direction in which each may be expected to operate; and, having regard for the relative strength of the contending forces, an "intelligent anticipation" of the probable result of the impact where the main issues of the fight are involved.

I. The Nationalisation of Education.

The keynote of the new Bill will be the nationalisation of education. The tones of this note were perceptible—though suppressed by the dominating influence of the denominational note—in the Act of 1902. But that which was more or less faint in Mr. Balfour's composition will become powerful, even strident, in Mr. Birrell's. His limitations will not be those of his own conception, but will be forced upon him by the character of the instrument upon which he has to play.

By a strange contradiction the schools termed "National" present the chief difficulty in the way of nationalising education to-day. But the whole terminology of the subject teems with similar paradoxes. While the denominational school is called "National" the chief characteristic of the "voluntary" school is the complete absence of "voluntaryism" in its maintenance. In respect of such schools the Local Education Authority is no "authority" at all except for the purpose of furnishing the necessary funds.

But on this point the mandate of the country, which Mr. Birrell must obey, is explicit. The "authority" must become real and not nominal. Popular control must become absolute. It is true that enthusiasts like Canon Cleworth maintain that the Act of 1902 already gives complete public control; but

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they will find it difficult to convince the new House of Commons that their view is correct.

If then popular control is to be made absolute, we shall have a real and not merely nominal nationalisation of education. This again involves the effacement of the existing distinction between "provided" and "non-provided" schools. Under the Education Act of 1906 there will be only one class of State-supported public elementary schools. The name that may be given them, whether "State," "Council," or "National" is immaterial. For all practical purposes they will all be "National" in the sense that they will be both maintained and controlled by the nation and not by any denomination.

This will not be easily accomplished. When it is remembered that, of 20,227 existing public elementary schools, 14,082 are privately managed though wholly maintained at the public cost, and that only 6,145 fulfil the conditions laid down by the mandate of the country, the magnitude of the change now contemplated can be the better appreciated. The managers of the 14,082 schools will not voluntarily or easily surrender the power and patronage they now exercise at the public cost.

Apart from this question of power and patronage, there is the essential fact that the "nationalisation" will necessarily mean the undenominationalising of the 14,082 schools. For, the National School Society notwithstanding, the new House of Commons, where the Free Churchmen alone outnumber the whole body of the Unionist Opposition, is not likely to admit that a "National" school can be "denominational," or that public control is reconcilable with private management.

To overcome this difficulty a number of suggestions, more ingenious than practical, have been put forward. One such is that in urban areas possessing a sufficient number of school places to meet the requirements of the "National" pupils, provision might be made in special schools for the "denominational" pupils. Such schools, it is suggested, should be

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restricted to pupils belonging to one denomination, and should be entitled to the same measure of rate-aid as the "National," or "undenominational" school. This proposal is put forward primarily in the interests of Roman Catholic schools, and less directly, of Jewish schools. There are 1068 of the former, and only 18 of the latter in existence. The manifest objection to the proposal is that it involves preferential treatment for one denomination. If this preferential treatment were accorded to the Roman Catholics, the Anglicans would immediately put in their claim. It is obvious that in this matter the State must be impartial. It must treat all denominations alike. That is, it must give rate-aid to all or to none. But the idea that a House of Commons, which is expected to pass a Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill in its third session, should deliberately enter upon a scheme of concurrent endowment for all denominations during its first session, is too obviously absurd to be entertained. It would simply, Mr. Birrell would say, be perpetuating and intensifying the evils of a system which in two years has produced 70,000 prosecutions for Passive Resistance.

As an alternative to this it will also be suggested that existing denominational schools so desiring may be allowed to contract out of the Act. That is to say, in return for the privilege of maintaining their denominational character and of retaining the rights of private management, they will surrender the claim to rate-aid which the Act of 1902 gave them. In a word, they would revert to the system obtaining before that Act was passed, become once more semi-voluntary, drawing the bulk of their income from Imperial sources, and making up the deficiency by means of voluntary contributions. This, it is true, would avoid the danger of a recrudescence in more virulent epidemic form of the Passive Resistance fever—for, strange anomaly, the Nonconformist conscience permits the payment to the tax-collector of what it refuses to the local rate-collector. But there remains a more serious objection to this proposal. It would mean not only asking the House of

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Commons to disobey the popular mandate, but asking the Conservative Opposition to stultify itself by undoing what the Conservative Government had so recently effected.

It is no answer to say that these would be special cases, limited to urban communities, and consequently restricted in their area of application. For, it will be argued, why should the urban denominationalist enjoy privileges refused to his rural brother? Is not the denominational conscience in the country entitled to the same amount of consideration as is accorded it in the town? Nor would the area of application be so restricted as is assumed. Five-sixths of the 327 local education authorities control education in urban areas. One-third of the autonomous municipal boroughs, and one-fourth of the autonomous urban districts have, at present, not a single "Cowper-Temple" school. The whole of the religious education imparted is frankly denominational. On what principle of selection would the schools to be deprived of existing privileges be determined upon? For, as has been noted, the proposal contemplates providing in each urban area a sufficient number of "Cowper-Temple" schools before any claim could be put in by any school to contract out of the Act.

Then there still remains the even more fatal objection that such a plan would upset the whole scheme for ensuring uniformity and co-ordination of education. Mr. Birrell has formed high ideals of what national education in this country should be. Neither Switzerland, Germany, nor the United States, far as they are in advance of our system, fully answers his conception of a national system fitted to the requirements of a country which has to maintain its proud position of pre-eminence in the world's commerce and industry. Animated by such ideals, no Minister of Education with such a progressive majority prepared to support him, would be likely to revert, even in the case of a small number of schools, to a system which past experience has proved means educational inefficiency, and which has been legislatively condemned by the only political party which, by any stretch of imagination, could be

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expected now to advocate its re-establishment. Every State-supported school left outside the sphere of popular control would be a standing menace to our national system of education. It would afford not merely the pretext, but the leverage, for the undoing of the national scheme by any future reactionary Minister of Education.

Thus, whether we do or do not relish the idea, we are forced to the conclusion that from motives of self-preservation, if upon no higher ground, the advocates of a national system of education (which is tantamount to saying the whole of the present House of Commons except the Irish Nationalists) will insist upon all State-maintained public elementary schools being placed upon a footing of absolute equality so far as conditions of admission, staffing, maintenance, and control are concerned.

II. The Co-ordination of Education.

The nationalisation of the elementary school will facilitate the co-ordination of all other grades. England is only beginning to realise the importance and possibilities of technical and secondary education. The fostering of these, and the fitting of them in with, and supplementary to, the system of elementary schools, is one of the objects upon which Mr. Birrell is known to have set his heart. This will be a non-contentious part of the new Bill, and the new policy will probably find expression in the removal of the twopenny limit imposed by Section 2 (1) of the Act of 1902, with, possibly, a corresponding increase in the Treasury contribution.

III. The Administrative Machinery.

The regulation of the administrative machinery may, with one exception hereafter noted, be expected to prove a largely non-contentious subject during the coming discussions. Not because the opposing parties, nor even the various sections in the dominant party, are in anything like agreement upon the

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subject; but because by common consent there exists a general unpreparedness unduly to complicate the new Bill by the inclusion therein of anything not demanded by, or consequent upon, the popular mandate.

We may therefore expect to find the constitution of the existing Local Education Authority left untouched. There will be no cutting up of the country into new education authority areas; no re-establishment of the old School Boards; no reversion to the old *ad hoc* principle of election. The county, urban, or borough council will remain, as at present, the Local Education Authority, and will continue to carry on its work through its education committee.

But the experience of all education committees is that they are now overburdened with work, largely owing to the great mass of purely routine, and frequently unimportant, business they have to transact. Another frequent and equally well-founded complaint is that the local interest in educational efficiency is discouraged and suppressed by the establishment of an educational bureaucracy in each county area. Closely related to the latter is the complaint that the working man is, in the county areas, excluded from any active participation in educational administration by the loss of time and the cost of travelling involved in frequent attendance at meetings of the education committee.

It may be anticipated that some attempt will be made to remedy each of these grievances in the coming Bill—the first two by a larger measure of permissive devolution of powers from the county education committee to subordinate district committees; the last by a provision that the travelling expenses of members of the education committee may be made a charge upon the county fund. This proposal will be challenged on the ground that it will only be a preliminary to the payment of members in Parliament—an objection which will have but little weight with so democratic a House of Commons as we now possess.

Reverting to the question of district committees subordi-

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nate to the county education committee, something may be learned from the case of Wales, which has not infrequently been made an experimental ground for English legislation. Dr. Clifford and others have put in a powerful plea for reducing the size of the administrative areas, and have suggested existing Local Government Poor Law areas as the unit. For reasons already given Mr. Birrell is hardly likely to listen to this demand. He may, and probably will, however, encourage the creation of district committees with extensive local powers at the discretion of the Local Education Authority. Wales has already foreshadowed a practical solution. In its thirteen county areas (excluding its four county boroughs) the Principality has about ninety Intermediate schools, each under the Welsh Intermediate Education Act having its own local governing body subordinate to the county education committee. Around each of these is an easily defined group of elementary schools, averaging fifteen or eighteen in number. The Welsh idea is then, to divide the county into areas corresponding with its Intermediate school districts; to reconstitute the local governing body on a more democratic basis; give it the charge of all grades of education within its area—elementary, secondary, technical, continuation, and science and art schools. In addition to this each individual school will have its own body of local managers, subordinate to the district committee and responsible for the purely local affairs of its own school.

The advantages of such a scheme, if accompanied by a large devolution of powers to the district committee, are almost too obvious to require demonstration. The district committees would be, in fact, resuscitated but glorified School Boards, possessing in some respects more extended powers. Seats upon them would be eagerly sought by the better and more intelligent class of village Hampdens, and as such seats could only be secured by elected members of the various existing local authorities—*e.g.*, county, town, urban, district, and parish councils—it is easy to conceive what a revivi-

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fying effect it would have upon the constitution of those authorities.

The contentious part of the proposal comes in with the appointment of local managers for each individual school in the group. The denominationalists will put in a strong plea for at least a minority representation upon the body of local managers for every school which is now controlled by them. The demand will be as strenuously opposed on the double ground (*a*) that the representation of private interests is incompatible with the principle of popular control; and (*b*) that the schools having been deprived of their denominational character, the necessity for denominational representation no longer exists.

IV. Equalising the Financial Burden.

Another non-contentious and much needed reform will be a provision for equalising the financial burden. At present the incidence of taxation for educational purposes is very unequal. Not only so, but it presses most heavily upon the communities least able to bear it. To take a few illustrative examples: while Cambridge, where a penny rate is equivalent to 3*s.* 4*d.* per child in the schools, has an elementary education rate of 14*d.* in the £, Oxford, where a penny rate produces 4*s.* 2*d.* per scholar, is let off with a rate of 7½*d.* in the £. While a penny rate produces only 1*s.* 2*d.* per pupil in Bilston, Ilkeston, and Llanelly, the same levy produces 6*s.* 8*d.* per scholar in Bournemouth, 7*s.* 8*d.* in Beckenham, 8*s.* in Ealing, and 9*s.* in Hove. Even in the same county the education rate varies enormously in neighbouring towns. In Berkshire, New Windsor has a rate of 7*d.* and Newbury 1*s.* 1½*d.* in the £. In Cheshire the education rate of Macclesfield is twice as much in the £ as in Wallasey. Torquay, in Devonshire, gets off with 4¼*d.* as against 11*d.* for Devonport. Hartlepool, in Durham, has an education rate of 20*d.*, as against 5*d.* in West Hartlepool. In Middlesex, Ealing pays 5*d.* and Enfield 20*d.* in the £. In Essex, Southend-on-Sea is jubilant with a 6*d.* rate, while Walthamstow and West Ham groan under a 24*d.* rate.

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This inequality will be to some extent modified though not altogether removed by the coming Bill, which will either revive the old Necessitous School Board Grant, or make a material addition on a more elastic sliding scale, to the present Aid Grant. In any case, the proportion of contribution as between Local and Imperial Funds will be largely modified, the latter giving more and the former less than is the case at present in the heavily rated areas.

V. School Buildings.

When we come to consider the question of school buildings we touch one of the greatest difficulties Mr. Birrell has to face. The public now own 6145 schools, providing accommodation for 3,172,622 scholars. The voluntaryists own 14,082 schools with accommodation for 3,688,859 children. If the schools are to be "nationalised" and brought under popular control, accommodation must be provided for at least three and a half million children in addition to the schools already publicly owned. This can only be done by either (*a*) utilising the existing denominational buildings, or (*b*) by building new schools.

It is just here the denominationalists see their opportunity, and propose making the most effective use of it. They say, in effect:

> Continue the existing denominational character of our schools, and confirm us in our existing powers of control, and we will continue to grant you the use of our buildings free of cost for the purposes of secular education. If not, we will compel you to provide new school buildings, at an estimated minimum cost of £40,000,000.

To this the extremists on the other side reply:

> The country has decided in favour of absolute popular control and the abolition of religious tests. The denominational character of the schools, and the private control thereof, must both be abolished. You hold your schools under definite educational trusts. You cannot close them at your option. The precedent set by the Act of 1870, and confirmed by the Act of 1902,

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established the paramount right of Parliament to vary the nature of your trusts, or to relieve you of them entirely. We are willing to recognise existing rights of private or denominational ownership for denominational purposes, but we shall insist upon the purely educational trusts being observed.

The Bishop of Manchester has recognised the weakness of the denominationalist position, and Lord Stanley of Alderley the strength of the "National" position. The former has suggested the possibility of the Church reverting to a purely voluntary maintenance of her schools as the only available means of retaining her denominational rights of ownership in her existing school buildings. The latter, taking the Act of 1870 as a precedent, suggests the compulsory acquisition of the buildings for school purposes as an alternative to the optional transfer under that Act. The Roman Catholics have emphatically declared that under no conceivable circumstance will they yield their proprietary rights in their school buildings. In cases—and they are numerous—where Parliament has already made building grants towards the erection of these schools, the problem is of course simplified.

Placing for the moment the question of compulsory confiscation aside, there remain three courses for an amicable adjustment of the differences as between the Nation and the Church. These are:

1. A general application of the principle contained in the Act of 1870. This provided for the transfer of the school building to the Local Authority during school hours and its unfettered use by the owning denomination at all other times. A nominal rent of *5s.* per annum was paid by the Education Authority, the real consideration, however, being the maintenance of the structure at the public cost for the use of the denomination outside school hours.

2. The second suggested solution is a variant of the first. It contemplates the payment of a substantial rental of *3s.*, *4s.*, or *5s.* per pupil per annum by the Education Authority to the owning denomination for the use of the buildings during school hours. In such case the denomination would be responsible

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for the maintenance of the structures and would have its unfettered use as before. The rent could be applied for any or all of the following purposes: (*a*) Maintenance of the structure; (*b*) The cost of religious instruction; (*c*) Bursaries carrying the children of Church parents to the secondary school. (N.B.—This plan has already actually been adopted in some cases—even in Wales!)

8. The purchase of the denominational rights in the buildings. Though it would cost £40,000,000 to replace existing buildings by new structures, £20,000,000 or £25,000,000 would more than cover the estimated value of the present buildings, many of which are out of date and would only be used pending the erection of more suitable schoolrooms. Under any such scheme the Church would lose all claim to the use of the buildings for denominational purposes outside school hours.

It is probable that a clause will be introduced making provision for the use, under certain restrictions, of all buildings rented, leased, or purchased by the Education Authority for ordinary parochial purposes. This would go a long way towards providing every community with its own parish hall —a long felt want.

It is possible a time-limit will be fixed within which it will be competent for the Education Authority and the Owning Denomination to arrive at a mutual agreement under one or other of the three methods indicated—every such agreement to be subject to the sanction of the Board of Education. At the expiration of the time-limit the Education Authority will be called upon to provide any then remaining deficiency in school accommodation; and, to ease the pressure of local burdens, special building grants in aid may be made from the Treasury.

VI. Religious Instruction.

The question of religious instruction will afford as fertile a field for contentious discussion as the ownership of school

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buildings. Without entering here at any length into the merits of the question, it may be said that the abolition of denominational tests for teachers greatly simplifies the problem. If the teacher is not required to subscribe to any particular creed, it is obvious he cannot be called upon to impart "definite religious instruction" in the tenets of any particular church.

This, however, by no means solves the problem. The State—whether it be represented by Parliament or by County Council—must of necessity adopt an attitude of strict impartiality towards all contending creeds and churches. What it grants to one it must grant to all; what it refuses to one must be granted to none. The State, then, will assume no responsibility for denominational instruction.

But what of the so-called undenominational instruction (which, however, would be more properly termed co-denominational instruction)? Around this question the battle will rage with all the fierceness which has ever characterised so-called religious discussions. There will be three distinct forces operating on the field. These will be:

1. The denominationalists, frankly demanding denominational teaching.

2. The co-denominationalists demanding a new State recognised and established religious formula.

3. Those who, from lack of a better name, must be termed secularists, although largely consisting of persons enthusiastic for the efficient imparting of religious instruction.

The Roman Catholics will all fight for the first of the three systems; the Labour Party for the third; Anglicans will be divided between the first and second; Nonconformists between the second and third. Those who favour the first will accept the third in preference to the second, which will thus be subjected to both a frontal and a flanking attack. The demand that the co-denominationalist shall be placed on a footing of absolute equality with the denominationalist will probably grow in volume and intensity, and will compel Mr. Birrell to modify his personal point of view.

A somewhat clumsy and not altogether courageous attempt

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will be made to shift the responsibility from the shoulders of Parliament to those of the Local Education Authority. This will mean the intensifying of local sectarian rancour with consequences anything but favourable to the interests of education.

The outcome will not improbably be the placing of all religious instruction, denominational and co-denominational, outside the official school curriculum, while affording "facilities" on an equal footing for each and every denomination, either acting independently of or in unison with each other.

VII. The Teachers.

As a matter of common justice the vested interests of teachers in schools transferred by consent or otherwise to the Local Authority, will be religiously observed. To this extent, and to this extent only, will the right of the public to engage —and dismiss—its own servants be restricted.

Relieved of the obligation of subscribing to any particular creed, they will be relieved also of the duty of imparting religious instruction as a condition of their engagement. Some would go further than this, and forbid any member of a school staff giving denominational instruction in the school outside school hours—on the ground that permission to do so would be a standing temptation to one of two evils, either (*a*) that the dominant denomination should secretly favour candidates of its own church; or (*b*) that every denomination in turn would put forward a demand that it should be represented upon the school staff by at least one of its members. It is hardly probable, however, that Parliament will consent to go this length.

It may be that the Bill, as introduced by Mr. Birrell, will not contain all the provisions herein foreshadowed, and that it may contain provisions hardly reconcilable with some of them. But the Bill as it leaves the House of Commons may be reasonably expected to approximate in its character to the forecast given above.

Beriah G. Evans.

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SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

THE German Social Democratic Party supplies another excellent illustration of the truth implied in the saying—slowly rises that which is oppressed by poverty. The phrase was originally coined by Dr. Johnson in regard to certain eminent men who, after a long and keen struggle, became famous. But what is true of individuals may justly be applied to corporations, political, social, religious, and so on. Nor is there any lack of historic data by which the correctness of this view may be confirmed. However, in no way can the truth of this saying be so easily demonstrated as in the case of the growth and development of Socialism in general, and in that of German Socialism in particular. Speaking generally, Socialism, as it is at present understood and interpreted, is a development of more or less modern times; from the historic point of view, however, it is interesting to note that its origin can be traced from the time of Lassalle and Fourier, Owen and Marx, back to the great and eventful period of the French Revolution, and, further, from that time so far back as to the writings of such philosophers as Plato and his contemporaries.

Let us briefly examine the main currents which moulded the destinies of nations on a large scale. The political revolution which took place at an earlier or later period in almost every country, and shaped its individual national policy on a permanent basis, may be divided into three phases. Though these

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are quite distinct from one another, they nevertheless exhibit many striking points of similarity. The first instance we have of the struggle for individual freedom is the rise in arms of the slave against the free-man, and, later on, the rebellion of the serf against his master. That point, after a more or less protracted and fierce fight, having been obtained, there followed the general agitation for political liberty. We have, for instance, the interesting case of the plebeians demanding loudly and vigorously equal rights with the patricians; first, in so far as local administration is concerned; and, secondly, in the general government of the country by what is usually termed power of vote. Then, after a certain interval, there comes what is known in history as civil war, in which the people strive to overthrow class representation in Parliament, and to substitute for it really popular representation. Such are the chief features of political history. By far the most important of all revolutions, both from the political and economic points of view, namely, the great French Revolution, stands, of course, as something quite distinct by reason of the fact that its principle object was the complete upheaval of the established order of things: it was, indeed, the creation, as it were, of a new world and a new people in place of the old. So we must leave out of consideration the work of which the French philosophers and agitators of that particular period laid the foundations.

And, further, when the equalisation of political rights had become recognised law, the demands of the agitators did not cease, for they had paved the way for the coming struggle for the establishment of economic equality. Put briefly, this struggle is now in progress, and goes by the name of Socialism. It represents, if considered as a whole, the struggle of party, as it were, against parties more highly placed; and, further, the general disaffection of the non-possessing towards the possessing class. The object of the Socialist parties—broadly speaking, that is, from the international point of view—is to effect a substantial and general improvement and to bring about an

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equalisation of social conditions. It is quite in keeping with the general law of nature and evolution that those who possess nothing in the way of material wealth should envy those who have a more or less great store of riches, and that they should strive to establish a state of affairs more favourable to themselves. Now, it is interesting to note that not more, perhaps, than two or three decades ago this was practically all that Socialism meant or represented. But as time has gone on, great and unforeseen changes have taken place in practically all spheres of human activity, with the result that the present huge numerical preponderance of the non-possessing over the capitalist class has brought about a certain morbid political condition, and it is this particular feature of modern Socialism which calls for our closest attention.

The socialistic tendency must, almost inevitably, run parallel to industrial development and progress, and this quite apart from the other prevailing features of social life with their concomitant conditions. For, speaking generally, if a limited number of people manage to secure into their hands the great bulk of capital and practically all the means of production, then all that remains for the non-possessing classes is their labour, which they sell to capitalists in return for wages. Such is the state of affairs which manifests itself wherever industrialism flourishes. Now, the natural and logical inference from this consideration would be that the older and the more flourishing the industrialism in a particular country, the stronger the Socialism. But an examination of the statistics relating to the different industrial countries in this respect will at once show that this is far from being the case. For, if such an argument were correct, one would expect that in countries in which industry is carried on on the vastest scale, the political inclinations and actions of a very large proportion of the population would be of an advanced and pronounced socialistic character. Viewed strictly in the light of this theory, one would expect to find that Socialism was very strong in, say, Great Britain—where, as is well known, industrialism has been established

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much longer than in any other country—and, also, in the United States, where trade and commerce have advanced with such giant strides. Further, one would expect that in Germany, which, though a great, is still a young, industrial nation, Socialism would not as yet have gained much power. But, as is, perhaps, a matter of common knowledge, exactly the reverse is the case. In Great Britain, as well as in the United States, Socialism as a political force is, so far, of little importance compared with what it is in Germany. It is true that in "the country of unlimited resources"—a term first applied to the United States by a well-known leader of the French Socialists—the socialistic idea, speaking generally, has spread very rapidly during recent years, as may easily be gathered from the fact that at the last presidential election no fewer than upwards of 500,000 votes were polled by the Socialists—strangely enough, just about the same number as the Labour representatives obtained in the recent General Election in the United Kingdom. And here it may be pointed out in passing that Labour must, of course, not be confounded with Socialism; and, further, that though many of the new Labour Members of Parliament—no fewer, in fact, than twenty-three, as one of their spokesmen stated in an article published in the February number of a contemporary—are avowed Socialists, not one of them was sent to Westminster as such.

The progress of Socialism in America is all the more striking when the highly important point is borne in mind that the election in question concerned a man of such a strong individuality as Mr. Roosevelt, who enjoys the full confidence of the country and widespread popularity. But, this notwithstanding, the general influence upon the progress and realisation of national policy exercised by the American Socialists becomes insignificant when compared with that of their contemporaries in the Fatherland. Again, as regards Great Britain—we cannot include the whole Empire, for the state of affairs in some of the colonies would have to be summed up very differently—the absence of strong socialistic undercurrents is, in view of

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the presence of such a huge number of unemployed, very remarkable indeed. In any other country these unemployed would be a serious menace to society, yet this winter, despite their great sufferings, there was no general upheaval, indeed no social disturbance of any kind worth being chronicled. It is, of course, by no means impossible that, in case the number of unemployed should continue to increase at the same rate as it has done during the last five years or so, there might be a repetition of that rioting which was seen on a certain occasion in the streets of London, but at present, at any rate, there are no indications whatever to justify the fear of the manifestation of such disturbance. Supposing now there were, at a certain given period, as many unemployed in Germany as there are in Great Britain, there can be no doubt that the Government would have done much more than the British Government has done to ameliorate their condition, and this out of fear lest serious rioting might take place, or outrages upon citizens perpetrated. Nor can it be explained by the fact, as some superficial observers are inclined to think, that in this country there are not many Socialist agitators who endeavour to fan the flame of disaffection, for, as a matter of fact, in some parts of London and provincial centres they are to be found at almost every street corner. Yet, taking them as a whole, their oratory is almost entirely wasted, for though the unemployed may listen to them, they take but small heed of dangerous advice. That being so, the important question with which the student of economic and political subjects is at once confronted is: How is it that Socialism has made such little progress in this country? The question is, no doubt, a most interesting one and requires a great deal of answering and explaining; but there is one point which I may touch upon in the very first instance, for it bears upon the practical indifference of even the unemployed to Socialist argument. Put briefly, before any one can have a proper understanding of the meaning and principles which underlie the theories of Socialism, a more or less considerable amount of general education is almost a matter of

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necessity. In Germany, as will be seen later on, the Socialist party is to a very large extent composed of people who have received a higher education, quite apart from the fact that they belong to what may be properly called the middle class. So far, this point does not require much further comment, for, as is well known, access to higher educational schools has become very easy during the last twenty-five or thirty years, and the natural consequence is that there has been an enormous over-production, as it were, of well-educated people, who find themselves quite unable to obtain employment, that is, of a kind which their education, speaking generally, has fitted them for. As a matter of fact, there is a vast number of men—the so-called "verkommene Existenzen," as Bismark not inappropriately termed them, or the "Hungerscandidaten," as they were described by the Kaiser—placed in this somewhat unfortunate position. Therefore, if all these circumstances are taken into consideration and the important fact is borne in mind that it is they who form the bulk of what is commonly spoken of as the German "Proletariat," it is not at all surprising that the great majority of these intellectual unemployed—if the term is permitted—have become members of the Socialist party. Then, further, if the lower orders of the German working classes are compared, that is to say, from the educational and political point of view, with their British contemporaries it will be found that the former are better educated and better informed on political questions than the latter, and, therefore, are more ready to grasp the possibilities of personal benefit to themselves which the establishment of the Socialist state would bring with it. Thus the point we just briefly touched upon forms one of the chief reasons of the development, and, in fact, goes a long way to explain the astonishing growth of Socialism in Germany.

However, it is essential to enter more fully into details while examining the various reasons for the lack of widespread Socialist tendencies in this country, tendencies which, until recently, were almost unrepresented in Parliament. To begin with, what strikes the foreign observer of British affairs as one

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of the chief reasons why Socialism, taking it as a whole, has not developed greatly in this country is that old inherent and tenacious conservatism which is so marked a characteristic of the English people of all classes, one of the results of which, no doubt, is that among the masses of the people there is at all times a conflict between political prudence and what I may perhaps be allowed to call patriotic feeling. Nor does this apply to the British nation alone. As a matter of fact, the French, too, greatly resemble the British people in this respect. To illustrate this, we need not go so very far back in history. Briefly stated, France has now been under republican rule for the last thirty-five years or so, yet, in so far as considerations of a political and national character are concerned, the Frenchman remains, to all intents and purposes, practically the same as he was at the time of the Emperor Napoleon III. That is, to my mind, one of the principal causes of the many and marked differences which exist between the French Socialists and their German contemporaries—a fact which has never been so pronounced as within quite recent years.

As regards the limited extent to which Socialism has developed in Great Britain—as to the Labour Party, it yet remains to be seen what policy its representatives will follow, for, as matters stand at present, their programme is far from being definite—there cannot be much doubt that the great respect which the people of this country hold, not only for established authority, but also for that form of authority which is summed up in the word "capital," is strongly against the spread of socialistic tendencies to any considerable extent. But to carry the matter still further, closer examination shows —and there is little room for doubt in this respect—that prejudice against Socialism is, after all, not so pronounced amongst the working classes. This is, indeed, so much the case that, at the last Congress of the Trade Unions, some of the speeches delivered by certain orators, who are supposed to reflect the opinion of a large percentage of the working men, were of a distinctly socialistic character. But the

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essential factor is that, unlike Germany—a point to which we shall have to refer more fully later on—the middle classes are bitterly and strenuously opposed to any movement which, in their opinion, is of a pronouncedly socialistic nature. It is true a considerable proportion of them may be Socialists—it may be recalled that not long ago one of the most influential members of the Upper Chamber said: "After all, we are all of us more or less socialists"—but their tendencies are certainly very far from being socialistic. Now, the question arises: How is this fact to be explained? It is probable that, thanks to the general political conditions of the country, Socialism is unable to gain a footing in this particular section of the population, amongst whom there is a pronouncedly strong desire to rise in the social and economic scale, and Socialism is regarded as the greatest enemy to all such ambitions. To those who have, Socialism suggests self-sacrifice, and the middle class in general is not prepared for political altruism of that kind. There is another highly important factor, which, in discussing the subject in question, must not be omitted from general consideration, and which, to my mind, forms one of the greatest anti-socialistic influences—and that is religion, not as a cause but as an effect, it should be added. For it will be found that those classes which are most religious are most in opposition to socialistic claims, and this applies in a far greater degree to the British than to any other nation—despite the fact that church attendance is declining so rapidly.

Here, then, we have further reasons why Socialism is relatively weak in Great Britain, and, what is perhaps still more important, they enable us the better to understand why it has grown so strong on the Continent in general, and in Germany in particular. Moreover, they suggest at the same time that there is very little chance of Socialism triumphing to any extent in this country—at least in the near future—and this notwithstanding recent indications.

In so far as the German Socialists are concerned, it is

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interesting to note that they are now better known by the name of Social Democrats, and, as the words imply, Social Democracy is a combination, a blending, as it were, of the social with the democratic principle. One point, however, deserves to be particularly emphasised, namely, that until quite recently the democratic element was for the most part overlooked, and strikes and boycotting were the only socialistic methods upon which the party relied. But more recently the democratic element has come into its own, that is to say, political revolutionary influences, as they were originally advocated by Ferdinand Lassalle and his followers, have been recognised at their true value.

As the general principles of the Social Democratic Party are based upon the theory of Marx, we had better inquire what that theory is. Shortly speaking, Marx argued that there is constant change—a natural one, as it were—in the progress of society in general, and that the mainsprings or causes of this change are materialistic interests. Further, that they directly, indeed one might say exclusively, concern the productive classes, taking them as a whole; that the upper classes have but little or no share in this progress; and that as the one class progresses, and the other does not, the latter will eventually collapse and, as an immediate and natural consequence, there will be the establishment of a new order of things which will correspond with prevailing necessities. Now, it must be admitted that there is a great deal of fascination about this supposition, no matter how hypothetical it may appear to be. But, on the other hand, it deserves to be pointed out that, though this theory can be applied to Germany as Germany is to-day, and as it is likely to continue to be, it cannot be applied to Great Britain, for in the latter country materialism in the form of trade, commerce, or finance concerns every class of the population. Without enlarging upon any particular details, it should be borne in mind that in Germany the population may, broadly speaking, be divided into two classes, the intellectual and the commercial; or, in other words, into

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those who are directly dependent upon materialist interests and those who remain outside such interests. Put briefly, in the Fatherland the upper or aristocratic classes—as well as the huge army of which the so-called "Gelehrtenwelt" is composed—take, as a rule, no part in actual business affairs, though many of them follow certain professions, and, on the whole, look upon all kinds of offices of State as their lawful prey. But in Great Britain the case is entirely different. Very few members of the nobility proper are professional men, but the great majority of them are in some way or other directly connected with business or financial enterprises. The conclusion, therefore, to be drawn is that, owing to the fact that materialistic interests prevail in all classes, the Marxian theory has practically no chance of gaining a firm footing in this country. And there is another no less important point which must not be lost sight of, for it militates to a considerable extent against the advance of Socialism and Democracy, as understood in the Teutonic sense, on this side of the Channel. For, on the whole, the Press in Great Britain upholds both the throne and the power behind it with a loyalty equal to that shown, say, by the Royalists of the time of Charles I. and Charles II. But this aspect of political and social life is totally different in the Fatherland, as may be easily gathered from the great number of editors, journalists, and publicists who are annually imprisoned for *lèse majesté*. So far as the Socialistic Press alone is concerned, it may not be out of place to mention that during the last decade or so the number of editors sent to prison each year for that very political offence varied between fifty-five and eighty. Again, the Social Democratic theory, that is to say as regards its relation to present economic conditions, will be found on examination to be no longer entirely utopian, but more or less practical. There is, it is true, a certain party of Socialists who hold what may be called utopian ideals, but a considerable proportion of the German Social Democratic Party advocate practical politics. Those who remain practical aim first to ascertain the conditions of

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the past, then to study the nature of those of the present, and finally to draw up a general law which can be presented to the public as a rational system for the future. A comparison of past and present conditions in this country and in Germany shows very broad differences, and hence, what is applicable enough to the Fatherland is, almost of necessity, unsuitable for Great Britain, and equally so for the United States of America.

Speaking generally, two or three decades ago the Social Democratic Party was, perhaps, of no particular importance outside the German Empire. Now, however, that the whole civilised world is one single organisation, as it were, and that, as a consequence, the reflex action of one country spreads like an electric wave to all others, interest in Social Democracy has become manifest far and wide. Socialistic ideas, in the Fatherland in particular, have attained both power and influence.

In describing, a little while ago, the career of the German Crown Prince I said that if Socialism in Germany increases at anything like the same rate in the course of the next two or three decades as it has done in the past, then, presuming that he will come to the throne in the natural order of things, it is clear that when the Crown Prince is Emperor he will be face to face with a political power of almost incalculable strength. I have since had the opportunity of discussing this subject with one of the foremost and ablest German politicians, and he tells me that the rapid growth of socialistic tendencies in the Fatherland has never before formed anything like such a great and constant source of irritation to the Emperor as it does at the present time. Now, the important question arises: How is this phenomenon to be explained? As a matter of fact, a great variety of circumstances have combined to bring about the present state of affairs.

In the first place, that is, if considered from the purely economic point of view, we have it that while it is true that certain groups or classes in Germany have gained very rapidly

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in material wealth, the working population, taking it as a whole, has certainly become impoverished, and this despite the great skill that has been displayed in organising and distributing labour. It is true the number of the unemployed in Germany at the present time is not so great, relatively speaking, as is the case in this country. As a matter of fact, judging at least from recently published statistics, it would seem that the total number of the unemployed in the Fatherland does not amount to more than a half, and in certain parts of the Empire to not more, in fact, than about a third of that in this country. But, nevertheless, the general economic condition of the labouring classes throughout the German Empire is far from being so favourable as it was, say, some ten years ago. It is impossible to enumerate here all the various causes that are responsible for the existence of this deplorable state of social affairs. Suffice it, therefore, to call attention to the principal fact, namely, that as people have gravitated more and more to the towns, and these centres have rapidly increased in size, the burden of taxation has become much heavier and, what is of still graver importance, rent and the cost of the necessaries of life have become higher. It is true that wages have increased, but this increase does not balance the increased cost of living, and so it has come about that the working classes are worse off to-day than they were formerly. That widespread dissatisfaction, based as it is on very real economic grievances, has arisen and increased, to no small extent, the numbers of the Social Democrats is, after all, not surprising. But however much the last-mentioned points may have contributed towards the increase of the numerical strength of the party in question, the fact remains that the chief political power of the Social Democratic Party in Germany is derived from the *bourgeoisie* —a circumstance far from being generally known. Now, if the question is asked how this has come about, it can be answered with certainty that the strong repressive measures which were at one time used by the Government with the object of suppressing the Social Democratic movement had a

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totally contrary effect, for, instead of the number of members of the party decreasing or remaining stationary, it was very largely increased by sympathisers whose social position was in many respects higher than that of the working classes, but who, though not so much affected by economic considerations, viewed with no little apprehension the growing power of Capitalism throughout the Empire. That the Government were ill-advised in adopting measures of repression it is hardly necessary to say, for history shows that this is the most certain way of promoting the cause acted against.

It is quite a mistake, therefore, to suppose that the German Social Democratic Party is composed almost entirely of working men, and, that being so, it follows almost as a matter of course that the policy of the party, or rather of the different members of the party, cannot be uniform. Certain *internal* ruptures, which are far from being infrequent, and especially two or three which have occurred recently, show what pronounced divergences of opinion as regards policy exist. There are, in fact, two parties within the party, and, no doubt, it is well for the German Government that they are not of one mind on many vital points. One of them advocates what may be termed orthodox Socialism, that is, the socialistic principles first laid down by Karl Marx. Briefly stated, the direct inference to be drawn from the Marxian theory, to which allusion has already been made, is that, as capital accumulates into a few hands, the capitalists obtain possession of all the implements of production. The workers, being without means, that is, beyond the wages which they receive for their labour, and which are just enough to keep them alive and able to work—but no more—are, of course, unable to buy back that which they themselves have produced, excepting a comparatively small part, and this under special and favourable circumstances only. That process naturally implies that there is over-production; over-production, on the other hand, gives rise, after a certain period, to stagnation of trade, and, consequently, there is no way out of this economic difficulty other

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than by discontinuing work and by closing factories and workshops. What follows when this stage is once reached is obvious. The workers, thus brought to a state of starvation, will come together and act upon Marx's famous admonition: "Working men of the world unite"—for the purpose of proclaiming a general revolution. According to Marx, the Government, out of fear of disastrous consequences of a revolution will be forced to pass an immediate law by which workers are given entire possession of all implements of production, that is, the fruits of their labour are henceforth equally divided, and, to cut a long story short, a totally new social state is thus established. Now, it is just over half a century since this theory was enunciated, yet the world goes on in pretty much the same old way, and not a single one of the main principles which Marx advocated has so far been carried into effect. The moral to be drawn from this fact is clearly recognised by the more practical-minded members of the Social Democratic Party, and these form what we may term its heterodox section. They aim at throwing aside, as something outside practical politics, Marx's theory of the ideal state of the future, and at directing their attention almost exclusively to the possible work which lies to hand—namely, the material, mental and moral betterment of the labouring classes. This section of the party is still in a minority, but it includes most of the better-class element, amongst whom are to be found men of considerable wealth.

Earnest advocates of the immediate and imperative amelioration of the people as they are, these Revisionists, as they are called by their colleagues of the orthodox or Marxian type, would best be described, from the British point of view, as Radicals of advanced views, but, as would appear, the policy of the Social Democratic Party is so elastic that they can be included within its ranks.

LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.

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THE OFFICER QUESTION

THERE is no reason for surprise that in reference to the present subject there should be *quot homines, tot sententiæ.* The very uncertainty which now attends every stage of the military career sufficiently explains the innumerable endeavours, official and unofficial, to devise means of securing to all deserving officers that full measure of success which, owing to the irresistible force of circumstances, is nevertheless unattainable, except by a fortunate few. Children cry for the moon and dogs howl their objurgations at the light-reflecting satellite of our Mother Earth, believing, in their ignorance, that it is only a short way distant from them. So it is with the too-sanguine reformers who foolishly pretend that a few hundred plums can be distributed among many thousands of persons with any certainty that the fruit shall invariably be awarded to the most deserving. The full problem is insoluble, despite the best intentions and the purest methods. Moreover, I am convinced that even if it were indeed practicable to formulate a plan under which recognised merit might regard the future with complacency, and the assumed contrary be deprived of all reasonable grounds of hope, the results, so far from being satisfactory, would be extremely detrimental. "All is not gold that glitters," and there are occasions when the immediate value of a rude bar of hitherto neglected iron is found to exceed that of a golden idol. Men who have achieved notable success have been known thereafter to shrink from hazarding the laurels already

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won, and many a brilliant achievement has actually been no more than a mere flash in the pan, the result of a solitary inspiration—sometimes a borrowed one. The fairest idol has frequently been found, after further examination, to have feet of clay.

Bubble reputations have been burst from time to time, in South Africa, for example, long ago as well as more recently. One at all events that had soared very high collapsed disastrously in 1881. Was it that a fictitious reputation had been gained, or was it that a really brilliant soldier committed but one fatal mistake? We shall never know. "The man who has made no mistakes has seldom made war," and it is only by plentiful opportunities that a large balance of successes over failures, indicating undeniable merit, can properly be accumulated. If, then, it be not altogether expedient that merit displayed under particular circumstances should be regarded as finally established beyond the reach of further question, how much more certainly would it be a mistake to extinguish entirely the lingering hopes of the hitherto unsuccessful, and thus add absolute apathy to the tale of already assumed shortcomings!

> Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

Let not, therefore, the rude iron be hastily cast aside, for it may yet serve to smash through an obstacle which more delicate instruments have proved powerless to penetrate. There are occasions when an iron will is of greater value than the most perfectly educated or naturally subtle understanding. Military advancement, in the general sense, must therefore remain open to any who may be fortunate enough to meet with opportunities, however tardily, and prove capable of taking advantage of them. Estimates of soldierly capacity arrived at in times of peace or in contests with savages are very often misleading; only in real war can the warlike merits of any individual officer or soldier be ascertained with any degree of certainty.

Granting, at all events for the sake of argument, that a

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system of selection so perfect as to ensure, absolutely, the preferment of none others than the most worthy, is, humanly speaking, imposible of realisation, we are naturally led to consider whether a less lofty ambition might not advantageously be substituted—"the most efficient compromise between the ideal and the obviously practicable." Do what we may, the more lengthy the list of really deserving officers the larger must be the proportion fated to receive very little for their pains—the number of commands and Staff appointments being necessarily limited. Merit can be disclosed only by those who are fortunate enough to obtain the necessary opportunities, therefore the "fickle goddess" must be accepted as to some extent the arbiter of military destinies; and all we can hope to ensure, by means of regulations, is that in normal conditions no officer shall suffer preventible hardships arising solely from the absence of special opportunities for distinction. The points to be discussed in this connection appear to be pay, regimental and other promotions, and pensions.

Uncertainty as to the advantages possibly to be derived from good fortune and the exhibition of conspicuous merit we cannot remove by any legislation; but, upon the other hand, we undoubtedly can, without serious difficulty, ensure the attainment of a definite minimum by all those who, though failing to procure the opportunity to demonstrate their qualifications for special advancement, have not actually shown that they are incapable of leadership. It is too often overlooked that many officers of great soldierly merit deliberately decline service on the Staff, preferring to serve regimentally, as executive leaders of men, playing the part for which they believe themselves to be better fitted, and to which their natural inclinations, their predilection for actual touch with the soldier rather than their own personal advantage, irresistibly lead them. Without such officers there can never be first-rate regiments, and without fighting units of the best quality, generals and Staff officers, however consummate their own genius or talents, must always conduct warlike operations

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under very great difficulties. Yet the just claims of the regimental officer are consistently ignored, and it has now become equivalent even to a term of reproach to be described as no more than this. Favoured young men, marked for "accelerated promotion," are continually being pitchforked over the heads of the regimental class, and in too many cases the superseded are not merely of longer service but also far more competent soldiers, in the higher as well as in the regimental sense, than those put over them. The authorities have frequently exercised their powers of "selection" arbitrarily and unjustly; they have not troubled to consider whether some particular regiment might be the better of "new blood"—with a view to introducing the man thought best fitted to infuse the strain that is wanting—but as often as the influentially supported claims of Brevet-Major Doub have been before them they have been content to appease his patrons by thrusting him into the first vacancy, regardless of vested interests, be the latter never so strong. The natural result of such proceedings has been to provoke widespread discontent. No man, however competent, can feel any confidence that his legitimate right to regimental promotion may not at any moment be set aside in favour of some "promising young Staff officer" backed by powerful interest against which mere merit is of little account.

I do not for one moment suggest that it is otherwise than for the good of the service that men of transcendent ability should be rewarded by special advancement. The man who is ever going to be fit for the command of forces in the field will certainly be fully competent for the discharge of such responsibilities by the age of forty, and will be less fit, not more fit, after the expiration of every subsequent lustrum. In normal conditions no officer can hope to be a general before he is fifty, and only by some happy stroke of fortune can any attain that rank even so comparatively early. By sixty, nine men out of ten have become lacking in enterprise, and although prompted by their matured understandings they may avoid defeat or

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even achieve moderate successes, they can seldom nerve themselves for a bold decisive effort involving the hazard of everything "to win or lose it all." Such being the case, it logically follows that men who appear marked to be even moderately great leaders in war must, for their country's sake rather than for their own, be pushed on so that they shall attain high rank before it is too late. But such men are rare, and in the great majority of cases those actually selected for "accelerated promotion" pass over others, unknown indeed unto Pharoah, who are nevertheless their equals or superiors as practical soldiers. If the authorities would only take some little pains to discover the men who are highly thought of by their own contemporaries instead of relying so much upon the often superficial judgment of superior officers—too often themselves notoriously incompetent—judicious selection would more often follow, and the results of it would seldom excite resentment among those consequently superseded. To me it has long appeared that the only sound method of securing the survival of the fittest, and that the most fit shall so far as possible be at the very top, is to rely upon *rejection*, as a general rule, and resort to *selection* only in exceptionally deserving cases. No officer should be allowed to continue in the Army unless he is clearly fit to perform duties suitable to his actual rank, and believed fit, so far as reports and examinations can testify, to undertake those of the rank next above his own.

Officers must necessarily be either fit or unfit; there can be no middle class; whoever is not undeniably fit is therefore unfit; and accepting that thesis, whoever is fit deserves to be promoted in his turn if not by special selection, and whoever is unfit should be compelled to retire from the Army. Assuming a regiment officered upon the principle suggested, it at once becomes obvious that the introduction of any outsider not manifestly superior to all and sundry involves gross injustice; but, upon the other hand, just because all are competent they would readily welcome a future Napoleon or Wellington, because they would be capable of understanding him.

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Indeed, they would regard it as a compliment to themselves that they should have been so honoured as to have such a one set over them; *esprit de corps*—meaning for such officers the efficiency of the regiment before everything—would prevail altogether over any personal grievances occasioned by the loss of a "step." It is not the accelerated promotion of a few really first-rate men that galls, but that of so many mediocrities who frequently reflect only too truly the moderate quality of those by whom they have been recommended for advancement. It is by wholesale flattery of the superior officers under whom they work, that many Staff officers obtain selection; and imitation being not only the most sincere but the most effective form of flattery, it is not surprising that numbers of our "rising young officers" are the very counterparts of those whom they have so studiously courted and upon whom they have moulded their conduct and ideas.

Some misguided heretics among our reformers attribute to the "regimental system" all the difficulties by which the course of legitimate promotion is beset. These men argue, quite reasonably, that it is an intolerable anomaly that A, who joins the Blankshire regiment, should become a lieutenant after twelve months' service and a captain after six years; whereas B, who joins the Loamshire Light Infantry, is for three or four years a second-lieutenant, and serves ten or eleven years before obtaining his company. It *may* be that A is the better officer of the two; but it is just as likely that the contrary is the case. In order to remedy this clearly undesirable state of affairs it is seriously proposed to sweep away altogether the regimental system (and with it all the advantages of that glorious *esprit de corps* that has carried us successfully through so many apparently impossible situations) in order to establish what is termed "Army promotion" in a distinct "corps of officers," according to seniority, or by selection, from one general list. I can imagine nothing more mischievous. Apart from sentiment, and ignoring for the moment all dangers of defeat in battle—owing to ack of cohesion in the "scrap-heaps" that would be accounted

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to us for regiments, or to the extinction of the noble rivalry between corps having great historic reputations of which they desire to prove themselves worthy—there is, I think, one quite commonplace, yet nevertheless extremely cogent, objection, namely, this: selection practised upon a general list, and regardless of regiments, could more easily be governed by favouritism than it can be at present. Where Brevet-Major Atkins, V.C., D.S.O., *p.s.c.*, is senior captain of a particular regiment, it requires some little nerve upon the part of the authorities to ignore him in favour of Captain Doub, late A.D.C. to an influential general officer. But if the names of all officers stood upon one general list, the regimental idea being ignored, Brevet-Major Atkins would be but one of many sufferers, and Captain Doub would profit accordingly.

The inequality of regimental promotion is, however, undoubtedly objectionable, and by any means short of destroying the definite identification of particular officers with particular regiments, it would be well to remove the disparities of fortune that arise from it. To effect the required purpose ought not to be difficult; all that seems to be required is to grant, as suggested, promotions in the *Army*, but without interfering with the position of an officer on his regimental list. My proposal is that pay and promotion should be principally governed, in all branches of the Army, by length of service; and that, outside the regiment itself, every officer should take precedence according to Army seniority. Every officer, after completing two years' service, should become a lieutenant in the Army and draw pay as such; after nine years he should receive the pay and rank of captain, after eighteen years those of major, and after twenty-five years those of lieutenant-colonel. At present an officer cannot definitely commence mounting the real ladder towards the rank of general officer until he has become a "full colonel," and this rank is usually reached by Staff officers far more rapidly than by regimental. Thus by promoting majors of twenty-five years' service to be lieutenant-colonels, and forthwith including them among the

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"Officers of the Army on the Active List," selection for the rank of colonel and subsequently for that of major-general would be brought more speedily within the reach of regimental officers than is now the case. At present there are many regimental majors of twenty-six or twenty-seven years' service left hopelessly behind Staff officers who have served half a dozen or more years less. Moreover, it is not very much to ask for an officer who has served zealously for twenty-five years that he should then be paid at the rate of eighteen shillings per day; more especially as large numbers of Staff officers of far less service are in receipt of yet higher pay.

Reverting to the pay and promotion of junior officers the arrangement I suggest is as follows: A second-lieutenant promoted to fill a vacant lieutenancy in his regiment before completing two years' service, would not rank as such in the Army nor draw the pay until the date on which the qualifying service had been completed; and to his name on the regimental list there would be attached two dates, that of his regimental lieutenancy and that of his Army second-lieutenancy. Upon the other hand, a regimental second-lieutenant of two years' service in that rank would enjoy the pay of a lieutenant, and rank in the Army as such from the date on which two years' service had been completed. To subalterns, except as regards pay, the proposed arrangement would usually be of little consequence; but a regimental lieutenant, having Army rank as captain, would in the event of performing good service in the field be eligible, as a captain, for promotion forthwith to a brevet-majority, or a major in similar circumstances to a brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy. The regimental rank of a captain in the Army, not yet on the regimental list of captains, might be "lieutenant and captain," and in the case of an army major, "captain and major." It appears to me that by adopting the method proposed, whereby every qualified officer in the Army would be promoted in the ordinary course on the expiration of the same period of service, the inequalities resulting from the chances of slow or rapid promotion in regiments would be

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sufficiently adjusted. Moreover, the hardship now involved by "bringing in" specially selected officers to fill regimental vacancies would be considerably mitigated; because neither the Army promotions nor the consequent increases of pay of the junior officers would be immediately affected. Every officer would be able to count with absolute certainty upon reaching the rank of lieutenant-colonel—though not necessarily as commanding officer—provided that he performed his duties sufficiently well to be reported fit for promotion to that rank. In a word, the attainment of any rank, up to that of lieutenant-colonel, would no longer be a matter of luck in the case of any officer considered fit to receive it. Upon the other hand, officers granted accelerated promotion as their reward for good service on the Staff, or regimentally, would nevertheless receive the full benefit of their advancement, because promotions by selection would of course be to *Army* rank, and therefore carry with them the pay of the rank to which promoted. The general result of the plan would be that whereas exceptionally capable officers might by their own merits win early promotion to high positions, and thus obtain more than the minimum offered to them by their terms of service, other officers gifted with ordinary ability would have only themselves to blame if they should fail to attain the rank and emoluments of a regimental major with the Army rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel. Regimental and battalion commands, Staff appointments, and promotion to the rank of general officer would remain as now the prizes of the fortunate or of the especially deserving. It should, however, be, I think, a general rule that no officer holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel should be precluded by the introduction of a stranger from succeeding to the vacant command of his regiment or battalion; if not fit to command he ought not to have been allowed to rise to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, or should forthwith be retired; but if fit, he ought not to be superseded by any one—unless the general condition of the corps manifestly demanded the introduction of "new blood" *at the top*. A corps may quite possibly have fallen into a bad state without any blame attaching itself to

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a particular officer, yet in such cases it is sometimes expedient that the innocent should suffer along with the guilty, by the introduction of a new commanding officer known to be fully capable of "wheeling into line" the whole lot.

It is frequently urged that the British officer is underpaid and ought to receive a "living wage." I do not think that any substantial increase is called for; because, even in existing conditions, the supply, although insufficient for the needs of some particular branches of the service, generally exceeds the demand. Be this, however, as it may, I am certain that reasonable security in reference to promotion and retired pay would popularise the commissioned ranks of the Army far more effectually than any increase of pay that Parliament would be likely to sanction. There should be a definite engagement with every officer under which his steps of regimental rank, subject to his passing the prescribed tests for each, would be assured to him, and also the rates of pension laid down in the Royal Warrant in force on the date of his joining the Army. There is at present no engagement whatever, and the terms of retirement to which an officer has been looking forward may at any moment be cancelled by a stroke of the official pen. For example, officers who joined the Army in the 'seventies, were promised pensions at the rate of £250 a year, on retirement as majors after twenty-three years' service, or, if they had served seven years in the rank of major, pensions at the rate of £800. These terms were cancelled in 1887, and the Order cancelling them was made retrospective against all who had not by that time actually reached the rank of major. Such high-handed action upon the part of any but a public department would have been regarded as a breach of contract and declared illegal if tested in a court of law; but against the Crown, in such cases, officers have no remedy, as many know to their cost. It is notorious that Army officers regard the ways of the War Office as essentially fraudulent, and that some of them think it no wrong to cheat that detested institution in return, whenever the rather rare opportunity offers itself.

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It would not, in my opinion, be desirable to attract officers by means of high pay; we do not want officers to join the Army as a means of earning their bread, but because they desire to be soldiers. Yet having regard to the increased cost of living, and to the increasing poverty of the class from which most of our best officers have hitherto been obtained, it would, I think, be well to make a small increase in the pay of all the junior ranks, thus: second lieutenants, six shillings instead of five and threepence; lieutenants, seven shillings instead of six and sixpence; captains, twelve shillings instead of eleven and sevenpence; and "mud" majors, fourteen shillings instead of thirteen and sevenpence.

Although, however, I deprecate any considerable advance of pay and regard as far more important than any increase whatever a definite agreement conferring under specified limitations certain rights, I hold it to be imperative that the State should stand *in loco parentis* to poor men of really high intellectual and soldierly capacity who cannot at the ordinary rates of pay afford to enter the Army, or to accept commissions from the ranks. To provide for this urgent necessity the following suggestions are made:

(1) Scholarships entitling the holders to free education at Sandhurst and Woolwich:

(*a*) Open to the sons of officers only.

(*b*) Open to the general public.

(2) Annuities of £100 a year for ten years, and a kit allowance of £100 to the successful candidates in a special competition on leaving the military colleges; candidates for these examinations to be specially recommended by their company officers, and by the commandant, as likely to make good officers.

(3) Annuities of £100 a year for ten years, and a kit allowance of £100, to successful candidates in an annual competition for commissions from the ranks. Candidates to be certified by their commanding officers to be fully competent for the position to which they aspire, and to be without private incomes.

I would suggest ten scholarships at each of the military colleges, and the award of five annuities at the end of each term, making ten annually. There should be an establishment of twenty annuitants composed of successful candidates for

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commissions from the ranks, the vacancies on the establishment being competed for as they become available. By means of these annuities an existing grievance would be removed. At present many of the best non-commissioned officers are obliged to decline combatant commissions, because of their lack of private means, whereas many others have been promoted in consideration of their willingness to forego the £100 kit allowance already payable to a limited number of those who accept commissions from the ranks. Even in war, the most meritorious are not necessarily selected. For example, a colour-sergeant who was awarded the medal for "distinguished conduct," and mentioned in despatches "for skill and gallantry in command of his company after both his officers had been killed," is still only a quartermaster-sergeant—although he had, at the time he distinguished himself, a "first-class certificate of education."

There remain the great and difficult questions of accelerated promotion and of military education, but space is not available for more than a brief reference to them. As regards the former, I am inclined to think that the suffrages of contemporaries should, in the cases of the junior ranks, by some means be invoked. Possibly the following plan might meet the case. Let a fixed number of "accelerated promotions" be given annually, by competition, in each branch of the Army, the candidates being selected by ballot in their own regiments or corps. The understanding should be that successful candidates would be promoted in their own regiments, since otherwise votes might imaginably be given for an unpopular and therefore usually incompetent officer, solely in the hope of getting rid of him. Such a system could not, however, be applied advantageously to promotions beyond the rank of captain.

As regards military education, we now commit, I think, two errors: (1) We look for Jacks-of-all-trades in place of encouraging specialism. (2) We "drive" good and bad alike, in conditions that provoke a distaste for study, instead of *making it worth the officers' while to work voluntarily.* To

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encourage study by awarding prizes, and to compulsorily retire from the Army all who fail to attain the necessary standard of proficiency, would answer our purpose far better than the present system of incessant worry. Garrison classes should be re-established and conducted by undeniably first-rate instructors. The military education of young officers in their regiments necessarily involves great unfairness; in one regiment the instruction given is admirable, whereas in another it is not so; and it very often happens that otherwise highly qualified men are totally incapable of teaching. As all officers have to pass examinations they should all, so far as practicable, enjoy equal advantages in the quality of the tuition given to prepare them for the ordeal. Teaching is a "gift," requiring not only knowledge of the subject, but expertness in imparting that knowledge. One of the best topographists the Army has ever known proved unable, in a course of six weeks' instruction, to teach the writer of this article so simple a matter as the construction of "scales"; but a fresh instructor brushed aside all the difficulties, permanently, in less than twenty minutes. The fact is that some very scientific men, fully capable of teaching other scientists, cannot bring themselves down to the level of the ignorant, and by talking over the heads of the latter fail altogether to teach them anything whatever. Finally, we must not forget that examinations do not afford conclusive evidence of capacity as "leaders of men," and that "leaders of men" are what we need—except for the administrative staff and scientific and other "departments." Many an officer who scrapes through at the bottom of the list or even fails altogether is a far better soldier than he who passes at the head of it. Examinations save trouble to the authorities, but they are at best unreliable guides towards the selection of our leaders in war. Above all things let us encourage, instead of discouraging, "specialism." Pope wisely wrote:

> One science only will one genius fit,
> So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

A. W. A. Pollock.

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WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

(*B.* January 27, 1756. *D.* December 5, 1791.)

Le génie n'existe pas sans deux dons supérieurs, la mesure et l'universalité ; la mesure c'est-à-dire l'art d'assujetir ses pensées, de choisir entre elles, de condenser en quelques éclairs toute la clarté qu'elles recèlent ; l'universalité, c'est-à-dire la faculté de voir la vie dans tout son ensemble, de la representer dans toutes ses manifestations harmonieuses. Le monde n'est pas fait seulement de ténèbres et de larmes. On y trouve aussi de la lumière, de la gaîté des fleurs et des joies.—Maeterlinck.

MOZART'S whole career it has been justly observed impinges so closely on the miraculous that to seek in it any precise relations of cause and effect may well seem a needless pedantry. The musician who, at the age of four, could scrawl down a clavier concerto, write a violin sonata at seven, and symphonies at eight, and who could recall after a lapse of twenty-four hours a difference of half a quarter of a tone, does not appear very amenable to the laws which govern ordinary humanity. Looking back over exactly a century and a half since his birth, there is no one else in the history of music who can be judged by quite the same standard, estimating Mozart that is, according to his universality of range, his spontaneity of expression, his rapidity of consummation, his permanent influence upon composers of every conflicting calibre. Whilst, too, every great composer necessarily leaves his descendants a certain heritage, Mozart came too early in the dynasty of European music to himself receive much

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accumulated treasure. And more than this, we have to remember that the ever-advancing march of his genius was arrested in the full flush and bloom of life. The two composers who strike one as having in their creativeness most points of analogy with Mozart have been perhaps Chopin and Tshaïkovski. Chopin's artistic feelings and tendencies, albeit manifested in another fashion, were, nevertheless, identical with those of Mozart. Both aimed at embodying musical ideas with crystal clearness and perfect finish, without ever over-burdening the beauty of a musical thought with any rushing torrent of sound. And Tshaïkovski, whilst in no wise a prodigy, retained throughout his fifty-three years the same childlike simplicity which attracts us to the eighteenth-century composer. He had the same fecundity and versality of production, the same love of elegance and precision, the same instinct for melody. But neither to Chopin nor Tshaïkovski was vouchsafed Mozart's radiant sunniness of temperament. Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Grieg again have possibly been Mozart's only compeers in stamping upon their works from the outset the hall-mark of individuality. Even Beethoven and Wagner began by imitating others. There exists a tiny minuet composed by Mozart at the age of five which is already imbued with the unmistakable Mozartian flavour. One would not suggest, of course, but that if he lived at present he would not compose in a wholly different style. His music was an undimmed reflection of himself mirrored in his epoch. His absolute sincerity and simplicity in the eighteenth century give him life in our own age, and must surely continue to make him live so long as simplicity and truth are the sole right principles of the beautiful in art.

I cannot write poetically, he remarks in one of his numerous delightful letters to his father, for I am no poet. I cannot make artistic phrases that cast light and shadow, for I am no painter. I can neither by signs nor by pantomime express my thoughts and feelings, for I am no dancer, but I can by tones, for I am a musician.

Chronologically, only fourteen years separate Mozart and

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Beethoven, yet a whole world of thought, or rather to put it still more accurately, of mode of expression can divide these two. Mozart was the last supreme utterance of the antique in our music. He belongs closely, so to speak, to the period of perruques and powder. We cannot, on the other hand, so much as think of Beethoven ever appearing with any other head-dress but his own leonine mass of shaggy hair—a head-dress henceforth to be associated especially with the modern musician. Referring to the *rôle* of Osmin in his "Entführung aus dem Serail," Mozart wrote:

> As a man in such a towering passion outsteps all the boundaries of order and moderation, and wholly loses himself in the excess of his feelings, so also must the music. The passions, however, whether violent or otherwise, must never be expressed to disgust—and music even in the most terrific situation must never give pain to the ear, but ever delight it and remain music.

What is this but the outcome of that second nature of Mozart's age, the perruque? Even now there are numerous partisans to advocate the continuance of the perruque in music; whilst following its scornful abandonment by Beethoven we have the opposite school of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Richard Strauss, and others claiming for their art to be allowed to express everything and something, whether ugly or beautiful, provided only that the expression be one of inevitable sincerity.

Yet desirous as was Mozart himself never "to pain the ear," and translucently simple as his harmonies can sound to modern listeners, they could on occasion be both painful and incomprehensible to his contemporaries. Thus a score could be returned to him as being "full of mistakes"; or it is related that a conductor rehearsing one of his works repeatedly exclaimed to his musicians, "you are playing wrong," till the parts were handed to him to convince him to the contrary, when he tore them up in disgust. Musical history repeats itself. Fifteen years later, we find much the same thing happening to Berlioz. In spite of the perruque, nevertheless, Mozart had now and again a distinct touch of the ultra-

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modern hovering over his ideas. Another passage from the letter just referred to might indeed almost be an extract from some Wagnerian epistle:

> Why do the Italian comic operas please universally, notwithstanding their miserable libretti—even at Paris, of which I myself was witness? Because the music is supreme, and everything is forgotten for it. So much the more, therefore, must an opera please of which the plot is well contrived, and the words wholly written for the music, and not for the satisfaction of a miserable rhyme, which in a theatrical representation only does mischief; for the rhyming versifier introduces words and even whole verses, that put to flight or destroy the best ideas of the composer. Verse is indeed indispensable to music, but rhyme on account of the rhyming most injurious; the gentlemen who set to work so continually go to the dogs, they and their music together. It would be most desirable were a good composer who understood the theatre to be united with that true phœnix—a judicious poet; such a pair would have no cause to lament over the applause of ignorant admirers. Dramatic poets appear to me to have as many mechanical tricks as trumpeters. If we composers were to abide so firmly by our rules (which formerly, when nothing better was known, were good enough) we should produce as wretched music as their wretched books."

In his gift for musical characterisation, Mozart, if we except it may be Verdi and Tshaïkovski, remains unsurpassed by every other composer for the lyric stage. Quite early in his career he was invited to compose an air to personify a pompous military man, a *capitano* and an inordinate chatterer. Mozart allotted such a ludicrous clatter of triplets to one single note, with a syllable to each, as must have completely overpowered even the *capitano's* wife. But this was merely an initiatory token of the composer's future power. One recalls the pulsating breath of life infused into Constanza, Belmont, the Pasha Selim, Osmin in the "Entführung aus dem Serail," or one smiles irresistibly at the very thought of Figaro, Cherubino, Susanna, Barberina in Figaro's "Hochzeit." And first after these comes the culminating point of the composer's insight into the complexities and impulses of the human heart and mind as displayed in his "Don Giovanni." With what consummate skill Anna's noble purity, Elvira's jealousy, and the dainty coquetry of Zerlina are all pitted against the comic

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rascality of Leporello, and dominating these four separate studies is the deeply and eternally eloquent type of Don Juan himself revealed to us "to the very heart of his heart and the very marrow of his bones in that elusive mirror we call music! And this, too, in the jaunty, lightly tripping dialect of *opera buffa*." [1]

Mozart's humanity, we submit, is still, perruqued and powdered humanity, but with all that, how wonderfully and piquantly human are every one of these creatures. It is this subtle gift of characterisation preserved for the voice which differentiates Mozart so widely from Haydn and Beethoven. He was, *au fond*, far less of a symphonist than a vocal composer. There are few even of the gay, irresponsible melodies of his instrumental parts which a voice would not gladly sing. The Germans are not far wrong in their assertion that he gave Italy its best Italian opera. None of the Italians have been greater masters than he of the Bel canto or beautiful song, either in the broad expressive cantabile or in the fioriture, *i.e.*, vocal embroideries. Had he been less southern in his whole nature and mood, he might well have anticipated that other Austrian, Schubert, in the creation of the typically German Lied. Mozart, however, preferred to use his choicest melodies, either as arias in his operas, or as the slow movements in his chamber music and symphonies. How many songs he actually wrote is uncertain, but the best of these remain: "Schlafe mein Prinzchen," "Sei du mein Trost," "Das Lied der Trennung," and "Das Veilchen." In the latter he came under the spell of Goethe's exquisitely pathetic little lyric, which he expressed in music as touching as are the words which it accompanies. A fragrant violet, perceiving a lovely young girl coming across the meadow, hopes that she will pluck it to wear in her bosom. Yet it dies happy, since it is her foot which crushes out its life. But sweet as is "Das Veilchen," it cannot rightly be included in the category of the Lied; it is a pure *canzonetta*. As it was, Mozart created no

[1] "The Opera, Past and Present." Apthorpe. London: John Murray.

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new forms in music. He rather polished and chiselled those which he already found, leaving it to Beethoven to enlarge, broaden, and amplify the spirit of instrumental music. Sonata form, the basis of all chamber and symphonic music, exercised a lasting fascination upon Mozart. But whereas Haydn revelled in expressing this form repeatedly in the string quartet, Mozart, with his obvious vocal instinct, transported it on to the stage, apportioning amongst his voice parts music which in form analysis may often be perfectly well regarded as sonata or first movement form. Voluminous as is the Mozart bibliography, he yet lived before the era of musical commentary of any psychological value. His biographers, we venture to think, have one and all greatly exaggerated the so-called unhappiness of his life. A man possessed of his amazing facility for productiveness, and this without a taint of the disastrous superficiality of most fluency, could never be really unhappy, no matter how untoward his outward circumstances. Mozart could write music much as other men write letters. Albeit, as a child he was so susceptible to tone that he fainted at the sound of a trumpet, we might be tempted to say of him nowadays that he had "no nerves." Every one knows the anecdote that "Don Giovanni" was composed in a public beer-garden in the midst of bowl-playing and conversation, Mozart quitting his task from time to time to take a turn in the game. This story, if not true, is at least eminently characteristic. On another occasion we are told that he composed a score in a fortnight in a house with a violinist overhead, an oboe-player beneath, a pianoforte teacher next door, all hard at work the whole day, a babel of sounds which he declared to be delightful, since it "gave him ideas." Tales such as these, whether authentic or no, certainly suggest a man totally oblivious to outward circumstances when in the trance of creation; and carefully and critically as we may listen to Mozart, we catch no echo of tragic, poignant emotion. Only in the G minor symphony do we begin to feel as much as a throb of the Beethoven passion. "Eternal sunshine in music," exclaimed

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Rubinstein, "thy name is Mozart." It was doubtless the element of cloudless sunshine in this music which caused it to be slighted by the generation of ordinary amateurs immediately following its author's brief lifetime. Highly significant of a general indifference to his utterances was his burial unmourned in a pauper's grave. The first thunder rumblings of the coming world drama of the French Revolution were beginning to reverberate through Europe; and the tragic grandeur of its musical counterpart, the mighty Beethoven, could easily drown the limpid, laughing voice of a Mozart. But in our own struggling period of perplexed problems and unresolved discords we can most of us turn all the more eagerly, with a sense of relief and repose, to the gracious concords and transparent harmonies of this wonder child.

In Mozart's quality of quick throbbing, mercurial happiness, which no circumstance can bind or fetter, lies his immeasurable superiority to that other apostle of happiness in music, Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn was, if one may so term it, placidly, prosperously happy, thanks to fortuitous circumstances. Mozart was blissfully happy in spite of ill-health, poverty, and failure during his lifetime, to win the universal recognition which he merited. His wife, Constanza, has been censured for their perpetual money worries, and handed down to posterity as "a wretched manager." Yet—and to the honour of wifely sympathy be it recorded—it was always Constanza who spurred him on to higher and higher flights of genius. Without question, she grasped his capacity from a wholly different standpoint than did her sister Aloysia Weber, to whom he had at first offered himself. Aloysia was an opera singer; the vocal virtuose is often singularly obtuse musically. Aloysia could only confess that when Mozart was wooing her, it never occurred to her to find in him anything approaching greatness. She merely viewed him as a little man. Constanza was a sufficiently advanced musician to be delighted with Bach's fugues, then still a novelty, known only amongst a small circle of connoisseurs. Although at the outset Mozart connected his

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intention of marrying her with the irksome necessity of having some one to look after his linen, it was during their courtship that he composed his first great opera, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," giving Constanza's name to his heroine, whilst he expressed his own feeling in the part of Belmont. It was Constanza alone who could beguile her husband to rest his overwrought brain by relating one after the other fairy tales and comic stories of every description till he fairly wept with laughter. She, too, probably awakened in him what he called that "love of fairies, genii, giants, and monsters, of gazing on the magnificence of enchanted palaces, and reposing by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens," which led to the composition of "Die Zauberflöte." Rising early and leaving his wife still asleep, Mozart would frequently leave little notes on her pillow, such as "Good morning, dearest little *Weibchen*. Hast thou had pleasant dreams? In two hours I return to thee. Be a good little woman, and don't run away from thy husband." After eight years of marriage, too, he could address his Constanza thus:

> I have merely to work, and that will I do most willingly from love, my little wife, to thee. I am just as happy as a child at the thought of getting back to thee. What an enchanted life we will lead together again! If the people here could see into my heart, I should be almost ashamed. I am cold to every one and everything. Perhaps if thou wert with me to share the kind attentions I receive, these might give me more pleasure; but now they are all lost.
>
> P.S. In writing the foregoing page many tears fell on the paper. Now let us be happy. Prepare thyself; the kisses begin to fly about amazingly. Teufel! here's a crowd of them. Ha! ha! I just now caught three that were delicious.

Mozart was by no means of a too spiritual, of a too austerely, ascetic temperament. How could he otherwise have conceived his Don Juan with a peculiarly masculine insight into the voluptuary's senses? He could quite well echo the sentiment of the popular German adage:

> Wer liebt nicht Weiber, Wein, Gesang
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

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Besides requiring a mender of linen for a wife, he wrote to his father somewhat naïvely that it was incumbent for him to marry in order "not to live dissolutely after the manner of other young men." He always enjoyed the exhilaration of wine, particularly champagne and tokay, and in the fever-heat of excitement at the climax of composition it was Constanza's task to ply him with punch. Nothing pleased him better than the mirth and movement of a crowded ballroom or a Viennese carnival. Numberless sets of dances were dashed off for these scenes; quadrilles, minuets, waltzes; and in the infectious carnival gaiety of his E flat symphony he may almost have prepared the way for Schumann's Viennese reminiscences. Mozart was a keen and, from all accounts, an admirable billiard player. Metaphorically speaking, his delicacy and directness of touch with a cue were at one with his method of handling a score. In his finesse of form, proportion, symmetry, his faculty for design, he must have owed much to his phenomenal gift for mathematics. As a child his love of arithmetic was as great as his ardour for music. He would cover the walls, tables, chairs, even the floor with figures. Thanks to this sense of proportion his thoughts and the exact means which he adopted to express them are a perfect match. There is not a note but counts.

Hence in our latter-day renditions, when we double his instrumental parts, reinforce his orchestra, and augment his chorus, we altogether destroy the equipoise of his finely conceived scheme of balance. His inimitable delicacy, his smallness, are totally distorted, and the modern Mozart performances only too often remind us, not of the tender wood-violet crushed by the maiden's foot, but of the coarse forced flower of the modern horticulturist, who sacrifices to mere size the perfume and the dainty contour which constitute the violet's true charm. It may be urged that Mozart, presented in the original, is engulfed in our vast concert-halls and opera-houses. True. Here he coincides with a fine water-colour hung high on the wall of some immense picture-gallery. To

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hear Mozart properly one naturally requires the exact auditory conditions of his own time; and of course an untampered score. Wherever feasible, Mozart invariably composed in the open air. "How vexatious, was his complaint to Constanza, to be obliged to hatch all one's conceptions within doors." Is it too fanciful to attribute the freshness, the dewy sparkle, as it were, of his music to this intense love of being in the open? Then, as now, outdoor life in the spring and early summer was greatly favoured by the Viennese. In the public gardens, where every one assembled, the occasion was always enlivened with music. It was for these promenades that Mozart wrote so many of his winsome and ingenious divertimenti and serenades for wood wind, his "garden" music, as he styled it, or some of those tempting morsels entitled "Kleine Nacht Musik"—

> A kind of instrumental music at once light and ariose, somewhat between the symphony and the dance, but calculated to impart elegance and tenderness of sentiment to the promenaders, was at any time attractive to him, and amongst his easiest work. His serenades were not such as "the starved lover sings," but imbued with all the genius of the south.[1]

It was chiefly with this music that Mozart elicited the praise of his compatriots, not with his operas. It was left to the Bohemians at Prague to go wild with enthusiasm over the latter, and it was to the honour of the Slav, not of the Teuton, to have commissioned the composition of "Don Giovanni," and to have at once acclaimed it as a masterpiece.

In these days of scientific research into heredity, it would be supremely interesting to have a clue as to the attributes and characters of Mozart's ancestors. But it seems difficult to trace back further or more specifically than to his paternal grandfather, who was a bookbinder, whether musical or not being left unmentioned by the biographers. His father, Leopold Mozart, was an excellent violin-player, who became "valet" musician—then a somewhat coveted post—to the Archbishop of Augsburg. He was further a meritorious

[1] "The Life of Mozart." E. Holmes. London: Novello.

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composer, writing, amongst other works, a set of pieces quaintly designated as: "The Morning and Evening melodiously and harmoniously introduced to the inhabitants of Salzburg." Of evident educational value at the time was his treatise on the theory and practice of music: "An attempt towards a Fundamental System for the Violin." The best violin-players in Germany during the latter half of the eighteenth century all used this work, and Leopold was known throughout Europe as an intelligent instructor of his instrument. Of Mozart's mother we hear but little. Of the seven children born to this couple, only two survived infancy, Wolfgang Amadeus and Anna Maria, born four years before her brother. She likewise evinced a remarkable precosity for music, which, however, exhausted itself apparently with years. She continued a good performer and a lover of music, but her brother rapidly eclipsed her talents. And as would seem to have happened in the case of every other creative musician of the highest rank, the fire of Mozart's genius was not transmitted to another generation. Of the six children born to him of Constanza, two sons only lived. One of these adopted music as a profession, but although we learn that he inherited much of the sweetness and gentleness of his father's disposition, his abilities as a composer and teacher were mediocre. Mozart and his sister were carefully trained in music by their father, who very early toured triumphantly through Europe with these two prodigies. In London they were much sought after. Nevertheless, they earned more notoriety than money, being mostly paid, as Mozart himself put it, "in verses and shoe-buckles from dukes and duchesses, or nods and smiles from Empresses." Next to Constanza, it was upon his father that Mozart lavished the treasure of his warm, affectionate nature. One of his odd, childish fancies was that in his father's old age he "would preserve him in a glass case, that he might the better contemplate and admire him." He himself was not destined to old or even to middle age. Can we, however, after all cry "Ah, the pity of it" over

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his brief thirty-five years? No—hardly. For had Mozart lived to be a hundred, he could scarcely have accomplished a greater wealth of achievement. We sum it up marvelling. Dances, sonatas, concertos, chamber music, church music, symphonies, operas, and somewhere in every one of them we are held by his ineffable charm, by the eternal spirit of youth and love. Well may votaries of music be proud that in their own kingdom, and not in literature, not in painting, nor in sculpture, was the destined medium by which the miracle Mozart was made man.

DON GIOVANNI.

A. E. KEETON.

[NOTE.—This article was written in December last.—ED. M.R.]

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LORD CURZON IN INDIA, 1899-1905

IN his Budget speech, 1901, Lord Curzon enumerated twelve reforms in the administration of India, to which he attached great importance. These were the establishment of a stable frontier policy, the creation of a North-West frontier province, a reform of the transfer and leave rules, the establishment of a stable rate of exchange for the rupee, the encouragement of irrigation, the application of a remedy for agricultural indebtedness, the reduction of the cost of telegrams between India and Europe, the preservation of archæological remains, the reform of education and the police. He can therefore be judged out of his own mouth, and it is by his success or failure in carrying out this programme that his Viceroyalty stands or falls. Lord Curzon's frontier policy was not that of either the Forward or Masterly Inactivity school. He preferred

> a code which could with consistency and without violent interruptions be applied to the whole line of our North-West Frontier from the Pamirs to Beluchistan. Its main features consist in the withdrawal of our regular troops from advanced positions in tribal territory and their concentration in posts upon or near the Indian border, and their replacement in tribal tracts by bodies of tribal levies trained up by British officers as a militia in defence of their own native valleys and hills; in other words, the substitution of frontier garrisons drawn from the people themselves for the costly experiment of large forts and isolated posts thrown forward into a turbulent and fanatical country. The policy has to justify itself, and that it can only do in time. I do not say

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that it will save us from frontier warfare, or from occasional expeditions, or from chronic anxiety. All I claim for it is that it is a policy of military concentration against dispersion, and of tribal conciliation in place of exasperation.

To carry out this policy, a light railway has been built from Peshawar to Dargai, to strengthen the British hold on the Malakand Pass, and the garrison of the Chitral road has been concentrated at Drosh.

A railway has been pushed on to Jamrud, and the Khyber Pass is to be guided by two reorganised regiments of Khyber Rifles (Afridis).

A military road has been constructed from Peshawar through the Kohat Pass, and a light railway runs from Kushatgarh on the Indus to Thall on the flank of the Samana range.

The garrison of regular troops on the Samana has been concentrated at Kohat, and is replaced by the Samana Rifles (Orakzais).

The garrison of Waziristan is concentrated at Bannu, and two battalions of Waziri militia are enlisted for the Tochi and Gomal valleys respectively.

The blockade of Mahsud Waziris by a military cordon, in which the new militia was largely employed, lasted for more than a year, from the beginning of 1901 to March 10, 1902, and provided the first practical test of the new policy. The operation was a complete success, and was carried out at an infinitely less cost than that of a punitive expedition in the old style.

The North-West Frontier Province was constituted in February 1901, from the four trans-Indus districts of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ismail Khan, with the tribal territory beyond their limits, and the six political agencies of Dir, Swat, Chitral, the Khyber, the Tochi Valley, and Wano.

Lord Lytton, in a minute dated April 22, 1877, thus summed up the case for the formation of a frontier province:

The Viceroy would by means of this arrangement command the services of his own specially selected agent, in whose hands the threads of all our

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border politics and tribal relations would be concentrated. The time of such an agent could be devoted almost entirely to purely frontier duties; and he would be better able than any lieutenant-governor of the Panjab can possibly be to visit with adequate frequency, freedom of mind, and singleness of interest all parts of the frontier; thus making himself personally and thoroughly conversant with the social facts, individual characters, and local sentiments which claim incessant and concentrated attention in the successful administration of border politics. The political and administrative conduct of the frontier would be in the same hands and pass through the same channels. All division of responsibility and all antagonism of schools and systems would thus be avoided.

To Lord Curzon the change was recommended by the possibilities it afforded of greater rapidity, and therefore of greater freedom of action, in dealing with the tribes, and by the greater scope it gave to trained ability in their administration. It brought the Pathan tribes inside as well as outside the frontier under the same control, whilst freeing them from "the complex paraphernalia of Indian civil justice." Another great advantage is its economy. In the seven years previous to 1899, £4,500,000 were spent on frontier expeditions; in the seven years subsequent, £250,000.

The creation of the North-West Frontier Province has been most unjustifiably represented as a "flouting of experienced advice," and as an attempt of the dominating war party to get rid of the Panjab civil control, and to "permanently throw out of doors (in frontier politics) the great knowledge and experience of the chief of the Panjab Administration."

Lord Curzon's reform of the transfer and leave rules is intended to prevent the disorganisation consequent on the frequent transfer of officials. Most Government officials are entitled to a month's leave every year on full pay, called privilege leave, and they can allow this to accumulate up to three months. Formerly nothing prevented a man from taking privilege leave and then returning to India and taking some other kind of leave next year; two fresh appointments to his office were thus necessary in two successive years. By the recent amendment of the rules, no officer on return to India

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from privilege leave can take any other kind of leave except sick leave till he has rendered eighteen months' active service. By way of compensation for this restriction, privilege leave is allowed to be combined with furlough, which was formerly forbidden. On the subject of report-writing, Lord Curzon has stated his opinion that "the real tyranny to be feared in India is not tyranny by the executive authority, but by the pen." There was a very real danger that district officers would be debarred from devoting themselves to more important duties, by the necessity of spending an increasing portion of their time on reports on the multitudinous subjects about which the Central Government is always inquiring. This is the result of increased centralisation, which reduces the district officer, who should be a benevolent despot constantly on the move among his people, to the level of a report-writing machine.

Under recent orders, reports are in future only to call attention to the really important events of the year, a maximum limit is imposed for each report, which is not to be exceeded without special orders; and reports on some subjects are abolished altogether. This salutary reform, too, has been represented[1] as a deliberate attempt to "muzzle the servants of Government."

> The day was when in the writing of thoughtful, well-considered, and detailed reports lay the surest road to high preferment. All that is now changed, and the recent orders of the arch-imperialist Lord Curzon, by which anything but the meagrest notes are condemned, have finally closed the door to public information. The bureaucrat reigns supreme in India, and enforces silence on all.

As a result of the currency policy initiated under Lord Lansdowne, the closing of the mints to the free coinage of silver, and the declaration of the willingness of Government to give or receive at the treasuries rupees at the rate of 15 to the £1, a stable rate of exchange has been secured. The possessors of silver jewellery, who can no longer convert it into coin at pleasure, and the employers of Indian labour,

[1] "Twenty-eight Years in India" (Fisher Unwin).

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who draw their finances from London, and who no longer find their pounds sterling purchase an increasing number of rupees, may view this policy unfavourably; but, on the whole, the opposition is declining, and the benefit to the country at large of filling the otherwise continually widening gulf of loss by exchange is better understood.

The total railway mileage in India, according to the latest statistics available up to the end of April 1905, was 27,904 miles, against 22,048 in 1898. According to Mr. Robertson's figures, India possesses one mile of railway for every 82·86 square miles of territory and every 12,231 inhabitants; the corresponding figures for Great Britain and Ireland being 5·58 square miles and 1889 inhabitants. Judged by a European standard, India is still backward in railways; but Lord Curzon seems to agree with the recent Famine Commission that

> the time has come for a new departure in famine policy, which would place irrigation works in the position that protective railways have hitherto occupied in the Famine Insurance Programme. To put the food-supply of the country into circulation, was necessarily the first object of a wise famine policy; to protect and develop the supply itself should be its second object; and this is the function of agricultural development generally, and of irrigation in particular.

It is recognised that irrigation works should not in all instances be expected to pay the market rate of interest on the capital expended, and the total expenditure on irrigation has increased proportionally to that on railways, the latest figures being:

1903–04.	Railways, Rs. 30,87,72,000	(£20,584,800)
	Irrigation, Rs. 4,04,19,000	(£2,694,600)
1904–05.	Railways, Rs. 31,89,24,000	(£21,261,600)
	Irrigation, Rs. 4,06,18,000	(£2,907,866)

In his Budget speech of 1900, Lord Curzon estimated the total practicable increase to the irrigable area of India as 4,000,000 acres. He appointed an Irrigation Commission under Sir Colin Scott Moncrieffe to investigate the most suitable sources of water-supply in each province, whether irrigation

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canals, tanks, or wells, and to draw up a programme of works as a means of insurance against famine. The Commission recommended an outlay of 44 crores of rupees (about 29 millions sterling) in twenty years on nine protective irrigation schemes to irrigate 4½ million acres. Of these schemes, the most important are the Lower Bari Doab (between the Beas and the Ravi), the Sind Sagar (between the Chenab and the Indus), and the great Tungabhadra storage project in Madras. In addition to this, an annual outlay of 58 lacs (£386,628) is recommended in loans for private works, and in free grants for unproductive private works. This is independent of the completion of previous schemes for the Chenab, the Upper Bari Doab, the Jhelum, and Sirhind canals.

The danger to the State when the land of the agricultural classes passes into the hands of the money-lenders, who, as a rule, shirk contributing their fair share to taxation, is the result of British rule. Formerly no alienation of land was possible without the consent of the whole body of village shareholders. The British Government has given the cultivators absolute and transferable rights of property in their land instead of tribal tenure, and has increased the security which they can offer for loans from the mere value of the crops on the ground to the full capitalised value of the land. The cultivator is proverbially as stupid as his own bullocks, and does not hesitate to borrow when he requires a little accommodation; but his rights in the land are liable to summary sale at the suit of any creditor, and he is generally sold up for non-payment of the debt. This eagerness of the money-lending classes to invest is incidental evidence that the land revenue is not excessive.

The Deccan Agriculturists' Relief Act, 1879, first gave legislative sanction to the policy of limiting the cultivator's right of disposing of his holding. This Act did not go far enough, for the Famine Commission of 1900 pointed out that the indebtedness of the Deccan rayats was due to the "rigidity" of our revenue system, which forced them to

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borrow cash to pay their assessments, and to the fatal facility with which they could borrow, having such valuable rights to offer as security. The "rigidity" referred to alludes to the fact that the revenue has to be paid, irrespective of the productiveness of the season, the theory being that the profits of good years should counterbalance the losses of bad. The Commission recommended that, in all cases of debts due from cultivators, if the money-lender's claim was that of a mortgagee only, the debt should be investigated and a fair sum fixed. The annual produce of the holding should then be ascertained; and, after providing for the support of the cultivator and his family, the balance should be set aside to pay off the debt in a term of years. On the expiration of the term the holding should revert to the cultivator. For the future, restrictions should be placed on the transferability of land, by requiring that any sale to a person not of the agricultural classes should not be valid without the consent of Government. In accordance with these recommendations, the Government of India passed the Panjab Land Alienation Act, 1900, and sanctioned the Bombay Revenue Code Amendment Act, 1901. The work entitled "Twenty-eight Years in India" denounces these acts as "the uprooting of a peasant proprietary," and an "extraordinary measure of confiscation."

Speaking of the proper charges for telegrams between England and India, Lord Curzon said in 1901 that there would not be the maximum telegraph traffic between the two countries till the rate was reduced to 1*s.* a word. As a step in this direction, the telegraph companies have been induced to lower the rate from 4*s* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a word.

With shame, it must be acknowledged that up to now the British Government in India has been insufficiently mindful of its stewardship of the archæological remains of the country. Priceless monuments, like Asoka's pillar at Lauviya Araraj, near Bettiah, have been scrawled all over with names, both European and native; and the carved lion on the top of this pillar has been used as a target for ball practice. The walls of

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the ancient capital of Gaur were long used as stone-quarries by the neighbouring rayats, and a large part of the ballast on the Assam-Behar railway is said to have been taken from the same source. In Lahore, the Chota Khwabgah, or sleeping-chamber of Shah Jehan, was used as a military church, and the mosque of Dai Anga, famous for its enamelled tiles, as the office of the railway traffic superintendent.

At Ahmedabad, Lord Curzon found that the delicate tracery of the windows of the mosque was being ruined by the storage of old records. He announced his intention "to assert more definitely the Imperial responsibility of Government in respect of Indian antiquities"; and all over India famous buildings and remains have been reclaimed from inappropriate uses and placed in repair so as to enable them to display their architectural beauties to advantage.

The education policy advocated by the Viceroy was laid down in his speeches to the Convocation of the University of Calcutta, and to the Conferences of Directors of Public Instruction at Simla in 1901 and 1905, in the Resolutions of the Government of India on text-books and on the appointment and report of the University Commission.

The most important changes are the abolition of primary examinations, and the substitution of general efficiency for payment by results, as the standard by which primary schools are in future to be estimated. Vernacular education, both primary and secondary, has been reformed on modern lines by the introduction of an adaptation of the *kindergarten* system, nature-study, and hand-and-eye training. The practical teaching of the "science of common life" has been substituted for a smattering of science usually learnt by heart, and taught entirely out of books, without experiment or apparatus.

The University Commission was appointed to consider how far the teaching function of the Indian universities, which had hitherto been merely examining bodies, could be extended and improved. The Commission reported that, owing to the continual cheapening of university education, more persons had

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availed themselves of it than were intellectually qualified to profit by their studies. In the desire to increase the output of passed students of the universities, quality had been sacrificed to quantity. They recommended that the college fees should be raised, and that the affiliation of such colleges as did not teach the full graduate course should be discontinued. Continuance of the affiliation of a college should be conditional on its being certified to attain a certain standard of merit after inspection on the part of the university.

In spite of the opposition they excited, these proposals were accepted by Government; and grants of public money were made to the universities to meet the loss of fee-income caused by the diminution in the number of students owing to the raising of the college fees. The author of "Twenty-eight Years in India" asserts that "Lord Curzon has offended beyond forgiveness the educated classes of Indians," by the adoption of this policy, which he calls "the uprooting of popular education." Seeing that university education is enjoyed by such an infinitesimally small minority, it is difficult to understand how it could ever be termed "popular;" and it is the climax of exaggeration to describe the Commission "as playing ducks and drakes with the intellectual future of a couple of hundred millions." The same work considers it "only human" for "New India" to suggest that "the Government of India was seeking to do something to check the unhealthy overgrowth of university education."

It has been found expedient to limit the freedom formerly allowed to local governments in interpreting the orders of the Government of India on education. A Director-General of Education in India has been appointed to ensure that the education policy of the local government should be animated by "community of principle and of aim."

On the report of the Police Commission, a general improvement in the pay and prospects of all ranks of the police has been sanctioned; and a new class of officers, entirely confined

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to natives of India, to be called deputy superintendents, has been instituted.

Now to consider the character of Lord Curzon's administration under the heads of taxation and famine management, and foreign policy, the two former heads being taken together, since some regard them as cause and effect.

Military expenditure, which has increased from £15,200,000 in 1896 to £17,700,000 in 1903–04, is now the disturbing element in Indian finance; but the increase is part of the policy of the Home Government, and India equally suffers from it. Lord Curzon ineffectually protested against the extra charges of £548,000 for recruiting and training British troops at £7 10*s.* a head, and £786,000 for their extra pay; but his opposition to the fresh annual charge, which the Home Government proposed to lay upon Indian revenues, of £1,100,000 for the 12,500 men in South Africa, who were to be "earmarked" for Indian service, was more successful. Another item on the credit side is the grant of £257,000 to the Indian army which the Royal Commission on Indian expenditure obtained from Imperial revenue. Lord Curzon thus summed up what there is to show for this increased military expenditure, in his farewell to Sir Power Palmer, on his retirement from office as Commander-in-Chief:

> He may look back, as he retires, upon an army almost entirely re-armed with a modern quick-firing rifle, supplied with a large increase of officers, equipped in respect of transport with a *bonâ fide* organisation. He may contemplate a system of frontier defence, worked out upon a scientific plan, and almost immeasurably superior to that of a few years ago, the mobilisation of coast defence, artillery rearmament, the Madras reconstruction, and the establishment of Indian factories for the supply of materials and munitions of war.

By "the Madras reconstruction" is meant the substitution of the more warlike races of Northern India, for those of whom the Madras army was largely composed.

One blot upon British rule is the average level of dire poverty among the inhabitants, which is the chief cause why, when famine occurs, the enfeebled population die off like flies.

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Lord Curzon, in his Budget speech, 1901, estimated that the average annual income of an Indian had risen from Rs. 17 (£1 16*s.*) in 1880 to Rs. 30 (£2) in 1900, but that the income of an average agriculturist was only Rs. 20 (£1 6*s.* 8*d.*). Out of this miserable pittance of £2 a year each native of India has to pay in land revenue and taxation 8*s.* 3¼*d.* Mr. Digby, in "Prosperous British India," estimated the average daily income of an Indian as 2*d.* in 1850; 1½*d.* in 1880; and ¾*d.* in 1900.

In 1903, for the first time for twenty years, the burden of taxation was lightened by levying the Salt Tax at Rs. 2 (2*s.* 8*d.*) instead of Rs. 2½ (3*s.* 4*d.*) per maund (80 lb.), and by increasing the minimum annual income exempted from income tax from Rs. 500 (£33) to Rs. 1000 (£66). Certain other small concessions in cheapening postage and telegrams have also since been made; but the cost of famine relief has prevented further remission of taxation.

The famine of 1900–01 was a truly overwhelming calamity. It was the second famine in three years, and there was a deficiency of water and fodder as well as of grain. It affected from 600,000 to 700,000 square miles of territory. It cost the Government £4,277,000 for famine relief, and £947,000 for agricultural advances. In the famine of 1877–78, the deficiency of rainfall was from 25 to 50 per cent., but in 1900–01 some districts did not get more than from one-eighth to one-thirtieth of their average rainfall. The Famine Commission of 1878–80 estimated that more than 4½ million people were likely to be on relief works at the same time; in June 1900, there were nearly 6 millions.

Lord Curzon estimated that there was "an excess mortality of half a million in British India more or less attributable to famine conditions." The author of "Twenty-eight Years in India" points the finger of scorn at him for underestimating the mortality. Half a million, or four millions: which? By deducting the decennial average from the death rate for 1900, we get the excess mortality due to famine *and plague* in Bombay, the Central Provinces, Berar, Ajmere, and the

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Panjab. This amounts to 1,236,855, of whom 230,000 are known to have died of cholera and small-pox, so Lord Curzon's estimate, which related to famine only, and did not profess to be exact, is not inaccurate, whilst his critic's figures are grossly exaggerated.

Lord Curzon takes credit to himself, not undeservedly, that

> on the one hand, we have set our face against indiscriminate and pauperising charity, and have endeavoured to insist on relief being administered with the care and method we owe to the taxpayer and the exchequer. On the other hand, we have been prepared to accept any expenditure, of which it could be shown that it was required to save life or to mitigate genuine distress.

"Twenty-eight Years in India" compares the taxation of land to at least a 55 per cent. income tax. This ignores the essential distinction between taxation and the rent due to the State as supreme landowner. A 55 per cent. income tax is inconceivable, but an even greater percentage taken as rent, provided that the ordinary agricultural rate of profit was left to the payer, might not be considered excessive.

Charges of reckless enhancement of land revenue are constantly brought against the Government; but it is not generally stated whether the cultivated area was the same or not, after the enhancement, as before, which makes all the difference.

The Government of India in 1902 issued a detailed resolution on the incidence of the land revenue, which asserts that, in provinces in which the revenue is received from landlords, the standard of 50 per cent. of the assets recommended by the memorial of ex-civilians to the Secretary of State is uniformly observed, and that in *rayatwari* provinces the State is actually taking less than one-fifth of the gross produce, which the memorialists say should be the maximum. Owing to the complicated and varying nature of the rayats' holdings, any mathematical determination of assessments, according to gross or net produce, must entail undue rigidity. With reference to the proposal that assess-

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ments in *rayatwari* tracts should be increased only when the land has increased in value through Government irrigation works, or a rise in the price of produce, the Indian Government argues that the State's right to share in the produce of the land carries with it a right to share in any increment of the produce, or its value, due to the growth of population and the gradual development of the country resulting from railways, roads, or irrigation works, or from the general enhancement of values due to expanding resources.

No alteration in the system of scale or assessments can permanently save an agricultural population from the effects of climatic disaster. No country in the world with similar meteorological and economic conditions could be saved by any possible land revenue system from the same misfortunes as happen to India. It is not proved that the most highly assessed areas have suffered most from famine.

Attempts have been made to render the demand of land revenue more elastic. Agricultural improvements effected by the rayats' own capital are not assessed, and prospective assets are no longer taken into consideration. Large enhancements, which are often the necessary outcome of long-term settlements, are imposed according to a progressive and graduated scale. The revenue collection is as far as possible adjusted to the variations in the circumstances of the people; and assessments are reduced in cases of local deterioration from causes such as continual malarial fever or earthquake.

One reason why famines bear so hardly upon the population is that agriculture is the one great industry in India. Lord Curzon has done his best for the development of scientific agriculture by the multiplication of agricultural farms, the appointment of a Director-General of Agriculture with the Government of India, and the establishment of the College of Agriculture at Pusa Bengal; and he has encouraged the investment of capital in various sorts of non-agricultural enterprises. He has placed the management of Indian railways in the hands of a board of experts; he has subsidised the schemes for

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the application of modern science to the needs of the tea- and indigo-planters; and he has established a Ministry of Commerce and Industry, and an Imperial Customs Service for the more efficient superintendence of trade matters. Lord Curzon showed that he was mindful of the part which India should play in the defence of the Empire when, on the outbreak of the Boer War, he sent 13,200 British troops to Natal, and when, on troops being called for to put down the Boxer rising in China, he sent an expedition from India of 1300 British officers and men, with 20,000 native troops. He checked the French attempt to obtain a coaling-station in the Persian Gulf. He endeavoured to extend British influence and trade in South-Eastern Persia, by the appointment of additional consuls, by the delimitation of the frontier between Persia and Afghanistan on the Helmand River, which was going from January 1903, to June 1905, and by carrying the Quetta railway as far as Nushki on the Beluchistan border to improve the facilities for caravan traffic between Beluchistan and Seistan.

His visit to the Persian Gulf with an escort of warships in the cold weather of 1903–04 was intended to emphasise the determination of the British Government to maintain its prestige and paramount position, and to resist by all the means at its disposal any attempt by another Power to establish a naval base there. The Thibetan expedition of 1904 was undertaken to counteract the Russian intrigues of the Lama Dorjieff, a Mongolian Buriat from the shores of Lake Baikal, who had induced the Dalai Lama to send an embassy to the Czar in 1900–01 to offer him the suzerainty of Thibet and the protectorate of the Lamaist religion. Another object was to enforce upon the Thibetans the fulfilment of the obligations undertaken by them under the Anglo-Chinese Treaty of 1890, and the Trade Regulations of 1903.

Within India itself, the principal event of his Viceroyalty was the Delhi Durbar of 1903, when all India acknowledged "its loyalty to a common head, its membership of the same

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body corporate, and its fellow citizenship of the same Empire," "which is the only bond of union for its divisions of race, and class, and customs, and creed." Lord Curzon claimed the princes of the native states as his colleagues in the great work of Indian administration, and he has endeavoured to fit them for their duties by the care that he has bestowed on the Chiefs' colleges. He provided in the Imperial Cadet Corps a military career for high-born native youths. Other important events have been the deposition of the Maharajah of Panna for misconduct, and the treaty with the Nizam concerning Berar. The old arrangement was that the surplus revenues of this province, less the cost of administration, should be handed over to the Nizam. It is now to be permanently leased to the Indian Government in return for an annual payment of 25 lacs of rupees (£166,605), and a lump sum of 41 lacs (£273,306), and the Hyderabad contingent is to be absorbed in the Indian army.

A circular to the native princes forbidding them to leave their dominions without the permission of the Government of India was somewhat harsh in its language, but it enforced the salutary principle that the Government of India is trustee for the welfare, not only of its own subjects, but of those of the native states as well. The home Government in 1904 paid Lord Curzon the unique compliment of extending his term of office for two years, on the ground that "questions relating to railways, irrigation, famine administration, and police had all been investigated, and it seemed disadvantageous that the Viceroy, who had himself initiated the investigations, should quit office before they were dealt with."

Lord Curzon went home for six months in 1904, and Lord Ampthill, Governor of Madras, officiated as Viceroy. Lord Curzon returned to India in the cold weather, and the two most important questions that came before him were the partition of Bengal and the abolition of the dual control of the Indian army.

The partition of Bengal, according to the Government of

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India, was necessitated by the fact that the old province was too large for a single charge, and that it was impossible for the Lieutenant-Governor to keep in touch with the people. The alternative of a Governor from England with a council was dismissed as antiquated, and that of decentralisation, with the transference of powers to certain commissioners, on the analogy of the Commissioner in Sind, as impracticable.

The Bengalees view the partition as an attempt to dismember the Bengalee nation, and the Hindus as an attempt to erect a counterpoise to themselves in the Mahomedans, who are in a majority in Eastern Bengal. In spite of bitter opposition, the partition came into force on October 16, 1905, when the Chittagong and Dacca divisions of the old province and the Rajshahi division (with the exception of Darjiling), and the district of Maldah were united with Assam, under the name of the Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam.

Ever since his arrival in India, Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief, has chafed against the system by which his proposals were liable to be criticised by the military member of the Viceroy's Council. Lord Curzon and his whole Council, except the Commander-in-Chief, were in favour of the *status quo*. The Secretary of State supported Lord Kitchener. Though it was settled that the Commander-in-Chief should correspond direct with the Viceroy, Lord Curzon did not resign, but endeavoured to fall in with the policy approved by the home Government. When, however, his proposal to fill up the vacancy in the military membership caused by General Elles' resignation by the appointment of an officer of sufficient standing to be available as a second adviser on military topics was rejected by the Secretary of State, he resigned in August 1905.

Lord Curzon took up the reins of government better qualified than any of his predecessors, by his travels in Persia, Afghanistan, and the Far East, to exercise his independent judgment on questions of Indian foreign policy. Throughout his Viceroyalty he was continually on the move, and lost no

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opportunity of visiting the furthest corners of the Empire. He is besides a prodigious worker, and he brings an absolutely open mind to the consideration of any subject with which he may be dealing, sparing no pains to inform himself fully upon it. His visit to the Bombay famine camps in the height of the hot weather of 1900 is an instance of this. Hence comes his confidence in himself, his ability to take his own line, and his intolerance of opposition. His policy was framed in accordance with his own views, and no Viceroy ever owed less to his Council or his secretaries. He governed as well as reigned, and took a direct and personal share in the administration. He strove to hold the balance even between the white man and the black, and his attempts to bring white men to punishment for brutality to natives of India made him personally disliked. The cases of the West Kent and 9th Lancer regiments and the tea-planter prosecutions were not mere "playing to the gallery," but the Viceroy's action was dictated by his sense of justice. He cared nothing for popularity, as is shown by his Calcutta University Convocation speech of 1905 on the general want of respect for truth among Indians, in which he went out of his way to tell a home truth which he considered necessary to press upon the attention of his hearers, regardless of the storm it would arouse. The general effect of his Viceroyalty may be summed up in his own words: "I should like, if I have time, while in India to place upon the anvil every branch of Indian policy and administration, to test its efficiency and durability, and, if possible, do something for its improvement." The benefit of such minute inspection to the efficiency of Indian government is incalculable, but it is not conducive to the popularity of the inspector.

ANGLO-INDIAN.

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A SERVANT OF THE CROWN

His Excellency the Acting-Governor announces with regret the death of Mr. Harold G. Parsons, a District Commissioner, which took place in the Colonial Hospital on the morning of the 27th August. His Excellency desires to place on record his deep sense of the loss which the Colony has sustained by the untimely decease of this very able and experienced officer.

SUCH was the official epitaph of one of the most brilliant, versatile and courageous men who ever gave their lives for the advancement of their country and died before their true worth had been appreciated by any save their closest friends. Something more is needed to do justice to the memory of Harold Parsons than the sentence I have quoted from the Government *Gazette*[1] of the Colony of Lagos, West Africa. The effects of hard work and fever upon a heart enfeebled by a wound received in the South African campaign, brought to a sudden close a career which had showed promise of as great distinction in the world of thought and letters as in that of action and administration; in the short space of scarcely eight and thirty years its mark was left on both.

The best classical scholar of his year at Wadham, where we began our life at Oxford on the same day, Harold Parsons had already seen more of the world, and experienced more varieties of life, than any of those with whom he came into immediate contact. We had breakfast and lunch together, we two and one other, every day for four years, and we were all within a few weeks of the same age; out of those three

[1] For August 30, 1905.

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young and hopeful Musketeers he was the "Athos" and the "Porthos" rolled into one, a blue-eyed, simple-hearted gipsy-student, as ready for a duel as a dinner, for a keen philosophical disputation as for a traveller's tale, for a sculling-race as for an essay. In the College sculls we raced each other blind every summer, and each won them twice. In the College eight he was the best seven a stroke could wish, and to his sterling qualities of hard work he added more true watermanship than most of the men who got their Blue from Eton or Radley. But he had not been to an English public school. Though he was English born,[1] and, it would not be incorrect to say, English bred, he went, at thirteen, to the Melbourne Grammar School, which he left easily head of the school in work and play, with the Argus Prize for English Essay, published by request (when he was only sixteen) in the *Melbourne Review*. It was a plea for Imperial Federation; and as a prophecy of what he was afterwards to do, it has a value which will be evident later on. The mere voyage to Australia and back, in one so precociously full of observation and intelligence, showed him more of the world than most of us had ever heard of. He travelled largely on his way home to his English tutor, and indeed all his life he was "a wanderer and a gatherer," as he once wrote of the Australian "Hungry Tyson." One result was, that he was easily head in the whole list of those who tried for the open entrance scholarships we both won; and another was, that he never gave much heed to any further University examinations. "Without examinations," he used to say, "Oxford would be perfect. They are her only blemish."

But he had something in him which examinations could never give, for his mind was that fascinating combination of the experience of forty with the spring and audacity of nineteen. It was not always understood by the striplings who wrestled as conscientiously with "Pass Mods" as with the problems of a cricket-match, and knew as little of the world outside as they cared for the scholarship within. He left his

[1] At Blackheath, on March 8, 1867.

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mark on Wadham, as he left it everywhere he went. The Junior Common Room, with its frieze of shields, its portraits of Nicholas and Dorothy, its writing-room, its pleasant opportunities of talk and coffee, was his own foundation, and his record of its early history still reposes on its walls.

That was one of his chief distinctions: he could not only do things, he wrote about them too. He was still in Oxford when he wrote an article for W. E. Henley's *National Observer*, which smote the Cobdenists hip and thigh and attacked their whole doctrine more than a decade before the Manchester school had even begun to lose its old supremacy. His views on men and things were tinctured with that mature experience which was his, so that his writing seemed the work of a much older man, so far as its conclusions went, while his style was instinct with the sure strength of untarnished physical powers, with that innate sense of phrasing and of words which saved him all the labour of apprenticeship, and produced the writer even in the undergraduate. His power with his pen was sufficiently evidenced during the years, soon after his degree, which he spent in London, chiefly under Henley's influence: a welcome member of the band which counted many a future celebrity under the same banner—Kipling, Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Swinburne, Barrie, George Curzon, Gilbert Parker, George Wyndham, Harold Frederic, Stéphane Mallarmé, Marriott-Watson and many more. Of them all, none upheld the creed of Toryism so bravely, none belaboured the Whig or detested the new Radical so whole-heartedly as did the new recruit from Oxford. Principalities and powers and creeds were more to him than he knew himself, much more than was suspected by many friends of that bold stormer of Conventionality's most sacred strongholds, that somewhat reserved, intensely chivalrous, almost quixotically generous champion of the King, the People and the Bible.

The columns of the old *Observer* revealed both the undergraduate of twenty-three and the long-headed traveller, who saw deeper into things than most of his contemporaries. In

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writing on social questions, on his philosophy of life, the same astonishing mixture, the same intrepidity and insight, are still more observable. His onslaughts on what was then known for short as "Clapham" were especially spirited; and his theories of life at that early time were as follows:

> The complete philosopher [he wrote], though he delight not in the misfortunes of his fellows, will extract a certain pleasure from his own. At first, of course, he will have taken life seriously. Carelessness is not for the young: and a light heart is the reward of experience. But as the years go by he will begin to cultivate serenity like a garden herb. . . . The life-story of the average man is printed in stereotype, on the meanest of pages, and multiplied to infinity. In most copies, it may be, the notes scribbled at the side are worth reading: the record of a holiday, the moment of passion, the sudden impression, which make the man's tale real to him and, after some fashion, his own. So that for the poorest octavo of them all it is the margin that matters, in a way. But for ourselves, as amateurs of existence, we have to insist, to begin with, upon large paper. Our rivulet of text, at all events, shall flow through a wide meadow of margin. . . . We must learn to dispense with many things. Poverty, after all, is life next the bone, where it is sweetest. And the man born without an income cannot spare time to make one. . . . Labour is for the general; the few must either command or dispense with wealth.

London was not long to hold, nor Literature alone to claim the writer of the brilliant essays which delighted every reader who could appreciate light-hearted youth still unburdened with too many facts. But even these few sentences are an indication of the personality that went out of English journalism when Harold Parsons was called to the Bar and promptly sailed for West Australia. "Desperation," he wrote to me, "knocked at my elbow, and whispered news to me out of Barbary." As a matter of fact his first objective had been Zanzibar. His barrister's wig actually went there. But Africa did not secure him yet. Himself went many a league further east of Suez. And he started with all the Elizabethan spirit of adventure that sang so often in his blood, in the phrases that were on his lips in his last years:

> To Tunis and Argiers, boys!
> Great is our want, small be our joys.
> Let's then some voyage take in hand
> To get us means by sea or land.

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Philosophical or not, he never really mastered what he sometimes preached: "l'art suprême de vivre avec soi-même." He was the most gregarious and domestic person in the world, and liked nothing better, at proper intervals, than life by the family fireside. Next to that, life in the open with a good comrade was his chiefest joy. All his misfortunes came from periods of mental or physical loneliness. All his happiness was shared with some kindred spirit. "I stood on the North Cape at midnight," he wrote to me once, after one of his wanderings, "and drank champagne there. It is far less solitary than your White Horse Hill in Berkshire. I met the Dean of W—— there, in gaiters."

Speaking figuratively, I should say that he was meeting Deans in gaiters all his life; for he had not only an unfailing sense of the dramatic, which made him the best *raconteur* in the world when he came home from his travels, but also a fresh and abundant humour which constantly lit up his narratives with strange parallels from distant countries, or sudden references to his present surroundings, that proved how unquenchable was his zest of life, how wide and deep the foundations on which his capacity was based. That capacity was chiefly memorable for its astounding versatility, its never-failing courage. It showed itself, during his short life, rather in action than in ways which might have left more visible trace behind; and his highest qualities were beyond doubt administrative. For he was a true pioneer, a leader of men, who might not only have founded an empire overseas but have laid down its laws and written the history he had helped to make. In the present shape of the Australian Commonwealth Bill he has left a definite, practical result behind him, such as few men have produced who are not the accredited statesmen of their country. That was only a part of the legacy he left us; it was but an infinitesimal fraction of what he might have achieved had his life lasted longer.

West Australia did not wholly please him at first, though by all his family tradition he felt himself Australian; and for

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a year or two he wrote unhappy letters—letters, that is to say, which began unhappily, but always sounded the old bugle-note of confidence before the end.

When I came to Perth three months ago [he wrote] I attacked fortune with a fury which would have made all the difference in London, if only I could have waked myself up in time. I dressed, visited, dined, attended *levées*, and wrote letters to every man with a bank account or a pen whom I knew in Europe or America. Withal I knew something of Australia, and I was resolved not to go the ordinary way, of the "new chum" or "remittance man," as the phrase goes here.

He got a certain amount of legal work. But he was fretting for bigger chances; and he soon went further afield. The tramp into the interior he often told me, and he wrote it for his favourite "Maga" later on:—

Early in 1894 I walked from Burracoppin, then the head of the railway line, to Coolgardie. It was in the first days of the rush, before the Boulder mines had been started, or ever the chimneys of Kalgoorlie were hot. It was my first experience of the Australian people, and I found it good. Our party was about a hundred strong, swampers and teamsters; and we swampers paid thirty shillings apiece to have our swags carried up by the flour- and fodder-laden waggons, alongside of which we tramped. I remember now the unappeasable track—red and dusty, two chains wide, stretching endlessly eastward, up hill and down, dividing the dull immensity of twisted gums. . . .

In December 1904 I had a letter from him, headed "Hannan's Find, East Coolgardie Goldfield." He was doing fairly well in the law, and winning cases, and with them a reputation.

It is very hot and dusty here, but we are fairly comfortable, four of us, Oxford men, including the Warden. I am very weak with dysentery. I have a camel man with his beast camped day and night beside my house, waiting to go out to new finds for me and certain others. It is all a fever of excitement and discomfort. What a curious thing it is! I have struck many friends of a sort. But those three or four years with you and Aramis at Oxford were the best. I have been sunk in a certain apathy till lately with illness and other miseries. But now I am beginning to taste success—or rather money—I am beginning to be alive again and to want to see you. We shall meet some time, in middle life, and past sorrows will be . . . past sorrows. We must bear everything and live everything down. After all, what is life, that we should

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grieve at the departure of oneself or one's friends? And who are you and I that we should be exempt from the utmost bitterness?

Within a few months that "camel man with his beast" had started for Kalgoorlie. At the second municipal election ever held in the new township Harold Parsons was elected Mayor, on the 16th November 1896, with nine Councillors, and a total municipal revenue of about £16,500. When his year of office had elapsed the revenue was doubled, and the rateable value of property had become £117,468. He thoroughly enjoyed the work of organisation, and it is characteristic that a photograph of him soon after this period shows him, not mining, but planting trees with Mr. P. Hannan and a party of about a dozen men. He soon made a rapid visit to London, full of business connected with mining, fighting various law-suits, and with every legitimate prospect of realising a quarter of a million sterling. The little triangle of friends, who made a point of meeting whenever one of their number returned from journeyings abroad, had a jovial dinner on that occasion, and nuggets of all shapes and sizes abounded at dessert, to prove to us that he had "struck it rich."

But romance was only just beginning. He returned to lay out streets and squares, to watch over the growth of public buildings, to found the Kalgoorlie Chamber of Mines, of which he became first President, to sit in the Upper House at Perth, to become a member of the Legislative Council of West Australia. He brought back a wife. And then a slow and relentless tragedy seemed about to unfold. She died in England; and as we came back from her funeral I learnt that he had lost his fortune too. He would only have deplored that had any one he loved been hopelessly involved in his misfortunes. But during the few weeks he stayed with me, at this crisis of his fate, he gradually took up his life again in his strong hands and shook himself out of the lethargy that had very naturally menaced him. He had valued money only for the power it gave. He had been unable to hold his own against those whose trade it was to make it and love it for

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itself. The war had not long broken out in South Africa, and he determined at once to offer his services at the front. Action was his best remedy; then as ever.

The journalist, the mine-owner, the colonial politician, turned out to be as fine a soldier as ever led a squadron of horse. As was his wont, he loved his latest occupation better than any he had tried before. With no other training than a few drills in the old days with "The Devil's Own," he went to Aldershot in March 1901. He drilled his first company so efficiently that he was promptly given another. This only worried him because he had got really fond of all his men, as usual. In April he embarked as "sea-captain" in command of a provisional squadron, his second lot of men, after spending most of his spare cash in completing the smaller details of their equipment. The pair of Zeiss glasses given him by his comrades at the Savile Club was almost the only luxury he left himself. As soon as he had reached the front his letters were full of requests for strong wire-nippers in large quantities, which he demanded urgently from every friend he had. At Capetown he reverted to the rank of Second Lieutenant, and was given a third section to knock into shape; and, as far as I could understand his letters, it was with yet a fourth that he was finally sent to the front in the Harrismith district in charge of 131 Glamorgans. He had provisional command at Harrismith of the Glamorgan squadron, until he was appointed as Second Lieutenant to the command of A troop of the 53rd squadron East Kent Imperial Yeomanry.[1]

Fortunately, I have many letters both from himself and those who saw him at this time in South Africa, where he was

[1] At Aldershot he had detected a very efficient N.C.O. in the person of one Private E——, aforetime of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, a Mason, and an unquestioned authority on cockfighting. This man he smuggled into Harrismith as his personal servant, then employed him to dragoon the Welshmen into shape, and subsequently presented him to the East Kent Yeomanry as a Squadron Sergeant-Major, and to the 11th Regiment of Imperial Yeomanry as acting Regimental Sergeant-Major, in which capacity E—— thoroughly proved his soldierly excellence and love of fighting.

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known, characteristically enough, as "The Padre." Evidently his personality exercised no small influence upon them, at a time when most of his fellow officers were younger in years, and nearly all younger in all-round experience, than himself. His habit of "thinking big," his faculty of seeing clearly one important thing when less resolute mentalities vaguely envisaged six, made the best of them want to find out and cultivate the germs of those great gifts that were his birthright. As an officer his main characteristic was intense pride in his own troop, and keen personal interest in any man under his command who was worth his salt. He held very strongly that the first duty of an officer to his men and horses was to fill their stomachs. He had a wholesome horror of false economy, and exemplified it by his constant endeavour to make his troopers into good shots, himself keenly setting the example. Every available round was used in practice at a biscuit-tin stuck up on the veldt, or an ant-heap at uncertain range. When he was posted with his troop at the head of Olivier's Hoek Pass, he made a rifle-range, and challenged his regular colleagues to shooting-matches. By the testimony of all eye-witnesses his personal bravery was unquestioned and superb; and of responsibility he never had—either there or anywhere else—the slightest fear. In questions of tactics he always knew his own mind. He thought out every situation carefully, determined on his line of action, and resolutely followed it through, his ideas on scouting being especially sound, if a little unconventional. The strong originality of thought and action which was so characteristic of him made him more useful as an independent commander than in co-operation with other units.

He could handle niggers. He knew it, and so did they; and his sense of race-distinction was invariably strong. "Soundness and efficiency" were as much his watchwords at the front as they had been when he was only writing about Tory politics in London. Very few men came up to his standard of either, and he was eminently a judge of both. His loyalty to and confi-

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dence in a "sound" leader were perfect; his appreciation of an "efficient" N.C.O. or trooper just and generous. Again, there must be no compromise—either a workman or a waster; and his esteem for the one was only equalled by his contempt for the other. As a brother officer he was a splendid comrade. Many a time over the dinner-table after an exhausting day's work he would drive away his companions' depression and fatigue by his exhaustless vitality, his unending sense of humour, his infectious merriment. The one thing that rankled in his cheery soul was being regarded—"for the first time in my life"—as an elderly person.

Send out some double-lever wire nippers [he wrote to me from Harrismith]; every trooper wants them, and I send out twenty men a day as scouts. The country is all over wire fences. Some one ought to get up a subscription and send out at least 1000 pairs for the Yeomanry. . . . They let me run a Cape cart now, with two extra horses, because I am a good provider (convey, the wise it call). Let me know anything that happens about the King's title. No Byzantine metaphors I hope. Why not call a King a King?

This last was a subject that much interested him, and I received from South Africa, later on, a long essay on the true constitution of the British Empire, and the position of our Colonies under the Common Crown, with which he wished to keep alive public interest in the subject. As we shall see he returned to it again and again, on more favourable opportunities.

Another letter from Harrismith spoke of warmer work.

We lost our third officer, out of five, last night. We lost two wounded yesterday. . . . Did you get a recommendation of mine for my Sergeant-Major for a Royal Humane Society medal?

Suddenly came bad news. After a few weeks of great anxiety, I had a letter from hospital: "I'm hit at last; but a long way from dead yet." He had been shot in the shoulder and lung, just above the heart, at Tweefontein.

An old Commandant dropped me at fifteen paces after we had held out for one and a half hours, and we had no one else with us on the hill, so I told my fellows to clear them. The old chap laid me out and covered me up and

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gave me water, and then took my watch and all I had. They took everything from my tent—rugs, Mauser pistol, wife's photo, *and* those glasses,

the pair given him by the club.

He wrote so fine an account of the action up to the time of his own severe wound, in the *Fortnightly* for January 1903, that there is no need to repeat here his indignant refutation of the various charges made against his men. "No blame, in any case, can be attached to the main body of our men, who behaved with admirable steadiness," he concludes; and again: "No white flag had been raised, and only about eighty men made their escape." In all, 58 were killed, 84 wounded, the missing and prisoners amounted to 250, and no group of more than five men surrendered at a time.

All the sergeants of the 34th, except one, were killed by bullets in the forehead. Lieutenant Watney, ordering five of his men to smash the Maxim, charged up the slope to cover them, and fell, together with seven out of the ten troopers, the available remainder of his section, who had followed him.

Parsons was left in command of his squadron, every other officer having been killed or wounded, and the attack he led was the last resistance possible, at about half-past three in the morning.

He made apparently a good recovery, but there is no doubt that his heart had suffered in some obscure way, and that his death was hastened by the wound he received in De Wet's last success. Before the war ended he was out on duty again, as keen as ever, and writing long letters about blockhouses and commissariat, interlarded with abstruse details on the art of cooking, to serve as memoranda for a volume he intended to devote to that subject on his return. Many curious and entertaining notes for it are in my possession now. In the end he left South Africa with the medal and five clasps,[1] being picked out as one of the officers to sail in the *Bavarian* with the representative Troops for the Coronation. Owing to the

[1] The clasps are: South Africa 1902, South Africa 1901, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Cape Colony.

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postponement, it happened that these very men, who had been picked out for their good record, fared worse than many of their comrades. Already it seems as if England has forgotten the great army that sprang up at her hour of need from the United Kingdom and every quarter of the Empire. No official care seems to have been taken even to retain the names and addresses of the numerous irregulars who had been trained into efficient N.C.O.s at great expense to the nation, and with very little inducement would come forward at any other National crisis. The Imperial Yeomanry, again, from the moment of their appearance at the front, showed a higher proportion of casualties than any other force. No record remains of them as a body. The late Government stated that they were unable to grant a site for the memorial subscribed for in the Colonies and elsewhere, to be erected in London to the memory of all who fell. It is a sad indication of the general state of apathy that the capital of the Empire should contain no public record of the names of those who died in her cause, and came from Australia, New Zealand and Canada to fight her battles.

Harold Parsons never was to know how far public forgetfulness could go. As soon as he returned to London he threw himself heart and soul into Imperial politics.

As long ago as 1888, when he was but sixteen, he had written the essay on the Federation of the British Empire, which was published in the *Melbourne Review*, and is before me now. It is an astonishingly precocious piece of work; but I can only mention it here as an indication of the deep-rooted principles which stirred the man from the earliest moment he began to think about politics at all.

In *Blackwood's* for November 1899, an article had appeared from his pen on "The New Australian Commonwealth and the Privy Council." It attracted wide attention, for he was the first non-official writer definitely to warn the public, both here and in Australia, of the constitutional dangers of the Commonwealth Bill as it was first drafted. "It is a very able

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statement of the case," wrote one in high authority, and well capable of judging; "it expresses the argument clearly; and it will stand as the history of the question at issue." He followed it up with letters and articles in well-nigh every newspaper. The difficult task of rousing Englishmen to appreciate any detail of their constitution, or to consider the welfare of any of their Colonies, was at length accomplished. Those who were connected with the *St. James's Gazette* in the early spring of 1900 are still proud to remember that, as they had been the first to sound the note of warning to a deaf and unbelieving public concerning the inevitability of the War, so they were foremost among those who helped Harold Parsons to drive home his point in another question of vital importance, and to defeat Mr. Haldane's plausible scheme for the absorption of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the House of Lords. Clause 74 in the Commonwealth Bill reads as it does owing to the repeated and forcible expositions made by Harold Parsons of the danger involved in denying to Australia the appeal to the Privy Council. He did not wholly succeed: but the High Court of the Empire was practically established when he achieved the victory of preserving the appeal for all Australian citizens in all matters except constitutional questions of domestic interest.

This fight was fought before he sailed for the Cape. His chief work on his return was devoted to a study of "Our Colonial Kingdoms," which was foreshadowed in the Paper read before the Colonial Institute, and published in their Journal for June 1903. In two distinguished articles contributed to his beloved "Maga," one on Captain John Smith, of Virginia, happily entitled "A Knight of the Sun," and the other, "Lords of the Main," dealing with England's sea-dominion, he outlined two new chapters of the book he planned so carefully and worked so industriously to finish. Never were books so eagerly perused, authorities so mercilessly ransacked, arguments so gaily culled from every possible document and archive in the Bodleian Library or London. The book grew steadily. Its author has

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gone from us with his work unpublished; but his material is here, and the last ripe fruit of that clear intellect and steady brain will not be wholly lost. It will never, perhaps, have quite the form he would have given it. But more than enough remains to publish a fair and appropriate record of a book that would have firmly established his reputation.

The frontispiece he wished to be the portrait of "th' admired Empresse," Elizabeth, "Angliae, Franciae, Hiberniae, et Virginiae Regina." The dedication was fixed, too. "Deo, Patriae, Tibi." The title-page, a matter of much consideration, had been submitted to W. E. Henley, as, perhaps, too long. But Henley would not change a word. "*Stet* the lot," he wrote, after his cheery habit, on the margin; "it's Unique. W. E. H."

It ran as follows—properly spaced out:

The Invisible King or The Common Crown in the Constitution of the British Empire Being some Account of the New Politics Leading to the Loss of Our Former Colonial Empire; together with an Examination of the Late Sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament and the Present Sovereignty of the Crown-in-Council, By Harold G. Parsons, B A. Sometime Senior Scholar of Wadham College Oxford, of the Inner Temple Barrister at Law, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Zoological Society, and the Colonial Institute, former Member of the Legislative Council of Western Australia, Hon. Lieutenant in His Majesty's Army, and District Commissioner at Lagos, W. Africa.

The telling title, "The Invisible King," he had found in one of Lecky's quotations from Algernon's Sidney's "Discourses on Government," which were Cromwellian essays on the sovereign power of the Crown, and the survival of the judicial part of Sovereignty. He strongly believed in England's mission and precedence of teaching nations how to live, and took as his motto the splendid phrase of Milton:

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full heavenly beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking

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birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

Final sovereignty, he held, must be vested somewhere, and in something. The complete sovereignty of the British Empire does not reside in the English Parliament, but in the people of the Empire; and therefore the only body that can be said to be a central Imperial Government, or to represent the "Common" sense of the Empire, is the Common Crown, the Crown-in-Council, the Cabinet in its capacity as a Committee of the Privy Council advisory to the Crown, and not in its other capacity as a Committee of Parliament; for the Cabinet, with the Crown, is the trustee to which the sovereign power of the people is committed; the Cabinet, with the Sovereign, is our "Invisible King."

These doctrines Harold Parsons enforced by arguments from leading law cases, from the Colonial Charters, from Appeals to the Privy Council, from ceremonies surviving in the Coronation Acts, from the story of our sovereignty in the Four Seas, from the constitution of the Channel Islands,[1] and from the history of our dealings with Ireland and the West Indies. He proved up to the hilt that the formulas of Empire are neither new nor unprecedented. He destroyed the hypothesis that the Colonies have always been dependencies of the nation, naturally subject to an Imperial Parliament. He enforced this by a wide sweep of historical and political research, pointing out that the Empires of Rome, Charlemagne, Charles the Fifth, and Napoleon were logically connected as expressions of a Continental system hostile to ourselves; of a system, yet dreamed of, by some thinkers, as the future United States of

[1] As Sir Charles Dilke has always told them, the Jersey people nowadays give up too easily their ancient contention that Parliament has nothing to do with the States of Jersey or Guernsey. He considers that the islands together are an independent kingdom under personal union with the Crown. But they have slid gradually into treating themselves as two coaling-stations under the Imperial Parliament, a position which may be convenient but has no historical authority.

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Europe; of the system which conquered us under Cæsar and William the Norman, and which was beaten as the Armada, or as the projected invasions of Napoleon. The second of his fundamental generalisations was the concurrent existence of the extension of the Realm (that is, of incorporation with representation), and of Federal Empire (that is of inclusion under the Common Crown). After the Kingdom of Wessex had expanded as far as geographical and racial considerations allowed, and had become the United Kingdom, the system of inclusion under the Common Crown went on as a British Empire which was capable of indefinite expansion. As Henry VIII. proclaimed, this realm of England "always was an Impire;" and unless our free settlements over sea come under the system of the Common Crown, they must separate from us, and "Impire" will be over.

It was in putting into practice those theories of work and government on which he had written so much, that Harold Parsons spent the last two years of his life. He died "a servant of the Crown," in the service of that Empire which claimed the best of him, and which he knew and loved so well. He was rising rapidly in the Colonial service of West Africa when sudden heart failure, following a fever in Lagos, carried him off unexpectedly. It will be a fitting close to these pages to recall briefly some of the administrative work he did in those two years.

He went out to Lagos as a District Commissioner in July 1908, writing from the s.s. *Jebba*, off Sierra Leone:

> I am a very fortunate fellow to have the friends I have, and indeed I have no feeling of loneliness in the world now. Something has gone permanently. The spring has gone out of my life. But I am not at all incapable of happiness. Contrariwise, as I am not at all afraid of death, and have quite got over the feeling which was so oppressing me in London, I believe I am the very man for this coast, if only I can get work up-country for which I feel myself exceptionally well fitted.

Our first news of him was that he was at work as a police-magistrate. Suddenly came tidings that he was managing a

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big agricultural show, the first ever held at Lagos. The chairman of the committee was Mr. Speed, the acting Chief Justice; and the detailed supervision was in the hands of Harold Parsons. His success in organising it was fully recognised in the Governor's speech, at the opening, to Mr. Speed and the other members of the Executive Committee, in which the words occur:

> You have been most ably assisted and supported by Mr. Parsons, who, I know, has with enthusiasm most generously given us the full benefit of his experience in such work. I have no hesitation in saying that yourself and Mr. Parsons have rendered important service to the country.

Sir William MacGregor was able to recognise other qualities in his new Commissioner, as well; for his speech concludes with the sentence:

> I understand that Mr. Parsons has undertaken to write a Report on this Show. This will be good news to those interested in it. I wish to tell them that Mr. Parsons is a scholar, a man of wide knowledge, an accomplished writer.

Harold Parsons was soon afterwards sent up to the Residency of Ibadan, where a strong and capable man was badly wanted; and within his first year of service he found himself in practical control of one of those large districts up-country where he had longed, on starting from England, to show his real qualities of administration. He was not slow in proving them.

Owing to tribal conditions of land tenure and of labour among the Yorubas, the actual planters of cotton must not be white men but natives; for the social fabric is ancient, conservative, and intensely feudal, including a system of practical servitude which has many parallels to the classical "ascripti glebae." Harold Parsons thoroughly enjoyed unravelling the many problems involved in his surroundings, and strongly felt that, at present, an open market for labour would merely spell anarchy and prevent either cotton-growing or general progress; the chiefs, he insisted, must be the instruments of our rule through sympathetic British Residents. How admirably he was himself fitted for the task was proved by many incidents. As

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he had shown in the South of the Dark Continent so here again he gave unfailing evidence of his qualities of leadership and control, of that understanding of the black races whose sound qualities he respected and with whose "magic" he never trifled. He almost eradicated small-pox, for instance, in his district by the discovery, after conversation with his friend, the "Pagan Archbishop," that the fetish-priests spread the disease in order to obtain the garments of the dead, which were their perquisite. He assisted in introducing the more extended practice of the elements of midwifery in order to benefit the coming generations of natives. He worked hard to get a register of land implying proper titles, with a map and properly marked boundary stones, so that the district might take its right place among the productive portions of the Empire. By judiciously combining the facts that the natives were steeped in secret society traditions, and were also first-rate agriculturists, he evolved the Yoruba Agricultural Union, as one result of his successful Show, with a firm foundation in official ordinances, and branch Agricultural Societies at Abeokuta and Ibadan. He thus realised a wish he had expressed in writing from Lagos, almost as soon as he had gone up-country among the natives.

He at once advocated the acclimatisation and free distribution of every kind of seed-plant and economic tree from West and East Indies, onions from the Soudan, rice from Japan, guinea-grass from the West Indies, fodder and pasture-grasses to follow, then plough-cattle and implements, and finally the indispensable motor-car. He sent home to me a large and excellent sample-bale of unginned cotton from this district which cost threepence retail. With it were sent cloves, antimony, red pepper, native-grown indigo and native-woven cloth. All were evidently susceptible of great improvement, and as soon as he came home on his first (and only) furlough he was off to Kew Gardens for information and assistance. He had already found out that castor-oil seed should be immersed in hot water before planting to ensure good results; and on the experimental farm of the Ibadan Agricultural

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Society he was making tests of cottons, sisal hemp, china-grass, Zunguro millet, bananas, pine-apples, Para rubber, breadfruit, mango, granadilla, lettuce, cabbages, radish, oranges and couch-grass.

Already the Balogun of Ibadan, one of the Chiefs of the Council, and President of the Agricultural Society, had led the way by planting hundreds of coffee-trees, besides cotton, castor-oil, cocoa, cocoa-nuts and kolas, and an area of couch-grass for pasture; and a new cotton-ginnery had been erected at Ibadan by the British Cotton-Growers' Association, who found that most of the cotton ginned at their factory in Abeokuta had come from Ibadan.

> Unginned cotton pays the native at home [wrote Parsons to me], one penny per pound, even if he has to carry it two days' journey to the buyer at the railway. Any man in England who would devise the right kind of cotton-gin for Yorubaland would make money. It must be suitable for carriage to remote centres on carriers' heads in sections of from 60 to 180 lbs., which would go in hammocks. All the English patterns seem to have broken down, and the American "Eagle" type appears more suitable. The new gin must be tough, light, easily put together, and easily repaired. Above all it must be worked, not by steam, still less by oil, but by manual labour, with some sort of crank or treadmill, even with a wheel worked by the small donkeys of the district, after some such fashion as that in which horse-power is applied to the Australian mines. No native can work an oil-engine. The ordinary old hand gins of the district are now useless, for they cannot deal sufficiently quickly with the increased output.

So his last sojourn in London was full of schemes for the betterment of West Africa. He joyfully sketched his plans for persuading the Colonial Office to grant his friend the Alafin of Oyo, the champion of agricultural reform, a bigger crown, with larger jewels, than that worn by the Alake of Abeokuta, a much less influential person. Nearly every seed he had sent us was carried off for the inspection of the official botanists at Kew. But he made up for that by presenting me with the hideous sword that had been the chief instrument in a peculiarly revolting murder, which he was proud to have judicially avenged.

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Among the barren pessimisms of our inactive life, his career showed strong and memorable, and there was no talent he possessed which he did not put to its full use. It seems incredible that so indomitable a man should have passed from us so soon. His courage and resource, as unfailing as his humour, as true as his judgment and his knowledge, formed a combination that had triumphed over poverty and riches over early success and bitter failure, owing to a confidence in, himself that was as deep-seated as it was carefully hidden from all save his most intimate friends.

He went out again to West Africa on Christmas Day, 1904; and when he shook hands with me for the last time he said he should never see me or England again.

His high qualities had been quickly recognised in Lagos, and on his second arrival there he was taken into much closer connection with the direct administrative work of the Governor's Staff, and lived over his office. His work interested him, and he could not be prevented from doing too much of it. He had had fever in his first year, and he had not got rid of it in England. Another attack in 1905 weakened him still more. Quite suddenly came the cable that he had died from heart-failure early on Sunday morning August 27, 1905.

A tablet, subscribed for by his relatives and friends, will record his memory, as the only monument of his life that England holds, in the chapel of Wadham College, Oxford. At Lagos, he left the manuscript which will soon be published. Almost the last quotation he sent me, and he was always sending new ones, was the sentence written by Daniel in 1602:

> Let us go no further, but look upon the wonderful architecture of this State of England, and see whether they were deformed times that could give it such a form, where there is no one the least pillar of majesty but was set with most profound judgment. . . . The best of the best Commonwealths that ever were in the world, being continually in all ages furnished with spirits fit to maintain the majesty of her own greatness, and to match in an equal concurrency all other kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

One such "fit spirit," it may be said without undue

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exaggeration, was Harold Parsons, whose life was cut off so soon that only by a few could his splendid qualities be rightly appreciated. I have spoken much, perhaps, of mainly personal matters; but I think they show that his death is a grievous loss to more than his personal friends. Already the effect of some of his theories has become visible. It was mainly because Mr. Alfred Lyttelton lost sight of their most important principle that he failed to secure approval for the permanent Council he suggested to the Colonies in April 1905. The scheme of Imperial Government which Parsons recommended, partly realised already in the Committee of Imperial Defence, has been still further illustrated in the Royal Warrant of December creating precedence for the Prime Minister for the first time in English history; that precedence was inevitable when the Prime Minister had been recognised as the leader of the Cabinet in its capacity as a Committee of the Privy Council, and as a trustee of the sovereign power of the peoples of the Empire.

> Providence set apart the nations [wrote Parsons in "Maga" for February 1900]; we have only to see now that the reaction does not go too far. We may be grateful if it guide us to a respect for sound learning and clean living, for sacrifice, training, efficiency, a sense of public duty, and the guidance of the many by their betters.

So Tory, and so Elizabethan, he died, as he had lived; and there are many who will see again, in memory, those kindly blue eyes, and feel once more that honest hand-grip, when they hear the echo of his favourite verse:

> . . . Let's then some voyage take in hand
> To get us means, by sea or land.
> Come follow me, my boys, come follow me;
> And if thou die, I'll die with thee!

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF A SLUM

THE interest which the public increasingly takes in the conditions of life in the East End of London encourages me to write a short account of a visit I lately paid, in the character of temporary help, or "stop-gap," to a ladies' settlement.

The slum in which it was situated can without exaggeration be described as uncivilised and Hooligan to a greater extent than any other in the London area; my experience, therefore, may not be without interest to those who are ignorant as to the manner in which half the population of our great city exists. To myself it was a revelation: unlike anything I had imagined possible—and if others can be induced to give their services for three or four weeks occasionally as I did, my story will not have been written in vain.

I went to help as well as I could the overworked ladies of the settlement, in the absence of some of their colleagues who had gone away for a short rest. The Christmas holidays were in full swing, with the usual treats for girls and boys and men and women of the slum, and during my visit of three weeks I assisted at nine treats, besides the daily routine of district visiting at the houses of the residents, visits to the factories, and superintendence and entertainment of clubs, which never ceased. Half an hour's breathing space for any one of the ladies occurred but rarely.

A book written by a hard-working East End clergyman

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which some time ago attracted a good deal of attention, and which I have myself read, appears to me to do scant justice to ladies' settlements. It describes them as up-to-date nunneries, owning no allegiance beyond their four walls, and with a head lady as parish priestess. Whether this be true of other settlements it might be presumptuous in me to say, though it does not at all tally with what I have heard from persons presumably much better informed than myself. But it certainly is not a true description of the particular settlement of which I have personal knowledge. I cannot imagine anything less resembling a nunnery. A head, of course, there is, and must be if the varied and laborious work of the ladies is to be conducted systematically; and unless so conducted it could not be successful. But all ladies' settlements in the East End work under the Bishop of London or the Bishop of Stepney, and under the clergy of the several parishes in which they are established. And they are not sisterhoods. The ladies can come and go as suits their convenience. Both resident ladies and visitors (working visitors, be it observed, and none other are received) regard the settlement as a home and centre for work, either permanent or temporary as may suit their inclinations. The settlement which I visited could accommodate seven or eight resident ladies, each with a separate bedroom. Visitors are expected to pay a certain amount weekly for their board and lodging. Resident ladies pay rather less. Three good servants were kept in our house, and perhaps a short description of the building and its surroundings may here not be out of place.

Blank walls and factory chimneys, narrow, dirty, mean streets, and more blank walls—that was the depressing vision which met my eye as I drove towards the settlement, and I confess my heart sank very low indeed when the cab drew up, in the meanest street of all, at the door of the house I was to consider a home for three weeks. Once inside, however, the kind welcome and cheerful faces of the three resident ladies in charge dispelled my gloomy forebodings. With great pride

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they showed me first the large, airy club-room, opening out of the entrance hall. I was struck with the size of the fireplace and the number of windows, and last, but not least, with the fact that a full-sized grand piano stood invitingly at one end of the long room. Observing my surprise, the head lady explained that in a few hours I should be asked to play for the club girls, who were expected that very evening both for needlework and dancing; and it occurred to me that the large fireplace and numerous windows might have some relation to the requirements of ventilation—an inference amply verified before the end of the evening. She then showed me the excellent kitchen and sculleries, and lastly, with some apologies for its size, the dining-room. It was cosy, and that was all I could say; but no doubt some day a better room will be provided. Upstairs I was taken to see a beautiful little chapel used for morning and evening prayers, and sometimes for other services when the bishop or clergy come on special occasions. This, I was informed, was kept clean and in order entirely by the ladies. Next I was taken to my own bedroom, which was on the same floor, as were also the rest of the bedrooms and a good bath-room. It was all cheerful and well furnished. But the drawing-room, as they explained, was the place to which all went as a peaceful haven whenever there was a spare half-hour for any one to rest. A large room with three or four sofas and as many armchairs, four or five writing-tables, books, pictures, flowers, everything to please the eye and the mind. It was a room calculated to make us feel at *home*. So much, then, for the interior arrangements. Outside was a strip of gravel and a border (which in summer I was told was gay with flowers), called by courtesy the garden. High walls screened it from the noisy streets outside, and in the summer months it is used as a playground for the eighty or one hundred children belonging to the boys' and girls' clubs, who play for hours together, superintended by the residents and visitors, who take the duty in turn.

Of the first importance in a slum settlement is a large

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cheerful club-room both for girls and for boys, and perhaps more particularly for girls. In the slum in which I was working these were all, or nearly all, factory hands. I believe the great temptation to which factory girls, as a class, give way is the temptation to drink. Certainly it was so in this particular slum, where they had succumbed to it before the ladies' settlement was established, and where they still habitually frequent the numberless public-houses in the place; spirit clubs, too, exist in every factory, and to these the girls pay most of their savings week by week for the express purpose of providing an occasional debauch, or, as they would themselves call it, "bust up."

In the slum I am speaking of intemperance is the *fashion*. Not to get drunk occasionally is to be out of the fashion. And though hard-working clergy and the not less devoted ladies of the settlement working under them labour to stamp out the awful habit, the results they can show for the toil of years are lamentably small. Yet, discouraging as this sounds, a nucleus has been formed of factory girls, rough and excitable and rowdy enough in all conscience, who, in the midst of well-nigh insurmountable difficulties, aspire to a better and higher life than it seemed likely they should have any chance of living when they were first launched upon the world. Belonging to the settlement club brings a girl or boy into frequent contact with ladies of culture and refined manners. And from the entertainments which they take part in of an evening at the club they at any rate learn that there are pleasures superior to dram-drinking. Even the tiny ones are enrolled in the girls' and boys' clubs and trained to become members of the Band of Hope. Perhaps it is not too much to hope for that the next generation of factory girls will be an improvement upon the existing ones, thanks to those, whether clergy or lay helpers, whose lives are devoted so nobly to bring it about. Now I will briefly describe my first evening in the club, typical as it was of many others.

About 7 P.M. some five-and-thirty girls bounced into the

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room, and greeting the two resident ladies and myself with rough good humour, as if we were all pals together, at once seated themselves, with much noise and chaff, at three deal tables on which were arrayed various garments, more or less unfinished, intended eventually to clothe a child belonging to the Waifs and Strays Society, in whom the factory hands had been encouraged to take an interest.

Feeling a little nervous at their rough-and-ready method of making themselves at home, and unaccustomed to the utter absence of shyness and decorum which they displayed, I seated myself at the piano in some trepidation, at the request of the head lady, who then explained to the company that I had just arrived to help for a short time at the settlement. She added that instead of listening to a story-book as usual while they worked they as a special favour would be given the opportunity to listen to any music I chose to play, and this, to my relief, was extremely well received. "Go on, Miss, we ain't pertickler, but give us something cheerful to start with," said one big, bold-faced young woman near me, and a loud stamping of feet emphasised her request. Accordingly I dashed into a cheerful, rousing march, and was accompanied throughout by stamping and occasional singing. This demonstration was gently but firmly suppressed by the head lady, whose tact was unfailing, and whose sympathy with the girls and knowledge of the excitable spirits she had to manage was quite admirable. Gradually I played more sentimental music, and at last ventured to give them a favourite Bourrée by Handel. Greatly to my relief, this was applauded, the marked time and rhythm exciting renewed stamping and thumping on the tables. As eight o'clock struck, amid a great noise and excitement, tables were shoved aside and I was requested by the head lady to glance at a dance programme she had written out and pinned on the wall, and to play polkas, waltzes, jigs, and lancers in succession for an hour or longer.

There was so much noise and laughter going on that it was with difficulty I could hear myself play, but at last the girls

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had chosen the partners they preferred and settled down in good earnest to the real business of the evening. Winter though it was, the atmosphere of the club-room by this time was, to one unused to the kind of thing, almost intolerable. But the sight of thirty-five of the roughest, wildest, rowdiest girls in the United Kingdom enjoying an evening in such innocent fashion consoled me for my discomfort. To a stranger unaccustomed to the manners and customs of factory hands, it was amusing to notice the anxiety to dance in one special set of lancers, and the disappointment of those who were not lucky enough to get partners in time, and so had to retire lower down the room and make up another set for themselves. There are cliques in the slums quite as much as in more pretentious society, and some girls seemed doomed to sit out dances in the club-room just as their richer sisters sometimes have to do in London and country ball-rooms.

Before beginning to play I had a hint from the head lady to leave no pauses between the dances, but to go on playing—until I dropped off the chair from sheer fatigue. The reason for this, she told me, was that instead of resting or chatting in the intervals, factory girls almost invariably quarrel, and even come to blows sometimes, between dances.

So the only way to ensure peace is to keep them hard at it without a moment's pause. Noticing that I looked tired during the course of the evening, one really very pretty girl came up to the piano and said, to my surprise, "You just let me play a polka for them, Miss, and you 'ave a rest." I gratefully accepted the offer, and without a note of music she sat down and played with spirit and good rhythm a polka, to which the whole room danced vigorously. I was watching them with interest, leaning against the wall in a retired corner, when I suddenly felt myself seized round the arms, a voice shouted in my ears, "You come on and 'ave a turn with me, Miss," and before I had time to think of refusing I found myself capering wildly down the long room, supported and very well steered by my burly partner, who encouraged me to

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"Go ahead" whenever I murmured that I should like to rest a moment. So, tired as I was, and stifling as was the atmosphere, to call it nothing worse, I felt I must go on polkaing and prancing till the factory girl who had taken my place at the piano saw fit to stop playing. How I did it I cannot now imagine; but it would have been considered "very proud and stuck-up" to give in, and fatal to my usefulness and popularity in the future. Perfectly exhausted by 10.15, I joyfully shut the piano and shook hands affectionately with several girls who said they must go "'ome now, as their pals [*i.e.*, young men] were waiting outside to escort them." About fifteen elected to remain a few minutes for evening prayers in the little chapel upstairs. I followed, and was, as the musician of the evening, asked to sit down at a battered little harmonium and play a couple of hymns. I obeyed, of course, and the girls quite suddenly sobered down, and with real reverence knelt and joined in the short service. Ten minutes later they had all departed, and my first evening at an East End slum settlement came to an end.

We had also two clubs of forty boys each who came weekly to the settlement, but, unless two or three men, friends of the ladies, or the neighbouring clergy came in to keep order, the evenings were, during my short visit, more often than not brought to a premature close by the riotous behaviour of the boys, many of whom were regular hooligans. Games of all sorts were provided, but music and songs were, on the whole, the most popular form of amusement, and choruses of a warlike character were shouted with the greatest ardour. One club of boys was absolutely unmanageable without the assistance of three or four men inside and a policeman outside, and it was necessary to maintain very strict watch to prevent the boys from stealing, or, in their own language, "nicking" such articles belonging to the club as they might take a fancy to. The greatest patience is needed in dealing with them if any good results are to be achieved. Of course, the younger they join the club the more chance there is of a reformation.

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The other boys' club interested me less than that of these hooligans, as, though they were obviously of a somewhat higher stamp, and would doubtless have thought it beneath them to steal, they lacked the spontaneous, warm-hearted temperaments of the others. Their faults were the ordinary failings common to school-boys, and quarrelling, jealousy, spite, temper, and disobedience are from their very familiarity more depressing to combat than the "nicking" and hooliganistic tendencies. Strange as it may seem, I think we all preferred the rough boys in our hearts.

The treats to which I have alluded were extended to both boys and girls, on which occasions exhibitions and grand feasts took place in an adjoining shed in the yard, commonly used for boxing and fencing by the boys. The neighbouring clergy made a point of coming to all these, if but for a short time, and seemed to co-operate most heartily with the ladies in their endeavours to humanise and encourage both boys and girls.

The preparation for these feasts and treats was anything but a sinecure. The shed had to be decorated; many loaves and cakes had to be cut up; and speaking for myself, and I fancy for other visitors also, I can truly say that by the time the boys and girls arrived we were all, including the servants, so tired that we would have joyfully gone to bed. But it was a real pleasure to see on these occasions the beaming faces and to watch the efforts of all to be on their very best behaviour. The treats were looked forward to for weeks beforehand, and I believe they really were gratefully appreciated.

The efforts of the ladies of the settlement to improve the condition of the population in the midst of which they live are not confined to the younger members of it, but embrace also married women who work in the factories, and who by reason of their home duties are unable to join the clubs. Besides visiting them in their homes, they are accustomed to read to them or converse with them at the factories during the dinner-hour. The women had a subdued, crushed manner for the

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most part, and it went to my heart to see their pale, thin faces and their miserable rags. But it was pleasant to see how they enjoyed the readings, and how eagerly they welcomed the magazines which the ladies of the settlement gave me for distribution among them. On the other hand, it was only too evident that many of the employers were utterly indifferent to the comfort and health of these poor women. A large number of those who live at too great a distance from their work to go home to dinner are in the habit of bringing their meals with them. There was a good coffee-shop started as a private speculation some few years ago where I understand a dinner can be had at a moderate charge; but this also is too far from some of the work-places, and at any rate there are many who cannot, or do not, dine there. Where no separate shed is provided to shelter these there is no alternative for them but to eat in the streets or the nearest public-house, or to squat upon the floor of the building in which they work. In such cases there is no fire at which they can either warm themselves or boil water for their tea. I made shift in one such place to sit upon an iron shaft in preference to the earthen floor whilst I read to about twenty women huddled on the ground in this way, and I did not find it luxurious. Happily the employers are not all indifferent to the comfort and health of these poor women. It is told of at least one factory proprietor in this crowded district that in his anxiety to make money he does not forget what is due to his fellow mortals—that he pays them liberally, does not work them excessively long hours, and does all he can to make life bearable for them away from the public-house. In one factory to which I was sent to read I found that a room had been allotted for the use of the women and girls during the dinner-hour and that a superintendent had been appointed to attend to the fire and provide hot water, as well as to maintain order and suppress bad language. But I fear these are very exceptional cases. Both in the factories and at the coffee-shop which I have mentioned, ladies who go to read during the dinner-hour are received

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with the greatest cordiality and gratitude by the women. At the same time any one who undertakes to read or sing to these people must be prepared for very plain speaking on the part of her audience. A kind lady who sang once or twice at a factory, being rather husky at the time, was candidly informed at the conclusion of the performance that it was "quite plain *she* did not know how to sing." Fortunately, she had a full sense of the ludicrous and told the story with evident amusement.

Since I left the settlement I learn that little temperance guilds have been formed in the hope of counteracting the drink clubs. That such clubs are allowed or winked at by proprietors or foremen of factories is most abominable. But indeed only those who are brought into close contact with the factories in the East End, as the clergy and the members of the settlements are, can know what abuses exist in them. Whether any steps can be taken to remedy them is beyond the scope of this paper. I am content to give facts, leaving my readers to draw their own inferences.

Besides the visits to factories and the club meetings and the treats already described, other philanthropic business makes almost unceasing demands upon the ladies of the settlement in my slum. There are Sunday-school teaching and Bible classes, mothers' meetings, and Bands of Hope, all carried on under the clergy of the district. Some of the ladies are on the local committee of the Charity Organisation Society and take an active part in its work. There is a Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund to be managed, country holidays for children, a society for the relief of distress, and other useful works of like character, in all of which the resident ladies of the settlement are engaged. The particulars of these I do not remember. But I venture to hope that I have told enough to give some idea of life in a slum settlement and to elicit the reader's admiration for the noble women who devote their lives to the management of them.

A. GLEIG.

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ANTI-SEMITISM IN RUSSIA

MORE than a year ago a French man of business who had been connected for many years with South Russian industries, in discussing a revolutionary outbreak at Ekaterinoslav, said to me: "When disorders break out in Southern Russia, whatever the original cause may be, they end in Jew baiting." The recent disturbances all over the country on the proclamation of the Constitution certainly bear out this statement. Although the causes of the unrest are complex and have nothing to do with the Jewish problem, it has not proved difficult for the reactionary party, whether bureaucrats or genuine fanatics, to convert it into a series of anti-Semitic *pogromy* such as have never been seen before. It must not, however, be concluded that these atrocious massacres and orgies of plunder are exclusively the work of the bureaucracy; they are the result of a feeling of hatred for the Jews which is deeply ingrained in large masses of the Russian people, fanned and encouraged by the authorities. A brief sketch of the Jewish question in Russia should be useful to understand, not only that aspect of the present troubles, but the international problem of the emigration of Jews from Russia and Poland into Western Europe.

The total number of Jews in the Russian Empire amounts to about 5,000,000. Were they evenly distributed throughout the country they would form but an insignificant part of a population of nearly 140,000,000. But the enormous majority

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of the Jews are concentrated in the ten governments of Poland and the neighbouring governments of Western and Southern Russia—in all a population of about 40,000,000. Nor are they evenly distributed over the provinces of the so-called Jewish Pale, for they live almost exclusively in the towns. In almost every town of Poland, Lithuania, White Russia, and the South-Western provinces, there are large Jewish settlements; in some, such as Berdicheff, they constitute the majority of the population. At Warsaw there are 250,000 Jews out of a total population of 750,000; at Odessa 150,000 out of 450,000; in many other towns they are 20, 25, 30 per cent. of the whole.

Outside the Pale no Jew has the right to reside, excepting in Transcaucasia, where there are small Jewish colonies, unless he is a university graduate or a merchant of the First Guild. As a matter of fact, a certain number of Jews do manage to dwell in other parts of Russia, because the authorities are unaware of them or have received bribes. But they are always liable to expulsion at a moment's notice, and sometimes to wholesale expulsion after having been tolerated for years. The laws by which the Jews of Russia are governed are a maze of contradictory and complicated enactments, of which the sum total is that they have all the obligations of citizens, but no rights. In Poland and the West the great majority are excessively poor, and dwell in the most squalid conditions. They are for the most part miserable, undersized, underfed weaklings, dressed in rags, in every way wretched specimens of humanity. They are, as it were, suffocated in the Pale, for there is not enough opportunity for them in the few professions open to them, and they exist only by the most sordid and ruinous competition. They are excluded by law from all the public services, and they may neither own nor farm land, nor obtain mortgages on it; consequently they are all driven to commercial pursuits, especially as intermediaries of trade, and to the liberal professions. The grain trade is largely in their hands, and is carried on in a very speculative manner. The Jews buy up the crops before they are above ground, and then

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gamble on the rise and fall of prices. In all businesses in which they are engaged they undersell their rivals, and show ten times more capacity than the Russians. In fact, they are the only people in many parts of the country with any business ability at all, and they alone make money circulate. They thus acquire a number of commercial monopolies; certain businesses are wholly in their hands, and few are the Russians of the West who do not owe them money. The Russian is naturally improvident, extravagant, and a lover of good living; the Jew is the contrary of all this, and the result is inevitable. This state of things does not tend to make the Jew popular, although in the present state of Russian national economy he is indispensable. In other parts of Russia, in such towns as Rostoff, Mariupol, Kharkoff, &c., where the Jews are not permitted to dwell and only exist on sufferance and in small numbers, their presence is an unmixed blessing There is no Jewish proletariat, and very little usury, whereas the Jews contribute largely to the prosperity of the towns in question.

In the liberal professions, too, the Jews are predominant; this is due not only to their own ability, but to those very laws enacted with the object of excluding them. In the universities and public schools only a certain proportion of Jewish students are admitted—from 10 to 12 per cent.—and the Jews may not even open schools of their own unless they can provide the requisite proportion of Christians, which was no easy matter in certain towns of the West. In the school examinations Jewish candidates are purposely treated with greater severity than Christians, and practically only those who pass out of the gymnasium with the gold medal are admitted to the university. But the consequence is that the Jewish graduates are the chosen among the chosen, and easily out-distance all competitors. The best lawyers, doctors, bankers, and merchants, as well as many *savants*, are Jews.

These various circumstances, added to the objectionable appearance and unpleasant characteristics of the majority of

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the Russian and Polish Jews, and the long-inherited prejudices of the Orthodox Christians, make them hated and despised in a way that few other races have experienced. The anti-Semitic enactments of the Russian Government, far from being regarded as the iniquitous acts of an oppressive bureaucracy, are in accordance with the feelings of a large part of the nation, albeit the most ignorant part. The Jews of Russia, unlike those of England, France, or Italy, remain a community apart, with interests entirely different from those of the Russian people, seldom mixing with Russians, speaking for the most part a different language—German, Yiddish, or Hebrew; they are in Russia but not of it. A Russian Jew is a Jew who happens to be a Russian subject, whereas an English Jew is an Englishman, who happens to be of Hebrew extraction and religion. But the defects of Russian Jews have been very largely, if not created, at all events accentuated by the policy of the Government, its enactments have separated them more and more from the rest of the community, and have developed those grasping qualities and their tendency to live by parasitic trades of which they are always accused.

Although Russian anti-Semitism is due to these various causes, and is not exclusively the creation of the bureaucracy, the latter has used it for its own purposes, and the more ferocious outbursts would never have taken place but for the encouragement given from above. After the death of Alexander II. a wave of political reaction, bigoted Orthodoxy, and chauvinist patriotism spread all over Russia; but at the same time an under-current of discontent continued, which weak at first and limited to the intellectual classes, gradually gathered strength and extended to the working masses. Economic distress increased and added strength to the Liberal and Socialist propagandas. The authorities attempted to stem the advancing tide by attributing the wretched economic conditions of the people to the Jews, and used anti-Semitism as a safety-valve through which the growing unrest was to find vent. Officials, police officers, *agents provocateurs*, priests, landlords, shopkeepers were

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constantly preaching this theory to the people, and the idea that the Jews could be plundered and even murdered with impunity became very general, being based on practical experience. While the most peaceful demonstrations of social or political discontent were ruthlessly repressed, anti-Semitic outbreaks rarely met with opposition or punishment on the part of the authorities. The first outbreak on a large scale occurred in the early months of the reign of Alexander III., when the people, shocked and enraged by the murder of Alexander II., turned on the Jews, "to vent," as M. Leroy-Beaulieu says,[1] "their patriotic vengeance and their private hate." The accounts of those disturbances, which took place almost at the same time all over Southern and Western Russia, closely recall the recent *pogromy*. Then as now the idea that the Tzar had given the people three days' licence during which to plunder the Jews was spread abroad and universally believed, and the authorities gave colour to it by their passive attitude. The police and soldiers did nothing, while the dregs of the people plundered and maltreated the Jews. In the few places, such as Wilna,[2] where the authorities showed firmness, no disorders occurred.

These popular outbreaks were paralleled by increasingly severe legislation against the Jews. A number of the highest personages in the land made no secret of their anti-Semitic opinions; among these the Grand Duke Serge, M. von Plehve, and M. Pobiedonostzeff were the most conspicuous, and their views found practical expression in a series of anti-Jewish laws and ukazes. It must in fairness be added that both the Grand Duke Serge and M. Pobiedonostzeff were genuine fanatics and bigots, and that the latter is thoroughly sincere and honest in his convictions. Count Witte, on the other hand, although not a convinced Liberal, was opposed to anti-Semitism, because he wished to obtain the assistance of Jewish finance for his

[1] "L'Empire des Czars, vol. iii. p. 616.

[2] General Todleben, the hero of Sevastopol, was at that time Governor-General.

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economic projects, and while he was Finance Minister the Jews obtained a respite. The severely censored Press, too, was allowed the most absolute freedom in the matter of anti-Semitism, and such papers as the *Novoie Vremya* and the *Moskovskiia Viedomosti* made themselves the champions of this policy. In the provinces the official organs of the Government published violent attacks on the Jews.

The anti-Semitic outbreaks increased in violence and frequency, and culminated in the hideous massacre of Kishinieff in 1902; the complicity of the Government on that occasion was clearly demonstrated by the fact that the *pogrom* was carefully prepared by a Press campaign publicly carried on by a local paper, the *Bessarabietz*, by the astounding circulars addressed by von Plehve to the Governor forbidding him to repress any outbreaks which might occur, and in the *reductio ad absurdum* of the subsequent proceedings against the authors of the massacre. At Homel the atrocities were nearly as bad, and there was hardly a town in Southern and Western Russia which did not have its *pogrom* great or small.

It may be asked why the Jews did not leave Russia *en masse* when life was made so impossible for them and further persecution was known to be inevitable. The answer to this question is threefold. In the first place, a considerable number of Jews did leave Russia and found their way to England and America, as well as to Germany and Austria. In the second place, however, the enormous majority were too poor to leave even if they had wished to do so. Thirdly, in spite of occasional persecution, robbery, and massacre, a great many Jews find that it pays to live in Russia. Certain trades and businesses are wholly in their hands, and many affairs are never transacted save through Jewish intermediaries. If there is the risk of total loss, and even of massacre, the profits are very high. And although the Jew is hated and despised in certain respects he is trusted. A Christian grain merchant told me that no one but a Jew could go up country and buy grain direct from the peasants, as the latter were accustomed to

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sell to the Jew and mistrusted all other buyers. They know that although the Jew is very hard at making a bargain and is "the son of a dog," yet when the agreement is made he will not try to back out of it even if it prove to his own disadvantage. The very wealthy Jewish bankers of St. Petersburg enjoy a position of great influence, and are received in the most exclusive society, and their less fortunate co-religionists, if they were the despised and rejected of men, could still bribe the authorities. Bribery is, indeed, the one corrective to injustice in Russia.

Still the constant persecution has made a deep impression on the character of the Russian Jews, which has undergone a remarkable change in recent years. In every European country the Jew is more or less a Liberal in politics; he is naturally an anti-Clerical and opposed to aristocratic forms of government, and his intellect makes him inclined to progressive ideas. But at the same time his business capacity and his money-making proclivities make him a lover of order and an opponent of revolutionary disturbances, especially of those based on doctrines inimical to the rights of property. Essentially peaceful, he is almost invariably a law-abiding citizen. But in Russia persecution has driven him inevitably into the ranks of Social Democracy and revolution. Excluded from all the public services, he could hardly be in sympathy with the bureaucracy which organised anti-Semitism, forced to do military service and treated with exceptional severity in the ranks, but not allowed to become an officer, he is naturally opposed to militarism and Chauvinism; a frequent victim of the lust of plunder and blood of the ignorant masses, he favours their enlightenment.

Practically every Jew became either a Constitutional Liberal or a Social Democrat. Numbers of the various Nihilist groups were Jews, Jews were found in almost every anti-Government conspiracy, and Jews have been sacrificed by the score on the altar of Russian freedom. A sort of alliance between Liberals of all shades and the Jews, and also

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between the latter and the various persecuted subject nationalities of the Empire, was formed. Thus in Poland, although the Jews are very numerous, anti-Semitism is far less bitter, because Poles and Jews are equally opposed to the Russian Government. Many Jews are enthusiastic Polish patriots, and go by the name of "Poles of the Mosaic persuasion." The Social Democratic propaganda made a large number of converts among the poorer Jews both in Russia and Poland, and in fact almost every Jewish workman is now a Socialist. The Jews themselves formed a Socialist society of their own, called the Bund, and although its original object was the introduction of forbidden literature into Russia, it has ended by becoming a regular revolutionary association. Socialism and independence came to be so much a part of the Jewish character that the Lodz Jews refuse to accept regular employment in the mills, preferring to work independently at home, although it is materially to their disadvantage. Of late there has been a tendency towards a division of the Jews; the wealthier business and professional men are mostly inclined towards Constitutional and Moderate Liberalism, whereas the working classes are anti-capitalist and Socialist, and in Poland the latter have no sympathy with Polish nationalist aspirations as being contrary to the international ideals of Social Democracy.

This political attitude of the Jews, although natural enough, provided the reactionaries with a strong argument against Liberalism for use among the masses. They could point out that the movement was largely worked by Jews, by the "exploiters of the people, the enemies of Russia, of the Tzar, and of Christianity," and that if only the Jews were swept away there would be no more discontent, for every one would be happy and prosperous. This method of reasoning was not without effect among a part of the population, and helped to retard the progress of Liberal ideas, which were regarded as Jewish intrigues propaganda.

Not less remarkable is the change in the personal character of the Jew. The Russian Jew has always been even less war-

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like than his co-religionists in other countries, and his enemies constantly accused him of cowardice. The fact that Jewish massacres occurred in towns like Kishinieff where the Jews were very numerous was cited in support of the charge. "One can have no sympathy with people who let themselves be butchered without a struggle," is a sentiment often expressed by those who forget that it is not easy for unarmed men and women to resist when attacked by hordes of roughs supported by the police and the troops. But within the last year the Jews have suddenly changed their attitude. They have become warlike, arrogant, violent, even foolhardy. They have been arming steadily, and there is now hardly an adult Jew without his revolver; although there could be no prospect of a Jewish revolt, some hundreds of thousands of desperate men armed with six-shooters can give the authorities a great deal of trouble. Above all, they have ceased to fear the police. When I was in Warsaw last summer I frequently saw parties of soldiers in charge of a police officer stopping and searching passers by for arms, and I noticed that the men examined were almost invariably Jews of the lowest class, puny, undersized weaklings who seemed incapable of any violent action. But I was told by a foreigner long resident in the town that these were just the most desperate characters, by whom political assassinations were most frequently committed. In fact, every day policemen were murdered in the streets in broad daylight, "shot down like partridges," as Count Witte said in a recent proclamation, and the assassins were never arrested. During one of the more serious outbursts a party of young Jews armed with revolvers openly attacked the military prison where there was a strong force of troops with *mitrailleuses*, well knowing that they would be shot down to a man. They were inspired by a fanatical enthusiasm for freedom and by the recollection of their wrongs and sufferings. "We no longer recognise the Jews," I was often told. In the woods round Lodz and in Lithuania large bodies of Jews were in the habit of holding secret meetings to

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discuss political affairs and organise strikes; lately those who took part in the assemblies were all armed, and are said to have actually practised drilling and military exercises.

Throughout all the provinces of the Pale similar movements have been going on; especially in Southern Russia it was expected that the general unrest might lead to more anti-Semitic outbreaks. The Jews made every effort to collect arms and were prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Ever since the beginning of the war in the Far East Liberal ideas have been making rapid progress in Russia, and concession after concession has been extorted from the unwilling but feeble autocracy. But the reactionaries have not been idle, and have strained every nerve to save the situation by converting the discontent of the people into anti-Semitic channels. The traditional veneration of the lower classes for the Tzar was played upon, and the Jews were represented as his enemies and as those of all things Russian. The bands of roughs which exist in every city and come forth whenever there is trouble in the air, were made use of and perpetually egged on against the Jews, and even against the intellectuals, with promises of immunity and unlimited plunder. All those who had anything to lose by the passing away of the old *régime* were enlisted in support of the anti-Semitic and anti-Liberal movement. The *chornaya sotnia* (literally black hundred), an association of police officials, *agents provocateurs*, shop-keepers, officers, some genuine bigots, and many equally genuine scoundrels, was formed in every town to organise reaction. The execution of their orders was entrusted to the *huligani*, as the roughs were called (from the English word hooligan), who were only too delighted with the work. The first outbreaks took the form of patriotic war demonstrations, when money was extorted from Jews and well-dressed persons, and hotels and restaurants were plundered. But these were mere trifles in comparison with what was to follow. Day by day the plans for a general outbreak against the Jews as a

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counterblast to the Liberal and Socialist agitation matured. By appealing to the criminal instincts of the dregs of the people, the reactionaries hoped to sweep away large numbers of Jews and Liberals and to cow the rest, while they would show the Tzar at the same time that a large section of his subjects was still loyal to the autocracy. That some of the highest personages in the land were in the movement is very probable; that large numbers of provincial governors and police-masters and minor officials were directly concerned in it and encouraged the outbreak is certain. Such men as General Kleigels, Governor-General of Kiev, Baron Neidgard, Prefect of Odessa, Count Pilar von Pilhau, Prefect of Rostoff-on-the-Don, and numbers of other governors and police-masters, are undoubtedly in a large measure responsible in the atrocities. The actual organisers were usually civilians or ex-officials, disreputable lawyers, merchants who suffered from Jewish competition, and persons who owed money to the Jews.

It is not clear what determined the choice of a particular date for the general outbreak. It is possible that the reactionary leaders got wind of the coming Constitution, or that they received a hint from above that a counter-revolution opposed to the strike movement and the general agitation of the Liberals would not be unwelcome. However this may be, the Constitutional Manifesto of October 17/30 caused much joy among the Liberals all over Russia; on the following day they organised demonstrations to celebrate the conquest of freedom, while the Socialists availed themselves of the occasion to proclaim the necessity for still wider liberties; at the same time a series of counter demonstrations was organised by the *chornaya sotnia* in Southern and Western Russia. These began with expressions of loyalty to the Tzar and ended in brutal attacks on the Liberals and the Jews, in which large numbers of persons were killed and a vast amount of property plundered or destroyed. The authorities —police, soldiers, and Cossacks—either remained passive

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spectators or took part in the plunder. The *pogromy* all began on the same day and ended three days later, after having followed a very similar course, varied only by the special circumstances of certain towns and the individual genius of certain leaders of the outbreaks. An account of the *pogrom* in one place gives a general idea of what occurred elsewhere. As the events at Odessa and Kieff have been told in detail in the papers, I shall describe the case of Rostoff-on-the-Don, which I visited a few days after the *pogrom* and learned from eye-witnesses what actually occurred.

Rostoff is a handsome, well-built town of some 120,000 inhabitants, on the river Don, at a few miles from its estuary into the Sea of Azoff. It is the centre of the grain export trade of south-eastern Russia, and possesses several prosperous industries. The great majority of the population are Russians, but there are large settlements of Armenians, Caucasians of various races, Greeks, and other foreigners, and 6000 Jews. The presence of the latter, however, does not constitute an economic question. They are all more or less well-to-do, there is no teeming and starving Jewish proletariate, and there is practically no Jewish usury. Consequently even such excuse for anti-Semitism as exists in the western governments is lacking.

The Imperial manifesto was published at Rostoff late on the evening of the 17th/30th of October. The following day the Liberals and Socialists organised a procession of the usual type—red flags, the Marseillaise, Russian revolutionary songs and impassioned speeches. The *chornaya sotnia* at once organised a counter-procession, which paraded the streets with Russian flags, portraits of the Czar, and ikons, carried by loose women and other disreputable characters. A collision between the two processions occurred in the Sadovaya Street, and a few revolver shots were fired on each side. In the meanwhile a large meeting was being held in the wide open space near the prisons, and violent speeches were made, advocating, among other things, the immediate liberation of the political prisoners.

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The "politicals" themselves were waving red handkerchiefs from their barred windows, and a deputation was sent to the prefect to demand their release. This he refused to do, and when his reply was known the attitude of the crowd became more menacing. There was talk of demolishing the prison, and although nothing of the kind was actually attempted, there was tumult and much shouting, when suddenly the Cossacks opened fire on the crowd. A panic ensued followed by a general *sauve qui peut.* Then the *chornaya sotnia*, with their hooligan bands, appeared on the scene and cheered the Cossacks loudly. The cry *Bei Jidoff!* (Down with the Jews!) began to be heard, and immediately the hooligans set to work to plunder and demolish the Jewish booths in the Pokrovsky bazaar close by. It was noticed that those booths had been marked with a red cross the night before, to distinguish them from those belonging to Russians which bore a white cross. Then the bazaar near the cathedral was treated in the same manner, and some Jewish houses were plundered and burnt. The worst devastation occurred in the Moskovskaya Street, where most of the Jewish shops were, and there was also a good deal of looting in the Sadovaya. The iron shutters might have been made of paper for all the use they were against the onslaughts of the mob. Every Jewish shop was plundered, all others being spared, save in a few cases of accident or mistake. The streets were soon piled high with plunder of all descriptions, from grand pianos to felt hats, and from wardrobes to gold watches. The robbers at once proceeded to sell the stolen goods, and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen of the best Russian society went out to make purchases, obtaining for ten roubles fur coats worth five hundred, and valuable jewellery for a mere song. It seemed as though all sense of shame and decency had deserted the Russian people. What could not be sold or carried away was smashed in a childish and wanton spirit of destruction. Grand pianos were stoned into matchwood, thousands of windows were shivered into powder, and miles of cloth and cotton goods torn to shreds. Among the most active window

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smashers the glaziers were conspicuous, while carpenters devoted themselves to the destruction of woodwork and ironmongers to that of iron work. A certain Russian shopkeeper, named Kulakoff, was seen pointing out the shops most worth plundering to the hooligans.

In some cases Jewish shopkeepers came to terms with the looters, and purchased immunity by paying them sums of money. A chemist saved his establishment by informing the crowd that he had enough ether on the premises to blow up the whole block. Everywhere Jews were maltreated, beaten, stoned, and many killed outright.

The authorities in the meanwhile did nothing at all. The mayor, M. Khmelnitzky, assured me that they were unable to do anything, but there is a general consensus of opinion that they could have stopped the outbreak at once had they so wished. On the contrary, the Cossacks protected the hooligans and even took part in the looting themselves. The fire-brigade, which had been called out, dashed off to the burning houses, had a good look at them, and returned to quarters. The police-master and his assistant walked about among the crowd calmly, chatting amicably with the looters, advising them to spare this or that shop, sometimes adding: "There are no Jews here; move on please."

But if the authorities did nothing, the Jews themselves, assisted by the Russian Liberals and some Armenians, formed a *Samoborona*, or self-defence league. Armed with revolvers they attempted to protect life and property, and kept up a sharp fire against the hooligans, of whom a great many were killed. When the latter got hold of isolated members of the *Samoborona* they beat them to death, but, as a rule, they were arrant cowards and fled at the least sign of armed resistance. The *Samoborona* would have saved a large number of houses and shops had not the soldiers and Cossacks fired on them to protect the hooligans.

It was not until the third day that the authorities decided that the Jews had had enough, and issued strict injunctions to

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the troops to stop the *pogrom*. In an instant order was restored and the hooligans disappeared as if by magic. The number of killed amounted to about two hundred, the wounded to over five hundred, and the damages to some 7,000,000 roubles. Of the killed and wounded the majority were hooligans shot by the *Samoborona*, but among the "intellectuals" beaten to death by the mob were many schoolboys —in one school alone an acquaintance of mine counted twenty-two corpses.

What occurred at Rostoff was reproduced at Odessa, Kieff, Ekaterinoslav, Elizavetgrad, and a hundred other towns on a larger or smaller scale, with the result that close on twenty thousand Jews were killed and one hundred thousand wounded. The outbreak was the last card of the reactionaries, and in a measure it has succeeded; evidently there is still a large section of the people who hate the Jews more than the bureaucracy, and prefer plunder to constitutions. On the other hand, the Liberals of all shades either generally sided with the Jews and in many cases were themselves the victims of the hooligans, for outbreaks against them occurred in some towns such as Tver, where there were no Jews. "The one thing for which we have to be thankful," an Odessa Jew said to me, "is that this outbreak has not destroyed our *entente* with the Liberals."

Count Witte's Government certainly did not design these atrocities, but it has little power over the local officials, and other influences were at work besides that of the Ministers. It will be interesting to see whether a Constitutional Russia will solve the Jewish problem. It is certain that an organised Government can prevent the recurrence of these troubles if it wishes to, but there is always the chance that even a democratic Russian Parliament may have an anti-Semitic majority; if the Jews are now granted a full measure of liberty, as will no doubt be the case, they will rapidly acquire great power and influence, which will make them still more detested. Even among educated Russians they are often very unpopular. On the other hand, once they are treated as ordinary citizens, they

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will tend more and more to become assimilated with the rest of the population; they will be spread over such an immense area that they will be noticed less, and with the progress of the Russian people the Jews will cease to enjoy their present monopoly of trade. In Poland, where the masses are more civilised and business capacity more highly developed, anti-Semitism is still a feeling and a prejudice, but no longer a brutal passion. But before this change occurs the Russian Jews will probably still have much suffering and many trials before them, and the question of Jewish immigration into the West of Europe and America will continue to be a serious problem.

L. VILLARI.

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ON THE LINE

THE people who believe, with Mr. Wilfred Campbell, that "the eternal theme of man is man," and who do not read verse merely for its æsthetic side, will find much to approve of in his **Collected Poems** (Fleming H. Revell and Co, $1.50 net). The poems are divided, rather arbitrarily, into eight classes: (1) "Elemental and Human Verse," of which perhaps the most striking is "Unabsolved," founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to save Sir John Franklin's party, and who, being sent ahead, saw signs of them, but through cowardice was afraid to tell; (2) "Nature Verse," including "To the Rideau River," with haunting lines like these:

> Out by dim hazy shores in reedy shallows,
> The drowsy cattle sun them in the heat;
> And far from woody slopes and ragged fallows,
> A lazy wind goes loitering in the wheat.

(3) "Elegiac and Memorial Verse"; (4) "Poems of the Affections"; (5) "Dramatic, Classic, and Imaginative Verse," where, as in (3), the Tennysonian echo is somewhat too insistent; (6) "Sonnets"; (7) "The Sagas of Vaster Britain"; and (8) "Lake Lyrics."

In the penultimate division Mr. Campbell shows that he can rid himself of the rather ostentatious Chauvinism which is too often a rock of offence in the poets of younger Britain, for "Canada, my Own, my Own," is a vigorous onslaught on the political corruption which has been, and, to some extent, still is the curse of the Dominion. Indeed, we are tempted to find fault with the author in that his verses are not even

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more distinctively Canadian, at the risk of incurring the reproach of faithlessness to the creed so frankly stated in the Introduction.

"In the works of the great Nature poets, the very strength and beauty of the verse is owing to the fact that the thought and imagination dwell upon the human, and nature as affecting the human, rather than upon the mere objective nature, as solely an æsthetic aspect."

Lovers of the imaginative side of nature poetry will find something to carp at in this, but although we may never have seen with our own eyes the vast monochrome of yellowing prairie grass in the late fall, or the glimmering leagues of snow under the great luminous fan of the Northern lights; never have heard the scream of the loons at sunset over the broad fringe of rustling reeds round the Great Lakes, we can all recognise the vivid realism of

In the wild October dawning,
When the heaven's angry awning,
  Leans to lakeward, bleak and drear;
And along the black, wet ledges,
Under icy, caverned edges,
  Breaks the lake in maddened fear;
And the woods in shore are moaning;
Then you hear our weird intoning,
  Mad, late children of the year;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Lost, white children of the foam.

It has been the purpose, successfully accomplished, of the writer of this bright and comprehensive little volume (**William Hogarth**, by G. Baldwin Brown. London, Walter Scott, 3*s.* 6*d.* net) to add to the popular information about this characteristic English artist; to gather together in easy form the main facts of his life and work; and to show what actually art in England owes to him. The Pepys of pictures was, in fact, the first outstanding personality of the British school of painting; he practised successfully in many departments of art

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—as portrait-painter, book-illustrator, designer of ornament, scriptural and historical cartoonist, and engraver on silver and copper-plate, thus acquiring the practical skill which, later, in his "pictured morals" brought him wealth and fame. Hogarth is one of those who justify the definition of genius as the infinite capacity for taking pains.

Professor Baldwin Brown has dealt with the art aspect of his subject in a pleasantly illuminating manner, his explanations are clear and conclusive, and have the advantage of being illustrated with excellent reproductions in half-tone of characteristic examples of Hogarth's work. He has further added to the charm and popular qualities of the book by inserting a chapter and adding an appendix describing the London Hogarth knew and loved; and of which in several of his didactic and social pictures we get glimpses. Truly, in these days, when "improvements" are sweeping away so many relics of historical London—when so many streets and buildings loved by the eighteenth century are already forgotten or all but forgotten, we ought to treasure the views retained in Hogarth's backgrounds.

Professor Baldwin Brown's descriptions of the three famous series, the *Harlot's Progress*, the *Rake's Progress*, and *Marriage à la Mode*, are agreeable; but there is no mention of the early drawings of *Marriage à la Mode* which enrich the collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge—a notable omission, considering how interesting is the comparison between them and the series in the National Gallery.

We heartily commend this, the latest biography of Hogarth. It gives us the man as well as the artist. He is depicted with all his qualities and prejudices—a plucky, persevering little citizen of famous London town; businesslike, loyal, insular to the backbone; exalting the qualities of roast beef and despising "Froggy" like a patriot; but, above all, we are shown the moralist and reformer, who, without depicting the horrible for virtue's sake—as Ruskin blamed Cruikshank for doing—preached his ideals in pictures.

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A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER XI

FURIC

In nature there are no rewards or punishments; there are consequences.

THE installation at Ros Braz occupied fully the attention of Téphany and Mary Machin during the following week. Upon the evening of the day when the ladies moved in from Pont-Aven, Michael returned. He looked the better for his visit to Douarnénez.

"But I wish he would shave off that horrid beard," said Machie.

The words echoed a similar wish in Téphany's heart, and when Michael called at Ros Braz, she said, "Will you do me a favour?"

"Gladly, gladly.'

"Don't be rash!"

In his old boyish manner he exclaimed: "I am so grateful to you, Téphany." He glanced round the garden, in which they happened to he standing, to make sure that they were alone; then he added gravely: "I would cut off a hand to serve you."

"I believe you would," she answered, the colour coming

[1] Copyright, 1905, by Horace Annesley Vachell in the United States of America

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into her cheeks. "All the same, it is not so certain that you will cut off your beard."

"My beard!" He regarded her ruefully.

"Yes. And your hair; and—and—" she plunged headlong, "and smarten yourself up."

"Smarten myself up? What odd creatures women are!"

"If it be odd to wish to see their friends at their best, women are odd. If I appeared on this lawn in"—she eyed him critically—"in a shockingly shabby and soiled dress, with my hair falling over my face, and in positively disgraceful shoes, would it not annoy you?"

"Perhaps," he growled, frowning. "But after shipwreck——"

Téphany touched his arm gently.

"I know, that, Michael, but—to—please—me."

"All right." He turned on his heel.

This instant acquiescence, this flattering desire to obey what he regarded as a whim, stirred Téphany profoundly.

"Michael!"

"Yes."

She approached him shyly. If her words were the words of a mature woman, her looks were those of a girl.

"I can guess," she murmured, "what you are thinking, and you are wrong. When you deliberately"—she faced his eyes bravely—"set about changing the old Michael, you thought, perhaps, that a different face staring at you whenever you looked in the glass——"

"Looked in the glass," he repeated. Téphany smiled.

"Obviously you have not looked in the glass," she amended. "Let me begin again. When everything connected with the old Michael became hateful——"

"Yes, yes."

"You changed him outwardly——"

"As he was changed inwardly."

She shrugged her shoulders in delicate protest,

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"Still—you remain Michael Ossory, and what you have done, good or evil, is part of you—and imperishable."

"That is tremendously true," he answered.

"Because it is true, is it not madness to rebel? You have shrunk from yourself, Michael?"

"Yes."

"And you have tried to turn yourself into another man, a hermit—*you?* You have thought—if I hurt you, forgive me—that because you have sinned you must put on sackcloth and carry a face of mourning. You have rushed out of the sight of God and man. Let me finish! I have not your brains, but even my intelligence tells me that you are illogical. You are you; and if you have mutilated yourself in the past, is that a reason to mutilate yourself in the present? Has suffering—I know how deeply you have suffered—taught you that? I don't ask you to try to become more like the old Michael out of mere whim."

"If it were possible!"

"It is possible."

They were silent. Téphany wondering whether she had penetrated the crust; Ossory, on his side, turning over her words, weighing them, resolving them—using the verb in its chemical sense—into their elements. Was Téphany right in believing that sin might form accretions upon the soul comparable indeed to such excrescences and rugosities as appear upon a neglected body? For the first time, since sin and its consequences had overpowered his finer sensibilities, he began to see, very dimly, that all sin, all suffering, whether great or small, must be subject to a divine statute of limitations. Man alone, not God, dares to pronounce his brother man hopelessly bankrupt. Michael drew a deep breath.

"You mean this," he said slowly: "ten years ago I lost, let us say, the sight of one eye, and ever since I have refused to see with the other?"

"I mean just that."

"Téphany, you have been, you are, a true friend to me,"

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Next day he presented himself at Ros Braz, shaved. He looked so like the old Michael that Téphany had some difficulty in suppressing a cry of astonishment. His face was singularly well-balanced, strong yet refined, with features delightfully irregular, but not, as is so often the case, exasperatingly contradictory. It was a real pleasure to see once more such a firm yet delicately-modelled chin. And the clean-shaven skin had that fineness of texture and clearness which only youth or a renouncing of the flesh-pots will give. Michael lived upon the plainest food, and in the open air. With the change in his appearance was a change, too, in manner. Once he laughed with an echo of the whole-souled mirth of other days. Téphany laughed with him, but the tears were near her eyes, because, in spite of the change, those other days seemed so remote.

He came often to Ros Braz, because his boat was there, and he spent long hours upon the sea; but he seldom passed through the château gates. When he did call upon the ladies he always seemed loath to leave them. Téphany noticed, too, that he talked more to Mary Machie than to herself. This, however, was not surprising, for Machie's sympathy, her kindliness, her belief in the goodness of others, her sensibility, were always, so to speak, on tap. Téphany, on the other hand, had moods when the prattle of Johnnie Keats bored her; when Carne, with his western vitality and energy, exasperated her; when the talk, invariably ending and generally beginning with success in art, seemed hopelessly banal and tiresome. Michael never took part in these disquisitions, but he listened attentively enough to Carne, with the half-mocking smile which provoked the Californian to reassert his theories with greater emphasis and in a louder voice. One day Carne said angrily to Téphany:

"Ossory has failed, and therefore he thinks that success is not worth having." Whereupon Téphany replied drily: "I don't think you look much below the surface, Mr. Carne."

"Perhaps it is as well that I don't," he retorted. "Unpleasant things underlie failure sometimes."

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She divined that he was jealous of her friendship for Michael, and made allowances for him. At times, he attracted her in a way that troubled her peace of mind. His love-making was charming—what all love-making should be in its first stages. He brought her flowers and books, he was able to anticipate her whims, he planned pleasant excursions. Machie was never tired of singing his praises. Had he not persuaded Mère Pouldour to give up strong drink? Was he not a devoted son, writing long letters to his mother regularly once a week? Had he not ideals, culture, refinement rare indeed with most young men, and with these excellent qualities the strength to protect, the tenderness to cherish, an unprotected woman, alone in the world?

It would be absurd to deny that Machie's words produced an effect. Téphany's breakdown had given her pause; it constrained her to an accounting, to the striking of a balance. If she lost her voice, what would become of her? She had saved, it is true, a couple of thousand pounds; she had her small income; she could attain reputation as a teacher of singing. But the woman in her turned in dismay from a future to be lived alone, barren of triumph, of excitement, in some placid backwater of life. And if she regained her voice, what then? Her perception, her power of self-analysis, told her that the greatest triumphs of her profession would not suffice without other things. When money first came to her, she had thought a thousand times how sweet it would be to share it with Michael—the Michael who was too proud to approach her: the Michael to whom she must go: the Michael whose failure should be redeemed and glorified by her love.

But the old Michael had loved somebody else, and the new did not want her, save as a friend. He was even willing that she should marry another. The consciousness of this bit deep into her mind.

To make certain of Michael's indifference, she feigned a greater interest in Carne than she felt. Machie accused her of flirting.

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"And the young man needs no encouragement," said Machie, very severely. "He wears his heart upon his sleeve, poor fellow! You ought to take him, Téphany, or send him about his business."

"His love-making does not interfere with his business," Téphany replied.

This was true. Every morning and all the morning was spent by Carne at Ros Braz. He showed Téphany his studies of Yannik's head, and said that they were the best work he had ever done, and that Téphany had inspired him to the effort of his life. He added that he acted upon her advice in regard to the taking of Léon Bourhis into his confidence. Fisherman and painter were upon the best of terms; Bourhis was willing enough that Yannik should pose for so amiable, so *gentil a monsieur*. Here again Téphany realised, with a curious misgiving, Carne's power of imposing his will upon others, and winning their affection against odds. Bourhis was a fair type of the Breton fisherman—simple, loyal, honest, yet capable of fiercest passion and jealousy. Téphany wondered how the prejudice of such a one had been overcome. Bourhis himself enlightened her.

"Monsieur has been goodness itself," he told Téphany. "He came to me like a comrade. '*Mon brave*,' he said, 'you want to marry the best and prettiest maid in Finistère. I know all about it, and I wish you luck. When is the marriage? I must assist, mark you.' That is how he spoke to me, Mademoiselle, with a smile and a shake of the hand. I said that we must be patient, and he laughed—a laugh that warmed the heart, look you. And then he offered to help. He said that he wanted to paint Yannik's head, and that the old woman was willing. And it seems, Mademoiselle, that Monsieur is in love himself—oh! he is not cold, that one! —yes, passionately in love with a demoiselle; but he won't ask her to marry him till he has painted a great picture—and if Yannik can help him to paint it, and if he can pay the money which will hasten our marriage—why not—why not?"

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"Why not?" repeated Téphany, blushing. Then, feeling her blood warm with resentment against Carne's reference to herself, she said, with an acerbity wasted upon Bourhis:

"It is strange that Monsieur Carne should have told you his secret."

"Secret, Mademoiselle? It is no secret, or I should not have spoken to you about it. Monsieur is not ashamed of being in love; he is proud of it. It is like that with men. Everybody knew that I adored Yannik long before I told her so. The maids hide their hearts, Mademoiselle, not the men."

After this duologue Téphany was kinder to Carne, because she was conscious that she had not been quite fair to him.

About a week later Carne told her, with an accent of triumph, that he had persuaded Yannik to take off her coif. She had masses of the loveliest hair a-gleam with indescribable tints, which Carne transferred to his canvas with enthusiasm. When Téphany said to Mère Pouldour, "How did Monsieur persuade Yannik?" the grandmother answered chuckling, "Léon and I persuaded Yannik, Mademoiselle; and Monsieur has a tongue like running water."

Téphany nodded, saying nothing. Yannik blushed when she saw her, and looked down somewhat shamefacedly. Téphany eyed her keenly, making no protest, yet sensible that the girl was in troubled waters. As she was turning away Yannik cast an appealing glance at her: a fluttering, helpless look which loosened Téphany's tongue.

"What is it?" she asked gently.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, you are angry with me for taking off my coif, but indeed I could not help it."

"It is not easy to say 'No.'"

"But why should I say 'No,' Mademoiselle? If he paints my face, why shouldn't he paint my neck and hair?"

"You have taken off your collar, too, then?"

At once Yannik assumed a slightly defiant expression.

"Grand'mère insisted, to oblige Monsieur."

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"Well, Yannik, you will be married the sooner."

Again the expression in the pretty face changed. Defiance melted into perplexity. She shrugged her finely modelled shoulders.

"Monsieur Carne has been very generous," said Téphany.

"Oh, yes. But——" Yannik hesitated, then with passion she continued, "He gives the big pieces to grand'mère, and she spends them——"

"Not on drink?"

"On masses for the souls of my father and uncles."

"Oh!"

Dismay provoked the exclamation.

"Léon would be angry if he knew," added Yannik; but immediately afterwards she said with resignation: "And yet, if—if they died unshriven after mortal sin, perhaps, grandmère is right, and I *am* selfish to think of myself."

"I will speak to your grandmother, Yannik."

"Mademoiselle, she will be so angry because I have told you. You won't tell her or Léon? Promise me."

Téphany promised, not without reluctance. The case presented extraordinary interest, because, in spite of her education, of her experience of the world, she could look at this sacrifice of Yannik's little dowry from the point of view of the grandmother to whom the souls of her sons who had perished at sea clamoured unceasingly for such help as money alone could secure. She saw, with distinctness, the old woman sitting at the door of her cottage, her fingers busy with her knitting, but her bleared eyes gazing across the smooth waters of the estuary at the terrible ocean out yonder. And the mist in those eyes was to Téphany as the mist between sea and sky, or as the mists between the here and the hereafter—impenetrable shadows behind which might shine most radiant light. . . .

Those who have the sympathy necessary to apprehend Téphany's veneration for the faith which sustains Breton peasant and fisherman against outrageous fortune will appreciate

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the distress and perplexity aroused in her by this robbery of the living to pay for masses for the dead. "Let the living work in anguish, provided that the dead repose in peace." To attempt to controvert such a belief would be hopeless. Could the voice of any living person thrill like the chorus of the unburied dead? In the sob of the sea, in the wail of the wind, in the bay of a hound, in the dreary note of the curlew, Mère Pouldour heard and recognised the agonised invocation of her strong sons.

Naturally enough, Téphany dreaded to enlist Michael's sympathies. To speak to Mary Machin was to invite indignation, but nothing more potent than words; to appeal to Carne meant an indirect violation of her promise to Yannik. The young man, in his masterful way, would probably keep the money back in trust for the future Madame Léon Bourhis. The grandmother would vent fanatical rage on Yannik. Michael, however, might be induced to lay the matter before Père Hyacinthe, who, albeit not Mère Pouldour's spiritual adviser, would doubtless strain a point to oblige Michael and to right a wrong.

Nevertheless, Téphany was sensible of an increasing reluctance to speak to Michael on this subject. In the light of subsequent knowledge, this unreasonable shrinking on her part to do a natural action possessed significance; but finally, after some procrastination, she walked to Pont-Aven and into Michael's studio.

Michael was painting, and when Téphany came in he nodded, but went on with his work. A new model was posing, one of remarkable appearance—a type of the Breton rapidly becoming extinct, an amalgam of the Iberian and Celtic races oftener found in Morbihan than Finistère. The man had long black hair and a beard, both streaked with white. Out of his sallow face shone a pair of dark-blue eyes, overshadowed by thick black brows. His features were massive.

"This is Furic," said Michael.

The model glanced at Téphany without moving his head.

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Téphany spoke a few words in Breton, a kindly greeting. Immediately the Breton's harsh features softened, as he replied in the same tongue.

"You are not of Finistère," said Téphany.

"No, Mademoiselle."

"He came up from Belle-Isle in one of the tunny boats," said Michael. "Make him talk, if you can. He won't talk to me."

Téphany asked a question in regard to his calling. The man answered with a monosyllable; then, he thawed into speech. He had served in the navy, and he seemed to know every inch of the northern and western coast of Brittany. Téphany became more interested in his talk than his face. Each word indicated a survivor of the old race of passionately superstitious fishermen, who interpret everything connected with the sea according to an inexorable code of traditions handed down, orally, from prehistoric times.

"You must have seen some terrible storms?" Téphany murmured.

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle; but I was never frightened."

"Really?"

"You see, I know I shall not be drowned."

"You say—*you know?*"

"Certainly. At the moment I was born the moon was shining in a cloudless sky; it was high tide, also."

"Therefore you cannot be drowned?"

An ironical inflection sharpened Michael's voice. The man frowned.

"I have been wrecked," he said defiantly, "wrecked three times. Once all the crew perished; I alone was left."

Téphany nodded, thinking of Corentin, who was saved when her father and the rest of the crew were wrecked on the Concarneau reefs.

"And once," continued Furic, addressing Téphany in sombre accents, "once, Mademoiselle, I was sitting with my old patron in his house. We were drinking cider; making

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the most of the few hours before we sailed for Iceland. It was the 19th of February, Mademoiselle. Suddenly we heard a noise outside; a seagull was beating its wings against the pane of the window. Lantec said, 'Is that a sign for me or for thee?' I said, 'It is not for me, *mon vieux*'; nor was it. Well, our boat was cut down by a steamer upon a foggy night in April, and Lantec was drowned with half his crew. His body, of course, was never recovered, and his spirit returned to Paimpol. His sister has heard it calling, '*Iou—Iou—Iou!*'"

"You believe that?"

"Why, of course. It is the voice of Bugul Noz, the shepherd of the night. I, myself—— He paused, and a curious expression of terror flickered across his weather-beaten face.

"Yes?"

"Nothing, Mademoiselle. Of course, I am a poor ignorant fisherman."

Now he looked simply shy and obstinate. Michael said abruptly:

"Paimpol? What took you, a Belle-Isle fisherman, to Paimpol and the cod-fishing?"

The man shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I had my reason," he answered moodily. "For the rest one must earn one's bread where one can. The tunny-fishing is a poor business at times."

Shortly afterwards, Furic was dismissed. As Michael cleaned his palette, he said to Téphany: "It's rather odd how I got that model. I met him only yesterday. He came and offered himself as a model this morning.'

"How very odd!" said Téphany

"That is not all. Last night he got very drunk. And drunk I can picture him as an unpleasant customer. At any rate his *patron* and he fell out and came to blows. He offered to pose because he's out of a job.

"He looks very wild," said Téphany.

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"That, of course, is the reason why I engaged him. I shall make several studies of his head. If you want to draw him, you are welcome; he'll be at the studio from nine to twelve each day."

"I came here to talk about something else," said Téphany.

"You are not in trouble?" Michael asked quickly.

"I? No."

Then, without preliminaries, she plunged into a statement of the facts. Looking at Michael she saw that his usually impassive face seemed to be much moved; he frowned heavily, and moved his hands with unmistakable irritation. At the end he said sharply:

"It's abominable."

"If you spoke to Père Hyacinthe——"

"But I'm not thinking of the old woman. Let Carne find another model."

"But, Michael, he is so set on this one. He raves about her, just—well—just as you used to do."

"Père Hyacinthe would not interfere. I doubt if he knows the old woman; and he is a Breton; if you think the dead do not call to him——"

He shut his lips resolutely. When he opened them he added, in a different tone of voice: "Perhaps I shall be able to say a word to Carne, although you——"

"Yes."

He smiled nervously, with a humorous twist of the lips.

"I was about to add that a woman such as you are, Tephany, would touch levers out of my reach."

Téphany's cheeks were unduly warm, as she answered quickly: "I shall not speak to Mr. Carne; I don't believe it would be any use."

"But to please you—surely——"

"To please me!" She echoed his words disdainfully "You advise me to put myself under obligations to a stranger a foreigner——"

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"Come, come—a stranger and foreigner?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean. His ways, his ideas, his beliefs are strange and foreign to me."

She spoke with such heat that the man watching her might well be excused for interpreting her agitation as confirmation of the speaker's interest in this stranger and foreigner.

"Look here, Téphany, leave this matter in my hands. I'll think it over, and do what I can. I am not sanguine of doing anything."

Téphany took her leave, angry with Michael, angry with herself, and angry with Carne, the original cause of the mischief. It was too late to return to breakfast at Ros Braz, so she joined the big crowd in Yvonne's dining-room, finding an empty chair next to Johnnie Keats—the one usually occupied by Carne. Keats welcomed her warmly, inquiring after Mary Machin with much solicitude. It was generally his part to talk with Mary and to criticise her water-colour drawings. He had quite made up his mind that Carne would marry Téphany, and had settled, not without anxious thought, what sort of a wedding present to give. After breakfast, while they were drinking coffee in the garden at the back of the annexe, Keats began to speak, as usual, about his friend's work.

"He's struck a bonanza, has Clinton. Well, he admits now that I know a good thing when I see it. I said from the first that little Yannik was a peach."

Téphany held her tongue, wondering whether it might be expedient to take the Satellite into her confidence.

"Of course, he's shown you her latest study of her?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you think it great?"

"I was sorry Yannik had taken off her coif and her collar."

"Clinton generally gets there in the end," said Johnnie. "It's extraordinary what a little way he has with him—and he is such excellent company. I don't know what I shall do without him. We've been chums since college days."

"Why should you do without him?" Téphany demanded.

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She tried to keep asperity out of her tones, and failed. This assumption upon the part of everybody that Carne had but to drop his handkerchief, to whistle one bar, and that she must flutter to him, was becoming exasperating.

"Oh, I suppose he'll be settling down one of these days, Miss Lane."

"Settling! I always imagine Mr. Carne on the move."

"Of course he'll go on and on till he gets to the very top of the tree. Why, I don't mind telling you that for the last three years I've kept his letters because they'll be wanted some day."

"Are you going to write his biography, Mr. Boswell?"

"I shall contribute letters and reminiscences," he replied imperturbably.

"I don't like to see you grovelling at Mr. Carne's feet."

"I do grovel—that is the word—in the presence of genius."

"Nothing has ever shaken your faith in your hero?"

She was conscious, as she put the question, that Johnnie regarded her keenly. But he replied seriously: "Nothing."

Téphany laughed, not ironically. Faith in anything quickened her interest and enthusiasm. None the less some imp prompted her to murmur: "You are very loyal, but if—just for the sake of argument—if he did something quite unexpected, something shameful——"

Keats nodded. Being a true son of the West, his humour rather liked to disport itself upon the grotesque and impossible.

"Even if he took to cannibalism, Miss Lane, I should stand by him."

"You would furnish the principal joint. For that matter there are moral cannibals, who do devour their nearest and dearest. Yes, you would let yourself be gobbled up."

"Under certain circumstances, it might be better to be gobbled up than to live on. Your moral cannibal, I suppose, puts his victims out of their pain when he swallows them."

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Very placidly, he lit a cigarette, and smiled at her through the circling clouds of smoke.

At that moment Yvonne came into the garden to say a word to Téphany.

"I have only just heard that you were here," she said, smiling maternally. "A compatriot of yours, a big man, well known, very distinguished, came last night. He asked for you."

"And his name?" said Téphany.

"Bah! Those English names——"

"Sir Japhet Smyth," Keats said quietly, "the doctor."

"Oh!" Téphany exclaimed. "Sir Japhet Smyth? Here?"

Yvonne nodded: "In the salon, waiting to speak to you, when you are disengaged."

Téphany rose at once, wondering what had brought the famous specialist to Pont-Aven. Within a minute the great man was telling her.

"I am taking my holiday slightly earlier this year," he said, "and spending it in Brittany. I remembered that you were at Pont-Aven. How is the throat? Better?"

Téphany was touched by this solicitude, although she was quite unable to determine whether Sir Japhet's interest was entirely professional or not. In any case, it was most kind of him to have remembered. Out of his consulting-room, he looked less formidable. She answered his questions.

"Um!"

"And your verdict, Sir Japhet——?"

"I shall call at Ros Braz, and make an examination, if you will permit me. After that, I may be able to form an opinion. We shall see. You look well. Your native air agrees with you. Yours is a very remarkable case, you know. It has been on my mind."

So the interest was professional, after all.

"I prescribed quiet," continued Sir Japhet, stroking his chin, "because excitement, physical and mental, was the cause

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of the mischief. Singers ought always to be phlegmatic persons, and the successful ones generally are so. When may I call upon you?"

"To-morrow morning, if you will be so kind."

Upon the morrow he arrived with his dismal little black bag full of shining instruments. The examination lasted some time, and was very disagreeable, and not painless. At the end of it, Sir Japhet allowed himself a reassuring smile.

"I think we shall do well," he said to Machie, who was present, "but public conveyances ought to be stoutly built. This throat will never carry Wagner, for instance." Pleased that he had sustained his simile, he added smiling: "A jinriksha throat, my dear Miss Machin, not an omnibus."

"But you do think she will be able to return to the stage?"

"If this marked improvement continues, certainly; but we must be careful, very careful."

"When may I sing?" Téphany demanded.

"I have made your throat rather sore, eh? Let time allay the slight irritation. Within a few days you may try some simple ballads. I intend to make Pont-Aven my head-quarters, more or less, for the next fortnight, so I shall have an opportunity of seeing you again. Before I go back you can begin slight but regular practising. I hope to hear you in La Bohème next season."

"She has been so plucky and patient," said the enthusiastic Machie, "I'm sure she deserves a reward."

"Um!" said the great man. "I am rather fond of quoting a maxim no doubt familiar to you: 'In nature there are no rewards or punishments; there are consequences.'"

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CHAPTER XII

LA COTRILLADE

Être avec ceux qu'on aime ;
Cela suffit.

"FINE weather, Mademoiselle!"

Léon Bourhis indicated with a gesture the calm waters of the estuary and the soft skies above—skies of a superlative beauty of form and colour radiant with aërial masses of filmy cloud. Much rain had fallen during the night, but such of the clouds as had not yet discharged their burden of moisture were moving majestically away in a southerly direction. Above the lemon-coloured strip of sky which divided them from the sea they displayed their imperial purple with edges sparklingly white against the rain-washed blue beyond. To the north and north-west an opaline haze obscured the horizon. From this herald of heat, the filmy vapours above seemed to be retiring, not in rout, but in excellent marching order, like well-disciplined cavalry, masking the retreat of the heavy battalions. The part of the estuary protected by high banks from the breeze was unruffled. The surface presented the appearance of an exquisitely polished silver mirror reflecting the trees of Poulguen inshore and the forms of cloud above.

Téphany had accepted an invitation from Michael to visit the sardine fleet, now fishing off Port Manech. Machie, always a wretched sailor, refused to accompany her friend. They set sail early. Téphany had not been alone with Michael since that day—more than a week ago—when she had lost her temper because he seemed so indifferent to the fact that Mère Pouldour was robbing Yannik. Afterwards, she told herself that Michael was not really indifferent, that he would interfere somehow, that she had not appealed in vain. For the moment the situation at the cottage remained the same; or, if altered the change was for the worse. Yannik looked pale and

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miserable; she avoided Téphany; she was not seen upon the small quay chattering with Léon.

Michael took the tiller, while Léon and the boy busied themselves with the big red sails. Téphany sat down beside Michael. Very abruptly he said:

"I did what you asked. I spoke to Pére Hyacinthe. He admits, which is a good deal from him, that Yannik has been scurvily treated; but, as I supposed, he can't interfere. I am sorry I was not more successful."

"Thank you, very much," said Téphany, looking up gratefully.

Michael, however, did not meet her eyes. He was staring at the distant horizon, at the fleet of boats dimly to be discerned in the offing. Léon stood up in the bows staring also in the same direction. Téphany, glancing from one man to the other, was struck by a curious similarity, not of form or feature, but of expression. These were men of the open air, sons of the wind and sea, strong and vigorous as the element they both loved. And wind and sea, sun and rain, had placed upon each her unmistakable brand,

"You like this, Michael?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

Descending the river the character of the scenery began to change, as the sea asserted her dominion over the land. Téphany could feel its pulse — the throb of the tide on the turn.

They passed a châlet, built upon a point of rocks in the centre of a small pine wood between Pont Manech and the ocean. The châlet overlooked the mouth of the river, and just below the wood Nature, as if anxious to exhibit her sense of contrast, had hollowed out of huge masses of rock a delightful cove. Here the green grass of a meadow, oaks and bracken, met a broad riband of the finest white sand, skirting a tiny bay as clear and as blue as that of Avalon in California. Michael stared at the châlet. Téphany followed his glance.

"Fairyland!" she exclaimed impulsively.

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"Yes," said Michael; then in a low voice he added: "This is the cove where I painted that study—the one with the splintered masts and the body."

Téphany turned aside her eyes. To change the subject, she said:

"And how is that terrifying model of yours?"

"Oh, Furic?" Immediately his tone lightened. He began to speak like the old Michael. "Well, the confounded fellow left me to-day. He has gone off on some mysterious pilgrimage. By the way, I have heard a good deal more about Bugul Noz, and I'm making a study illustrating the Breton pursued by some such phantom. You must see it, Téphany."

"I should like to see it. Will you exhibit it, Michael?"

At once the fire and sparkle faded from his eyes and face.

"Certainly not," he said abruptly.

Leaving the estuary, they passed the bristling rocks of Port Manech. To the right, stretching north, lay the grim coast of Finistère, the granite rocks upon which many a stout craft has been splintered. Upon this July day the summer seas seemed to be caressing them with a soft sibilant purr of satisfaction. Léon Bourhis pointed out the Glénans Islands—rose-coloured shadows melting in the haze of the horizon—where Yannik's father and uncles had lost their lives, and then spoke sombrely of the Pointe du Raz and the Baie des Trépassés. The boy, squatting at the foot of the mainmast, fixed his dark eyes upon the speaker's face.

"And farther north," said Bourhis, "are the Islands of the Dead."

"Why were they called that?" Téphany asked.

She knew the legend; but Léon's voice had fascination when he spoke of the folklore of his province.

"Mademoiselle must have forgotten. The souls of the dead live in those islands. Ask the fishermen. More than one, *ma Doué!* has been summoned at night to ferry the dead across, has felt the weight of the boat, deep down in the water,

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has strained at the oars, and then, as the keel touched the shore of the islands, the boat has been lightened, because the passengers have stepped ashore."

The boy crossed himself.

Bourhis went on to speak of King Gradlon and his daughter, of her fate, and the fate of the wicked city of Ys, submerged for its sins, like the cities of the plain.

"You believe this, Léon?" she asked.

"Why, yes, Mademoiselle. Men have seen the towers of the city, and heard the bells chime when the waters of the bay are smooth and the moon is at the full."

By a strange coincidence, as the man was speaking the tinkle of a bell floated across the sea, the bell of Nivéz, so attenuated in sound that to Téphany it seemed indeed to be wafted from some enchanted city lying beneath the waters. And the coast, fading in the haze, became a shadowy land, far away, unreal, indefinable. Only the boat and the water across which she flew light as a petrel possessed substance and form. Out of the silence which succeeded the silvery note of the bell, Michael's voice came abruptly:

"To these simple people"—he spoke in English—"the mystery of the unseen is as sweet as that bell."

The fishing fleet was now close at hand, and both Bourhis and the boy laughed gaily.

"The fish are there, Mademoiselle. You will see a pretty sight."

As he spoke he and Michael lowered the sails. An instant later they nearly came alongside of one of the fishing-boats.

"The *patron*," whispered Bourhis, "is going to sow *la rogue*."

In the stern of the boat, his fine figure superbly defined against the sky, stood the owner of the boat. With rhythmic swing he began to scatter the seed, the cod's roe mixed with coarse flour or sand, which lures the sardines to the surface. The cream-coloured bait fell upon the water in tiny flakes. Instantly the surface flashed into sparks of silver.

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"They have the luck, those fellows," said Bourhis enviously.

The crew of the boat manipulated the filmy blue nets, drawing them gently and in perfect silence about the sardines, who were intent only upon gorging themselves with the highly seasoned, rank-smelling food. When the first net was full of fish the men allowed it to drift out behind. The *patron* flung more *rogue*, the fish came in ever-increasing numbers to the surface, following the boat, which was rowed by the crew slowly and in absolute silence.

"Why don't they draw in the first net?" whispered Téphany.

"They are afraid of frightening the shoal away," Michael replied. "Sometimes they have as many as four nets out astern, and as many as a thousand fish in each net."

Téphany nodded. The silence, the dexterity with which the men put out the nets, the scintillating water, the fine figure of the *patron*—these impressed her greatly. The breeze dropped, hardly dimpling the quiet surface of the sea; the sun warmed her to the core.

"It's fair-weather fishing," Michael murmured.

They went on, visiting other boats. Presently, the first boat left for Concarneau. This one would receive the biggest price from the packers, and much excitement there would be in speculating what this price might touch.

"We will follow and see," said Michael.

In company with half a dozen other boats, they sailed north in the wake of the first.

Soon they were rounding the white mole opposite the reefs upon which Henry Lane had perished. Téphany, since the day of the storm, had seen the place many times, yet her eyes filled with tears. Then she felt the warm clasp of Michael's hand, and his voice vibrating with sympathy: "Poor little Téphany!"

Their eyes met. Téphany withdrew her hand, blushing slightly. Since Michael had shaved off that odious beard, it seemed hard to believe that ten years lay between the present

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and that memorable day when she had flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

They went ashore. Concarneau was buzzing with anticipation of good times. Famine had left marks upon the hearts of all, upon the faces of many. Now, the sun was shining with renewed splendour in the fisherman's heaven, and the price for sardines was authoritatively announced:

Twenty-seven francs a thousand!

Before half the fleet was in, however, the price had fallen to eighteen francs a thousand, where it remained. By this time excitement had gripped the people, and the conviction that the years of lean kine were over.

The sardines were counted and despatched to the factories; the fishermen prepared the famous *cotrillade*, the broth which is their one solid meal of the day.

"I am awfully hungry," said Téphany.

"We will have breakfast at the Voyageurs," said Michael.

"But I want to eat the *cotrillade*."

Téphany insisting, Léon led the way to the house of a cousin, who supplied the big pot and the fuel. The room, typical of ten thousand Breton kitchens, was long and low, with a broad stone hearth at one end upon which smouldered a faggot or two beneath the hanging *pot-au-feu*. Facing the hearth were the *lits-clos;* opposite door and window stood a huge oak *armoire*, with hinges and locks of brilliantly polished brass. In the centre of the room was a narrow oak table.

With the bellows the boy blew the smouldering sticks of wood into flame. Léon put the fish into the pot, added pepper and salt, and covered the whole with water. Michael went out to buy butter and bread and cider. When the fish had simmered for three-quarters of an hour, a generous supply of butter was ladled into the pot. Then the fish was eaten. Afterwards more butter and bread in slices was added. The soaked bread was eaten last.

Téphany, with appetite sharpened by a morning spent on the sea, ate heartily, because the broth tasted so amazingly

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good. She felt herself to be flesh and blood of the people whose simple food she shared. The cousin and his wife sat at the table with them. Each person was provided with a bowl and a spoon. The cider was drunk out of cups. In spite of the fire on the hearth and the hot sun outside, the kitchen remained quite cool. Through the open door, one could see another kitchen just opposite, where another *cotrillade* had been cooked and eaten. The fishermen talked loudly after they had swallowed their glass, a-piece, of cognac, speaking of the good times, and then in grumbling accents of the enormous price, as much as one hundred francs the *barrique*, demanded by those sharks the vendors of *rogue*. After all, they, and not the fishermen, seized the lion's share of the spoil. Téphany smelled tar, and that peculiar pungent odour of woollen garments saturated by salt water.

With a little encouragement, the cousin's wife was persuaded to speak of the famine, when the children had died like flies in frost. Under cover of Léon's loud voice, the woman whispered to Téphany that Michael had saved many little ones from starvation.

"He is good, is Monsieur! Ah, my God! one has only to look at him to see that; is it not so, Mademoiselle?"

Her shrewd eyes sparkled with curiosity.

"But looks are sometimes deceiving," Téphany hazarded.

"But we women know, in our hearts; yes. And Monsieur surely is the kindest of men, and deserving of all that the Holy Mother will send him: a loving wife for example, and half a dozen adorable children. Oh, oh, indeed? Monsieur is a *célibataire endurci, hein?* What a pity! Because, after all, can anything in this world make up to an honest man or woman for the loss of a home?"

She pointed to the rude hearth as she spoke. And, immediately, some indescribable spirit of the past seemed to touch Téphany's heart, as she sat at the rude oak table, looking at the hearth which had warmed and nourished generations of fishermen.

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Le foyer Breton!

At sea, when the tragedy played by wind and wave held the stoutest heart appalled, when night spread darkness upon the scene, when the terrible cold paralysed all activities of mind and body, did not a vision of this hearth flit into the strained and despairing eyes of the strugglers? Surely. And did the vision of home, of all that these simple, God-fearing men held most dear and sacred, fortify and sustain them in that supreme moment when the outrageous monster engulfed them, because, such as it was, hewn out of granite, it endured from earliest youth to extremest age as the epitome and expression of the true and everlasting home beyond?

This granite fire-place, smoke-stained, chipped by hard use, riven, sometimes, by intense heat, was to Téphany as eloquent as the spires of the province, hewn also out of granite, and fashioned—by what miracle of patience?—into surpassingly delicate forms of loveliness. But the hearth was a greater thing than the spire. The spire represented art in its noblest, most soaring manifestation; the hearth, if it were worthy of its name, stood for life and love.

Inevitably, the mournful reflection followed that to her this love of the hearth was ineradicable, that no triumph could compensate for its loss.

At her request the men lit their pipes. Léon predicted a superb season for the *sardiniers*, citing the cases of those fortunate ones who had literally captured fortune with the seine, but Michael sat apart, staring at the hearth with a slight frown upon his forehead. Téphany told herself that he shared her thoughts; as boy and girl this had been a matter of frequent occurrence: emphasising the sympathy of one for the other, demonstrating, so to speak, the strength and value of their friendship.

Léon, intent upon bringing every topic into the charmed circle of his love-affair, began to speak of Yannik and his marriage. Téphany noticed that Michael listened with attention to the simple story. How many times had a similar tale been told in this ancient kitchen?

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"The old woman will live with us," he addressed his cousins. "Eh, what? A nuisance that? Yes. But one must take the rough with the smooth. *La vieille* has too many wrinkles on her face and on her heart, poor soul! but Yannik's skin is white as satin. Name of a pipe! I am not the only one who thinks so."

They sailed back with the north-west breeze behind them, meeting many belated boats. The men shouted greetings to Bourhis as they passed. Fortune had not come to all, but the luck on the whole was marvellously good, and the fame of it would attract the Dournénez fleet and perhaps the fishermen of Lorient. Léon, usually so quiet and reserved, but warmed into speech by excitement and the prospect of good times, prattled gaily of the sea, speaking of her in absurdly caressing tones as the good little mother with milk in plenty for all her children. Ah, well, this was his world; he knew no other; it had been his cradle often; it might be his grave. Michael listened to the talk and the laughter as he steered the boat, but he gazed—so Téphany noticed—into the mysterious horizon where sea melted into sky, and sky into sea, both indivisible in the shadows of twilight.

When they reached Ros Braz, Michael accepted Téphany's invitation to sup, but took his leave soon after, meaning to walk back to Pont-Aven. Passing Mère Pouldour's cottage, he saw a light in the kitchen, and through the open door he caught a glimpse of the old woman knitting. Probably, he reflected, she was waiting for Yannik, who might be abroad with Léon. A sudden impulse stirred him to step in and exchange a greeting with the grandmother, and, if opportunity served, to say a word in regard to the fat five franc pieces.

"A lovely night, my aunt."

The old woman nodded, her fingers busy with the needles.

"As you say, Monsieur, a lovely night."

"A lovers' night!"

"Ah, yes. If one were twenty again. Moonlight—and a lover."

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"Lucky Yannik!"

"Certainly she has luck, the little fool, if she would take it when it comes."

The latter half of the sentence was growled out. Michael divined exasperation in the peevish tone, the frowning brows. At the same moment he made sure that the old woman was slightly under the influence of liquor; not drunk, but what the Bretons call *cidralisée*.

"But I understand she has taken it?"

Michael spoke interrogatively, wondering whether he would be answered truthfully. Mère Pouldour eyed him with wrinkled suspicion, till she remembered that he was a friend of Carne. Naturally all painters thought alike upon certain subjects. Befuddled and garrulous, she burst out vehemently:

"She is an imbecile. Look you, Monsieur, that little idiot has the chance of putting five hundred francs into her stocking —and she refuses to take it. What do you say to that?"

"Five hundred francs!"

"Five hundred francs, Monsieur, not a sou less. And, by the Virgin, if she asked a thousand, he would pay it. He is quite off his head. What he sees, God knows. At her age I was handsomer. May I offer Monsieur a cup of cider? It is good this year, the cider."

Michael entered the cottage, and drank some cider, clinking cups and exchanging toasts in Breton. He told himself that he was committing a shameful breach of hospitality. The old woman gabbled on:

"It is like this, Monsieur; you are an artist, and you will understand. Your friend, Monsieur Carne, has asked Yannik to do him a little service—a bagatelle. He wants to paint her white skin, which it seems is of a whiteness and texture, so he tells me, to drive a painter mad. Look you, he cares nothing for the little idiot, save as a model. There are painters who have come to Pont-Aven—well, well, we need not speak of them. Monsieur Carne has asked Yannik to take off some of her clothes; not all, no indeed. To the waist—nothing more.

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As usual, I shall be present. Nobody else will be the wiser. And she refuses—name of a dog! If you would speak a word to her, Monsieur. And it means marriage."

"And Léon Bourhis?"

"Pouf-f-f! He is young, and a fool, too. All young people are fools—fools; that is understood."

"I will speak to Yannik, as you wish it. Good-night."

"Good-night, Monsieur; and thank you."

"Do not thank me." Michael's voice was harsh. "You understand that if I speak to Yannik it is entirely on her account, not on yours."

"Why, of course, Monsieur."

Michael walked away, smiling grimly because, in the most reprehensible fashion, he had so successfully salved his conscience and thrown dust in the old woman's eyes.

He walked swiftly towards Pont-Aven, wondering what had become of Yannik. He had made so certain, the old woman was as certain, that the girl was with her lover in the moonlight. If she were with Carne——

A dozen half-forgotten incidents lent colour to the conjecture. Their relations being already of such an intimate nature that Carne had asked her to pose for the figure, warranted the fear that the first indignant refusal would yield to importunity. Yannik's capricious treatment of Léon, her April moods, the obvious influence which Carne exercised over her—all these were factors in a conclusion from which, nevertheless, he shrank.

"It is impossible," Michael muttered to himself.

And yet the anger quickening his pulses told him that it was not impossible. Carne loved Téphany; he wished to make her his wife, his companion, his chum; but if he were weak in character—and Michael had no reason to believe him strong—could he withstand, he, so susceptible to all forms of beauty, the temptation to seize it, if it were offered?

With these thoughts biting into his mind, Michael came to the parting of the ways. The road to Pont-Aven lay to the

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right, the short cut through orchards and fields and moorland turned sharply to the right. Now he hesitated. If Carne were with Yannik, the odds were overwhelming that he had told her to meet him at some spot on or near the path.

He took the path.

It sloped gradually to the river, skirting the indentations of the estuary, winding through tiny valleys and over miniature hills till it reached the deserted chapel of Trimour. Many times between Trimour and Ros Braz Michael stopped to listen, straining his ears to catch some whisper borne on the breeze. Not a sound reached him, save the occasional mournful hoot of an owl and the croaking of the frogs in the water-meadows. The chapel itself was not unlike that at Trémalo, and lay about halfway between Ros Braz and Pont-Aven. A small pardon for children took place there each summer. The chapel during the rest of the year was kept locked. Some peasant, who lived a couple of hundred yards away, kept the key, and would show the chapel on demand to any one who wished to see it.

Michael crossed a low wall, and stood upon the fine piece of turf surrounding the chapel. Upon this the trees cast dark shadows. Michael's eyes pierced the shadows, but he saw and heard nothing. At once, with an odd reaction of conviction, he told himself that Carne was not the man to ask Yannik to meet him near a place which she regarded as holy ground.

The chapel had been built at a time when the raising o temples to God had been esteemed the noblest work of men's hands. During the period preceding the Renaissance al manifestations of art were essentially links binding the finite to the Infinite. The greater the artist the more clearly did he interpret the divine Spirit working within him. From its first inception his masterpiece was dedicated to God. It had often struck Michael that in Brittany, and in Brittany alone, something of the original feeling and design still lingered—moribund, it is true, but even so an influence that permeated life and thought. Elsewhere the pictures of Raphael and

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Leonardo, the embroideries of vestments and altar-cloths, the embellishment of church plate, the designs of the Gothic architects, had been transmuted to the service of man, to the building and furnishing of his palaces and châteaux.

Britanny had spent millions upon its churches, chapels, ossuaries, and Calvaries; but its palaces could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The people still lived in plain houses, content with plain furniture and plain food. One meal a day sufficed the fishermen, as strong a race of men as may be found in the world.

To-night these thoughts filled Michael's mind as he gazed at the chapel of Trimour, seeing clearly the worshippers now long dead, hearing their fervent voices, feeling, subtly but unmistakably, that their labours, their prayers, their fasts had not been made in vain.

Suddenly, out of the shadows and silence, he heard a real voice—a woman's voice—raised in supplication. The words were unintelligible; but the intonation, tender, pleading, vibrant with emotion, penetrated every fibre of Michael's being. For the moment he believed that he had been bewitched, that a creature of his fancy had found speech; then, repudiating this as absurd, he realised that the voice was that of a fellow creature in distress, calling upon God to deliver her. A moment later he recognised Yannik.

His first impulse urged him to leave the spot as quietly and quickly as possible. He shrank from the possibility of discovery, analysing the situation for Yannik and himself. Why had he been brought upon a seemingly fool's errand to this unfrequented spot? Was it possible that he was the instrument by which the aid this child entreated might be given to her?

He walked to the south-east corner of the chapel. Under the east window, in the moonlight, knelt Yannik. Her hands, which held a rosary, looked curiously white and delicate; her upturned face, beneath the coif, showed a milky transparency. Michael paused, as the years rolled back, revealing another

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kneeling figure—Téphany, in the Concarneau studio, beseeching God to save the father who, at that moment, was being hurled upon the reefs. Yannik was nothing to Michael: Téphany had been very dear; and yet Téphany's distress had quickened an abominable desire to transfer it to paper, whereas now sympathy filled mind and heart.

"Yannik——"

She sprang to her feet, trembling, glancing from right to left, attempting to localise the unknown voice.

"Don't be afraid. It is I—Ossory."

He approached her.

"If you are in trouble, will you let me help you?"

She shook her head dolefully, too frightened to speak.

"Perhaps I can guess what your trouble is," he continued.

At this she plucked up enough courage to raise her eyes.

"You have been asked to pose for the figure?"

"Monsieur—who has told you?"

"Your grandmother."

Even in the moonlight Michael detected a look of relief. Yannik, evidently, had feared that Carne had been babbling. The girl's face softened.

"Poor grand'mère," she sighed.

"You have said 'No'?"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur, many times; but—but——"

Her indecision, her distress were pitiful. Michael remained silent. It was easy to divine what was passing in the girl's mind—her instinct to submit, to obey, and perhaps, above all, the passionate desire not to displease her grandmother.

"Yannik——"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I am going to ask you a very serious question; and I ask it here, upon the spot where you were kneeling a moment ago. You wish to marry Léon—from the bottom of your heart?"

As he spoke he grasped her hands, holding them firmly, compelling her eyes to meet his. Her glance was timid, distressful, but quite honest.

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"Yes, yes, Monsieur. And if I do what—what I am asked to do, and if Léon hears of it, he will cast me off. I know he will."

The tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Because you felt that you were weak, or, shall I say, because you felt that the others were stronger than you, you came here to-night to pray?"

"Yes, Monsieur"; then, in a more confident tone she added, with childish simplicity: "Naturally, our Lady doesn't grant all prayers, no; but sometimes, often, yes. I came here last summer, when I was in despair because I could not sell my dolls. Well"—her voice rang out triumphantly—"I sold all of them before the end of the month."

"I think," said Michael, gravely, "that your prayers to-night will be answered as you wish. Run along home."

He patted her hands as he released them. She looked at him gratefully: accepting his assurance with confidence; then she turned and flitted away into the shadows of the trees.

CHAPTER XIII

YVONNE LETS FALL A HINT

The future comes not from before to meet us, but streams up from behind, over our heads.

Upon the following morning Carne was breakfasting as usual in the old panelled dining-room, still used for the informal first meal. At the end of the table sat five young ladies, very enterprising amateurs, who were on a sketching tour, and head over heels in love with art. They talked joyously and hopefully of their "work." Before midday some of them would be in despair; but always youth, stimulated by Yvonne's excellent food, would urge them to fresh efforts in the afternoon. Each girl had three canvases in hand: a peep-of-day effect of a shot-silk grey, a bit of noon sunshine, and a nocturne in purple and gold. They glanced at Carne with interest,

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because Johnnie Keats, who rose late, had assured them that he was a genius; and they looked also at a rather picturesque Scotchman, an Associate, who was talking very confidentially with Sir Japhet. Carne, too, kept his eyes and ears upon the Scot, who had been heard to declare that a month at Pont-Aven, during the season, was worth four hundred a year to him. He painted few pictures there; but he sold many, painted elsewhere, especially to Americans. According to Johnnie Keats, Angus M'Vittie "rolled" possible buyers consummately, and Mistress M'Vittie "rolled" the wives, while Miss M'Vittie "rolled" the daughters. Carne could hear the canny Scot whispering to the great man:

"Sir Japhet, ye'll agree with me that there can be no fundamental success in art or medicine without beesness abeelity?"

"Quite, quite," assented Sir Japhet.

"It's the age of self-advertisement, and it wad be a lee if I denied that I tak' my times as I find it."

"Yes, yes," said Sir Japhet, who was slightly hard of hearing. "One misses one's *Times* here, although I do get the weekly edition."

"And ye'll note this, Sir Japhet: in the strenuous competeetion of the day an artist canna say 'No' to a reasonable offer for his wark. Ye'll kindly bear that in mind, if ye should tak' a fancy to ony wee banks an' braes o' mine ye may see here. And between a man like yersel' an' me the price wad be a' richt."

Carne nearly choked when he heard this. And when, a moment later, M'Vittie demanded eggs from one of the maids, the Californian wished that he could have the privilege of supplying and delivering some "extra French" ones. Such a fellow ought to be pilloried. Then his sense of humour asserted itself. After all, M'Vittie was honest enough to put his desire into words. All painters liked to sell their stuff, and a cheque was an uncommonly handsome form of acknowledging merit. He began to wonder what his yet

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unpainted picture of Yannik would fetch when he caught Téphany's name.

"Ma wife says that we've a nightingale in Pont-Aven."

"Do they sing in July, Mr. M'Vittie?"

"She means Marie de Lautree, the new singer. And *incog*——! She's known here as Miss Lane."

So the cat was loose at last—an almost inevitable incident now that the world and his wife were coming to Pont-Aven. Sir Japhet coughed discreetly.

"I know the young lady; she is a friend of mine."

"Not a patient, Sir Japhet, I hope."

"A friend, Mr. M'Vittie. Miss Lane was born here. If you have discovered her little secret, pray keep it to yourself."

He rose and left the room. Carne wondered whether Téphany had been a patient. At this moment Yvonne passed through the room and, seeing the Californian, paused for a moment's chat. Next to her *anciens* in favour the genial landlady placed Carne. He had promised to paint her a panel; and he adored Pont-Aven. To all painters Yvonne loved to talk "shop." The shibboleth of the studios, the Montmartre and Quartier Latin slang never failed to unlock the doors of a cellar-like memory stored with well-matured anecdotes. During the season, however, she was much too busy to consider days other than those of the present or future. Carne, with his quick perceptions, divined that she had an object in stopping to speak to him.

"You are content, Monsieur? Everything goes well, *hein?*"

"Everything goes very well indeed," Carne replied.

Yvonne glanced about her room. The young ladies had just left the room. Their laughter could be heard as they sorted sketching umbrellas and paint-boxes piled in a heap upon the long green bench outside. Two men at the end of the table entered into a warm discussion concerning the modernity of Leonardo da Vinci's technique. Yvonne lowered her voice:

"You have found something good at Ros Braz?"

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Carne frowned. He was not quite sure whether Yvonne was alluding to Yannik or Téphany.

"Everything is good at Ros Braz, Mademoiselle, except perhaps the cyder."

Yvonne's shrewd eyes twinkled. Carne's glib evasion of her question answered it. Too straight herself to take other than a short cut, she continued bluntly:

"You have made little Yannik pose for you."

Carne shrugged his shoulders.

"*Made?*"

"Is it the wrong word?"

"There has been no compulsion, I can assure you. How did you know? I have tried to keep the fact dark. People will talk such nonsense."

"I hear everything," said Yvonne, chuckling softly; then, in a graver tone, she concluded: "It is a pity for her—and, perhaps, for you."

Before he could reply she had whisked out of the room. For a large massive woman, she could move and speak with extraordinary lightness.

Carne finished his breakfast, and, lighting a pipe, took the path to Ros Braz.

As he passed the pool below the mills, he came upon Ossory. Michael had set up his easel and umbrella close to the path, but his canvas was still untouched. The men greeted each other cordially enough. Michael looked worn and haggard; so much so that Carne said with sympathy: "You are rather off colour, Ossory."

"I've had a wretched night. I suppose you"—he stared hard at the young fellow—"don't know the miseries of sleeplessness?"

"Don't I? Well, as a matter of fact I didn't sleep exactly like a top last night. I've a big picture in my head: that means pangs, eh?"

"I have something to say to you—a favour to ask."

Ossory's nervousness betrayed itself in a slightly jerky

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utterance and movement. Carne sat down upon a granite boulder. The young man jumped to the conclusion that his senior was in serious trouble, and about to demand help. Being excessively generous, he said warmly: "Ossory, you look as if you were in a tight place?" Michael nodded. "If I can help you, don't deny me the pleasure of doing so."

"Thanks," said Michael with a faint smile. "You're a good fellow; I daresay you would lend me money if I asked for it."

"With pleasure."

"Thanks again; but I'm not going to ask for anything except a patient hearing." Then, after an awkward pause, he broke fresh ground: "You know that I was a friend of Miss Lane's father?"

"She told me so."

"And I was also, and am still, a friend of hers."

"Of course you are. Who could help being her friend?"

"You make my task easier, Carne. I should not like you to think that I am interfering with business that doesn't concern me, but, tell me, you care very greatly for Miss Lane's respect and regard, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You would make sacrifices for her sake!"

"Yes."

The monosyllables fell abruptly, but not ungraciously. Michael's tone implied sympathy and insight which provoked surprise, not annoyance.

"Then sacrifice this idea of painting a big picture with Yannik in it."

"Who told you—Yvonne?"

The name escaped without consideration. Everybody in Pont-Aven knew that Ossory never entered Yvonne's house, although an *ancien*. But a reason for this lay pat to the lip. Between Yvonne and the *patron* of a rival inn raged a fierce feud. Michael—so said the gossips—had returned to Pont-Aven, after an absence of two years, and had established him-

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self at the Lion d'Or—an unpardonable offence. Because of this, Yvonne had cut dead an ungrateful client.

"I heard of your intention from Yannik herself and the grandmother."

"Yannik has behaved like a little fool," said Carne angrily.

"I can understand exactly how you feel, Carne. But you will forgive my telling you that you don't quite realise the issues involved."

"I respect the girl," said Carne hotly; "I like her; I want her to marry Léon—the sooner the better: I'm helping on the marriage. I tell you my conscience is clear. And the old woman is sensible. Ossory, this picture means a lot to me; but I give you my word that I'm mad keen to paint it, because any success diminishes the distance between Miss Lane and myself."

"The distance between Miss Lane and yourself?"

"How can I forget that she is famous, a great singer, while I am comparatively obscure?"

"You tell me Téphany Lane is a great singer?"

"Why surely, you, her old friend, know that."

"Certainly, I did not know it."

"All Pont-Aven will know it in a week. She sings under the name of de Lautrec."

"It was her mother's name. This is very astonishing."

"She has chosen to come back here as Téphany Lane. One can guess at reasons: the wish for rest——"

"Famous," repeated Michael, absently, "famous, little Téphany; it seems incredible——"

"That she should not have told you."

"No," Michael replied coldly, "her silence is most natural. She thought that her success would throw limelight upon my failure. I am glad—glad that she has succeeded."

"But you will admit that her success makes it harder for me?"

Michael considered; after a pause he said with conviction:

"She will marry the man she loves, no one else."

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"And if she takes me, she won't have to give up her profession," said Carne eagerly. "I should not wish it. We could live in London or Paris; she could sing, I should paint."

"You have thought it all out. Forgive me, I had no wish to sneer; you are right to think of her. Now, I will speak plainly. I understand how you feel about this picture. All the same," he gripped the Californian's arm, "you must give it up. Paint it, and if you gain the world, you will lose the woman you love."

"This is amazing."

"She resented your persuading Yannik to remove her coif."

"Yannik needed little persuasion. She wanted me to paint her hair. Surely you, Ossory, don't share Miss Lane's views?"

"I feel as she does," said Michael.

"I shall not paint Yannik," said Corne, after a long pause. "You have done me a great service—a very great service."

"What is the finest picture that ever was painted compared to the happiness of a good woman?" Michael asked the question in a loud voice, as if stating something that experience had proved to be true. Then, with a curt nod of dismissal, he picked up his palette.

Carne understood that no more was to be said. He shook hands with Ossory, thanked him again, and instead of going on to Ros Braz strolled back to Pont-Aven and into the Bois d'Amour. Here he sat down to reflect upon what had passed. A delightful exhilaration seized him, for he told himself that Ossory would not have interfered in a matter so delicate without sufficient reason. It seemed fairly obvious that an old friend had spoken a word in season on behalf of Téphany, whose happiness he must consider to be imperilled. At the same time, with the acuteness of a son of the Golden West, Carne tried to interpret the peculiar expression upon Ossory's face, when he admitted that he shared Téphany's prejudices. More, it was a rather curious coincidence that Yvonne should

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have let fall a hint that same morning. Finally, he told himself that he must talk over these strange things with Johnny Keats.

Meanwhile, Johnnie was painting the poplars below the bridge from a coign of vantage on the left bank of the Aven. What flesh tints were to Carne, poplars were to Johnnie. He liked also the life in and about the pool; the coming and going of the great carts laden with sand, the colour of the craft, the lithe bodies of the gamins who bathed at high tide, the laughter and chaff of the girls washing linen in the sluice above the first mill, the reflection of their coifs and collars in the water. Of these things and people Johnnie spoke genially and not without humour; but poplars he treated seriously from ten to twelve each morning. When he saw Carne approaching from Pont-Aven, he blinked his eyes, and murmured: "I am jiggered." Then, as Carne joined him, he added, "What's the matter with Ros Braz?"

"Johnnie, I'm going to hunt for another model."

"W-w-what!"

Carne told his story; at the end Johnnie admitted regretfully that, under the peculiar circumstances, the masterpiece must be "chucked." Then he added with conviction: "All the same I feel in my bones that the Luxembourg would have wanted it."

"I'd give up more than that for her," said Carne.

"What you have done ought to melt a stone. I think Miss Lane the daisiest girl I know—bar one."

"Eh?"

"Clinton," said Keats uneasily, "I have not been quite square with you; I have not played ball. From the first you let me know how much you thought of Miss Lane, but I—well, I——" He blushed scarlet.

"Heavens, you're not in love too?"

"Miss Machin has corralled me."

"I'm as blind as a bat not to have found you out. Why,

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my dear old Johnnie, this is splendid. You know, I've been worrying a bit, because I felt that if I was lucky enough to win the wife I want, what would become of you?"

"That has bothered me, Clinton."

"And Miss Machin—is she——"

Keats became very confused.

"I don't know; it's quite impossible to say. I've put in some good work, but who is a judge of his own work? Not I, certainly."

He laughed nervously, adding with his deprecating smile:

"Women are like poplars to me, only more so, they catch my eye in any landscape, but my eye can't catch them."

"Your eyes are all right. I say, when are you going to——"

"I thought of writing; I'm tongue-tied."

"Tongue-tied? You?"

At that Keats made confession, laying bare his soul. Did Clinton remember little Mamie Schermerhorn? Clinton remembered her perfectly. She had belonged to their dancing-class; a charmer with ultramarine eyes and two immense yellow pigtails. Every boy in the class adored Mamie.

"She adored me," said Keats. He blushed when he said it. Then he added: "I was not bald then, and I had a figure."

"Mamie adored you, eh?"

"I met her two years ago in Paris. She also is very stout now, and has four children; one little girl the living image of what she used to be. She told me she had loved me to distraction. If I had known it," Keats sighed, "if I had only known it! What good times I missed! Afterwards, it was the same old story. I was never able to tell the girls that I liked them; I never dared ask if they liked me."

"You must ask Miss Machin if she likes you at once," said Carne, with authority, "and not by letter."

Keats abstractedly put a brush filled with green paint into his mouth.

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"She will be scared to death," he muttered. "Dash it, what am I doing?"

"Scared or not, you've got to speak."

"So have you, Clinton. Somehow, that makes it easier for me."

"In this case you must lead the way; I have reasons—good ones, too. Why not this afternoon——"

"How you rush one!"

"I've seen you flattening your nose against shop-windows, staring at things you wanted to and could buy, but didn't."

"Perhaps I thought I might lay out my money to better advantage," said Keats, with dignity.

"Oh, oh! You think there may be others——"

"Never! I'm up against the real thing." He was terribly serious, but his slang clung to him. "I wish I wer'n't so bald. Somehow a bald man making love strikes me as being rather ridiculous. Confound it!" he concluded with exasperation, "nearly everything about me is ridiculous, except my feeling for her."

"She likes you," said Carne with decision. "Now, Johnnie, every minute you waste is precious. Remember the good time you might have had with Mamie Schermerhorn. Strike while the iron is hot."

"I'm hot enough," said Johnnie, wiping his forehead, "but somehow when I find myself with her I get cold feet."

"This afternoon, you go to Ros Braz—alone."

"If you——"

"I have particular business here. Johnnie, are you a man or a mouse?"

"I'm a man," declared Keats valiantly.

"By the way, you can mention, casually, to Miss Lane that I have given up the idea of painting Yannik."

"I'll rub it in well," replied Johnnie.

Accordingly, after luncheon, John Keats rowed himself down to Ros Braz, where for the present we will leave him in

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good company. Carne saw his friend start, wishing him luck and pluck. Then he returned to the hotel, asked for a few minutes' private talk with Yvonne, and learned from the pretty little *bonne* in the office that Mademoiselle was in her garden, which lies up the hill on the right of the road leading to Quimperlé.

Carne smiled as he climbed the hill, because Yvonne loved her garden, and was never happier than when she was counting her rows of peas and lettuces, and speculating as to the probable number of ripe melons. At such times, as Carne was well aware, she might be induced to forget the heavy responsibilities which lay at the foot of the hill, and chat comfortably of lighter matters at the top. She greeted him with a beaming smile and the remark that the rain had accomplished wonders.

"All the same, it has brought slugs," she added.

"I climbed up here to tell you that I am not going to paint little Yannik."

"Good!"

"You may say that, truly; for, between ourselves, I had a vision of a picture on the line, and paragraphs—dozens of them!"

Yvonne eyed him shrewdly.

"A good head, a good heart, and a clever hand will carry you far. Take that from me."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Why, what more do you want? Oh, you artists! How you love flattery!"

"I want you to tell me candidly why you gave me that hint this morning."

"Oh!"

Her fine face clouded.

"You must feel," urged Carne, "that you do owe me an explanation."

His pleasant voice was very beguiling, as he leaned towards her, whispering: "I am so discreet, and I have done what you asked, haven't I?"

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Yvonne crushed a slug.

"How I hate those slimy creatures!" she exclaimed, with surprising vehemence. "And there are men like them, who creep and crawl into the heart of what is pure and sweet and destroy it. Come, I will answer your question partly."

She led the way to a seat, not a very comfortable one. Carne sat down beside her, reflecting how admirably she fitted into the simple garden about them, which, designed almost entirely for practical uses, had charm and delicacy for an artistic eye. Along the borders, side by side with the massive cabbages, bloomed ethereal flowers. It was impossible to overlook the cabbages, but the flowers captured the eye and held it. Another thought flitted in and out of the painter's mind. This particular garden was laid out upon a very steep slope, and the soil, originally, had been thin and poor. Careful cultivation, infinite labour, had made it enormously productive.

Yvonne had remained silent for at least a minute, but when she spoke she came, as usual, straight to the point.

"I will tell you what I can upon the condition that you ask no questions."

"Understood."

"Good. I gave you that hint this morning, because I believe you to be a gentleman." She used the word *gentilhomme*, which to-day means so much more. Carne's eyes sparkled. He was certain that she was going to allude—indirectly, perhaps, but unmistakably—to Téphany. Yvonne loved Téphany. And this love had quickened, as love will, her remarkable quickness of perception, her shrewdness, her executive ability. But the light faded in his eyes, giving place to an entirely different expression as Yvonne slowly continued, weighing every phrase, as if she feared to say too much:

"Because you are a gentleman I am going to tell you something which happened long ago—something which affected me greatly. Even now," she sighed, "I feel the pain of it, although it only concerned me in this way: I lost a friend."

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She paused again. Carne nodded sympathetically. He made sure now that Yvonne was about to confide to him some incident in her own life, unconnected with Téphany. This disappointed him; but interest and curiosity still flickered in his eyes. Yvonne's nice use of words astonished him, till he remembered how much she had associated with men of culture and refinement. She was the daughter of peasants; she had led a laborious life, cultivating a sterile soil, as her people had done for generations. But among the cabbages she had planted flowers.

"Do you speak of love?" he asked softly.

"I speak of ambition, Monsieur."

The word startled him. He moved uneasily, divining the drift of her preamble.

"I am ambitious," she continued. "And I can sympathise with all who are ambitious, especially the young. My friends—I have had many friends—have been ambitious men, Monsieur. They come here to me, and they like the simple life of this little world, but their thoughts are in the larger world beyond. They enjoy the present because they think so continually, so confidently, of the future. I cannot blame them, because I have done that myself. Indeed"—she laughed whimsically—"I do it still. I live to-day in a hotel larger than my annexe."

"I have my castle in Spain, too," said Carne.

"One of the young men who came here had genius—the most wonderful thing in the world. Because he had genius he thought nothing of pleasing the dealers and the people who buy pictures. He tried to please himself. Ah! but he was hard to please. Nearly always he destroyed his work, painted it out, and began again, and again, and again."

"Yes, yes," said Carne, eagerly, "it is the only way."

"Unfortunately, he was very poor, and he could not find what he wanted here. Others had found it, not he. Who can account for these things? One day I told him that he must leave Pont-Aven. I felt that he would find in Morbihan,

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in the wildest part of it, what he could not find here. In the end I persuaded him to go."

She was silent for a moment. Carne, who had heard a score of stories about her generosity, told himself that doubtless she had furnished the money for this campaign into the wilderness. Yvonne continued drearily:

"He did find—a beautiful girl. He wrote to me, raving about her. He sent me a little sketch, and he swore that his chance had come. Perhaps, when you saw Yannik, Monsieur, you thought your chance had come?"

"Yes," said Carne decisively.

"There are opportunities and opportunities, Monsieur. Some an honest man and woman must pass by. This girl was not a model, and my friend knew it; but his ambition tempted him to take her, to use her, to—to abuse her. Well, I can tell you two more things. His ambition killed her——"

"Killed her?"

"I can answer no questions, Monsieur. You must take my word for this—it killed her, and then it killed him."

She closed her lips with almost violence.

"You have told me this," said the Californian—not unmoved either by the story or the teller's emotion—"for Yannik's sake?"

"Yes; and for your own."

Carne eyed her keenly: it was impossible to doubt her sincerity.

"Yannik," he said, with an effort to speak lightly, "is an opportunity which I shall pass by. In self-defence, I must add that you have alarmed yourself unnecessarily about her"—Yvonne set her chin at an obstinate angle—"but I can understand your feeling, and I sympathise with it."

He held out his hand, which Yvonne took, as they both rose. In the moment of parting Carne fired a haphazard shot:

"You are not the only one who has asked me to leave little Yannik alone."

"Eh?"

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"Michael Ossory spoke to me this morning."

"Monsieur Ossory?"

Yvonne's face, naturally of a sanguine complexion, had been burnt brown by wind and sun; now it became ashen-coloured. Carne had the delicacy to bend down and pick a flower. When he looked up, Yvonne had recovered her self-control, and her face was composed, even smiling. But she said, in a slightly high-pitched voice:

"Monsieur Ossary may have heard this same story. But, in any case, you will keep what I have told you to yourself?"

"Of course," said Carne.

. . . . . .

He lifted his hat, and walked slowly down the hill, with his mind in a welter of blurred images and emotions. He had divined the truth: Yvonne's friend and Ossory were identical. Yvonne's simplicity had betrayed her. Had not Ossory been acclaimed as a genius, even by the mighty Gérôme? Had he not left Port-Aven? But *where* had he gone? Carne had an instinct that in the back of his brain lay the answer to the question. But he could not find it. Then, when he had abandoned pursuit, the will-o'-the-wisp floated back into his memory. He had showed Ossory some studies. One, in particular, had provoked criticism, because Ossory contended that the coif was inaccurately drawn. Finally, Ossory had ended the discussion with an impatient: "Man, I have painted it scores of times. Do you think that I do not know the Port-Navalo coif?" Also Carne remembered how abruptly Ossory had changed the subject.

"I should like to know the facts," the Californian reflected. "And I suppose they may be found, even now, in Port-Navalo." He muttered Yvonne's words: "It killed her, and it killed him."

Carne composed an epitaph of two words:

"Poor devil!"

(*To be continued*)

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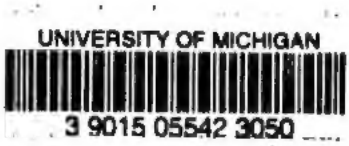

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